

ANDY MILLIGAN SCRIPTS

"TRICKS OF THE TRADE"

"THE BITCH"

"SECTION EIGHT"

"COCTEAU"

~~"SUPERGOD"~~ 5 HANON

TRICKS OF THE TRADE (AKA THE SEX SET-UP)

BY

ANDY MILLIGAN

CHARACTERS

Salina Clark
Fred Clark
Dr. Pauline Flood
Minnie Cry
Freda
Misery
Marcy Perkins
Stud Perkins
Betsy
Four Eyes
Bruce
The Girl
Woman in the Hallway
First Man
Second Man
Eenie
Meenie
Minie
Moe

THE SEX SET-UP

SOME OF US....BATHROOM.

Salina: Hand me the soap.

Fred: Get it yourself.

Salina: Please Fred.

Fred: Reach for it. (HE HOLDS THE SOAP AND SHE GRABS FOR IT AND
HE KISSES HER)
You taste of soap.

Salina: Well, what do you expect in the bathroom?

Fred: I don't like the taste of soap.

Salina: Scratch my back.

Fred: Where?

Salina: Right there in the center. (HE DOES SO.) Oh, that feels good.

Fred: You've got a blackhead.

Salina: Well, get it out for me, Dr. Clark.

Fred: Bend over, Nurse Salina.

Salina: (LAUGHINGLY) We haven't played that since we were first married.

Fred: That was a long time ago.

Salina: It wasn't so long ago.

Fred: You miss my fingering don't you?

Salina: You used to stick it in the wrong places.

Fred: Don't tell me you didn't like it.

Salina: Well, your doctor got a little brutal.

Fred: So we don't play doctor and nurse anymore. (HE CEES UP AND GOES INTO THE BEDROOM) Have we got another towel?

Salina: (EXITING THE BEDROOM) I put it on the bed there. See.
Open your eyes!

Fred: They've been over for a long time.

Salina: What do you mean by that?

Fred: Want me to dry your back?

Salina: All right. (HE BEGINS TO DRY HER BACK. SHE KISSES HIS
HANDS) You have lovely hands.

Fred: You like them even when I play doctor?

Salina: I'll let that one go. Kiss me.

Fred: I'm hungry. What's for dinner? (HE STARTS FOR HIS BATHROOM)

Salina: Fred.

Fred: What?

Salina: Let's have sex.

Fred: Right now?

Salina: Of course, right now. Don't you want to?

Fred: Oh, I suppose so.

Salina: Well, if you'd rather not.....I mean....well, we haven't
had it in a long time.

Fred: Did you get me another supply?

Salina: I bought some at the drugstore yesterday.

Fred: Where'd you put them?

Salina: In the medicine chest. In the bathroom.

Fred: I'll be right back. (HE EXITS INTO THE BATHROOM)
(SALINA STUDIES HERSELF IN THE MIRROR. SHE IS DISTRESSED.
FRED ENTERS THE BEDROOM WITH A SMALL BOX AND KISSES SALINA
ON THE NECK)
Let's lie down.

Salina: Fred.

Fred: What?

Salina: Do we always have to use them?

Fred: I don't want to have sex without one.

Salina: Can't we? Just once?

Fred: I told you no. You know how I feel about that.

THEY LIE DOWN. THEIR EMBRACES BUILD PASSIONATELY. BUSTLES, ETC.
THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS THE ROOM AS WE HEAR THEIR VOICES OVER.

Salina: Fasy darling.

Fred: Push that pillow over.

Salina: Fred, why don't we have children?

Fred: You know I don't want to be tied down.

Salina: We could afford children.

Fred: I just don't want any.

Salina: Give it your wif!

PASSION, KISSING, ETC. THE CAMERA PANS TO PHONE, IT RINGS.

C.T. SHOT OF SALINA ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE.

Salina: Hello. Yes. Yes, mother what 'r it? No we haven't had dinner yet. Well, we were just....well, we were just resting. Well, you can join us for dinner if you want to but we're not having much. No, don't bring any dessert. No Mother we don't want any. I know it's close to where you live but....all right have your own way. About a half an hour? All right. We'll see you then. Goodbye. HANGS UP.

Fred: Why do you always let her have her own way?

Salina: Mother can be very difficult.

Fred: Then you'll have to learn to be more difficult.

Salina: What are you doing?

Fred: I'm going to get dressed.

Salina: She's not coming for half an hour. We have time.

Fred: I've lost interest.

Salina: It's always something, isn't it?

Fred: What do you mean?

Salina: Everytime. It's one excuse or another.

Fred: You must admit your mother's a good excuse.

Salina: You don't like her.

Fred: What's there to like about her? She's domineering,
selfish, pushy, nosy and an all around pain in the ass.

Salina: Well, she's my mother.

Fred: She's got you wrapped around her little finger.
Why the hell don't you stand up to the bitch?

Salina: Let's not start this up again.

Fred: Why did you invite her in the first place?
She's always horning in on our privacy. You didn't even
ask me before you invited her over.

Salina: I didn't think of asking you.

Fred: You never think, do you?

Salina: I'll call her up and tell her not to come.

Fred: All right.

Salina: You mean it?

Fred: Didn't you?

Salina: All right! I'll do it.

Fred: This I have to see.

Salina: You can't think I can do it?

Fred: You said it, I didn't.

Salina: All right. (SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND STARTS TO DIAL, PASSES,
AND HUNGS UP)
She's my mother, Fred.

Fred: Oh Christ! (HE THROWS HIMSELF INTO A CHAIR, PICKS UP A
MAGAZINE AND BEGINS TO READ)

Salina: Don't be mad. PAUSE. You're not mad are you? Fred,
talk to me. SILENCE. Oh Christ! SHE STARTS TO PICK
UP THINGS AROUND THE ROOM.
FADE OUT.

FADE IN. SALINA'S MOTHER, MINNIE, UNWRAPS A PIE.

Minnie: Well, I was going to get apple but then I saw the blueberry
and I remembered Fred loves blueberry so I bought this
instead. I'm not partial to blueberry but I knew Fred
would like it.

Salina: That was sweet, Mom.

Minnie: They're very expensive at Sutter's. Their prices have
gone up you know.

Salina: We're not having much for dinner if you don't mind.

Minnie: Didn't you get to the store?

Salina: No, we just didn't expect you for dinner until you called.

Minnie: What did he do? Cause a scene again about me coming for
dinner?

Salina: No Mother. We have enough.

Minnie: Well, I could leave if he doesn't want me.

Salina: Forget it. Will you make the salad or shall I?

Minnet: I think you'd better make it Galina, Galina.

Selma: Yes mother?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FRED?

Minri: Everytime I come over here he's in some kind of depression.

Salina: Well, that's understandable. You know he doesn't like you.

Minnie: That's ridiculous. We like each other very much.
He just doesn't want to understand me.

Salins: He thinks you meddle too much.

Minnie: Nonsense! I'm looking out for your best interests. You and he should be glad to have someone who cares. Now let's get that table set shall we?

SHE LIFTS FOOD INTO CAMERA LENSE.

FADE OUT.

FADS IN. DINNER TABLE. MINNIE. SALINA AND FRED FINISH DESSERT.

Minnie: More blueberry Fred?

Fred: No, thank you.

Salina: Finish it. There's only one piece left.

Fred: I told you no.

Minnie: My goodness, we're in a snippy mood tonite, aren't we?

Fred: What do we mean by that?

Minnie: Well, just what I said.

Salina: Please...mother..

Minnie: Why pick on me? I didn't say anything.

Fred: Here we go again. Everytime you come over we have trouble.

Minnie: Well, I like that. I go out of my way to buy blueberry pie for you because I know you like it and you treat me this way.

Fred: Look, goddam it, nobody asked you to buy it.

Minnie: I don't like your profanity. I guess I know where I'm not wanted.

STB.

PAGE 8 MISSING

Fred: I'm sick of you. Your goddam meddling... ~~your own damn business~~ Why don't you get the hell out of here?

Minnie: I have as much right to stay with my daughter as anyone.

Fred: All right then stay. (HE STARTS OUT)

Salina: Where you going Fred?

Fred: None of your goddam business. (HE EXITS, SLAMMING THE DOOR)

Salina: (TO MINNIE) Now see what you've done.

Minnie: He ran out. I didn't.

Salina: It's his home, not yours!

Minnie: Honey, listen to me. Come sit down.

Salina: I think we're wrong mother.

Minnie: I'm very seldom wrong.

Salina: Do you realize what's going to happen? If we go on like this Fred and I will eventually break up.

Minnie: Maybe that would be for the best.

Salina: What did you say?

Minnie: I said maybe it would be for the best.

Salina: That would make you happy wouldn't it?

Minnie: Your happiness is the only thing that makes me happy.

Salina: Maybe Fred's right.

Minnie: About what?

Salina: About your meddling.

Minnie: Do you feel that way?

Salina: I don't know what I feel.

Minnie: I never thought it would come to the day I'd hear my own daughter.....(SHE STARTS TO CRY)

Salina: Oh, mother. Not that. I can't stand your tears.

Minnie: Maybe I ought to go.

Salina: Oh, mother, don't leave me now.

Minnie: I can't stand to see you unhappy. I want nothing but happiness for you.

Salina: Then let me live my own life.

Minnie: Salina look at me. All your life you've relied on me.... on my judgment. The only time you ever went wrong is when you didn't listen to me.....when I let you have your own way. Like the time Henry Davis wanted to marry you.

Salina: You won't forgive me for that will you? You just won't forget about that.

CUT TO: STREET. EAST VILLAGE. FRED WANDERS ABOUT AND HEARS A VOICE.
CUT TO: INTERIOR OF BAR.

Bartender: What'll ya have?

Fred: Vodka on the rocks.

HE TAKES THE DRINK AND SITS AT A TABLE. A HIPPIE COUPLE ARE SITTING NEAR HIM.

Stud: Where you from?

Fred: I beg your pardon.

Stud: I said "Where you from"?

Fred: Manhattan.

Marcy: We thought you were a tourist.

Fred: No. I was born in New York.

Marcy: (TO STUD) Okay baby, you owe me five bucks.

Stud: I'll give it to ya later.

Marcy: You always say that. I want it now.

(STUD TAKES FIVE DOLLARS FROM HIS POCKET AND GIVES IT TO MARCY)

Stud: Jesus! Okay. Here.

Marcy: (TO FRED) I won. He gets mad when I win.

Fred: What did you win?

Marcy: The bet about you.

Fred: What do you mean?

Marcy: Well, Stud and I always bet on people when they come in. He bet you were a tourist and I bet you were a New Yorker. You see, what confused us both is you looked like you didn't know your way around.

Fred: Way around?

Stud: You look square man, that's what she means.

Fred: I suppose I do down here.

Marcy: That's all right. There are millions just as bad off.
So don't let it bug ya.

Fred: What makes you think I'm bugged?

Stud: How the hell did that expression ever get.....Christ,
when I was a kid bugged meant to take it

Fred: (LAUGHS) I never thought of it that way.

STUD GRABS MARCY AND KISSES HER.

Stud: We think about it all the time. Don't we baby?

Marcy: Don't talk dirty!

Stud: Do dirty. Don't talk it. Right? (LAUGHS)

Marcy: You're too much!

Stud: That's the truth. (TO FRED) She means that literally.
(TO MARCY) Don't you baby?

Marcy: He likes to brag.

Stud: I got a lot to brag about. (TO FRED) You wanna see?
HE STARTS TO UNZIP HIS FLY.

Marcy: Now behave, or I'll send you home without any nookie.

Fred: You two always behave like this?

Stud: Marcy and me have a philosophy about life. Be yourself,
enjoy every minute and screw what the other guy thinks.
You see, if you don't let people embarrass you then you
can't be embarrassed. Right?

Marcy: Right.

Stud: Right up the old A hole.

Marcy: Come on now Stud, you're gonna give him the wrong
impression of us. (TO FRED) You're not upset are you?

Fred: No. (LAUGHS) Takes a lot more than that to upset me.
You're very refreshing, you know that. I've never met
anyone like you two before.

Stud: Put it there man. (OFFERS HIS HAND, THEY SHAKE)
I like to upset people. Say things to throw them off guard.
See what they're made out of. Like stepping on someone's
newly shined shoes. Get what I mean?

Fred: Yea'h. I think so. You're very refreshing.

Marcy: You said that before.

Fred: ~~Yea~~ I'm sorry.

Stud: Don't be sorry, man. Don't ever be sorry.
Just swing with the moment, and squeeze every bit out
of it you can.

HE STANDS UP.

Let's go outa this hell hole.

Fred: I don't even know you.

Stud: This is Marcy....I'm Stud Perkins...Marcy here's my wife,
And you're.....(HOLDS OUT HIS HAND)

Fred: Fred Clark

Stud: Fred baby, Marcy and me here is gonna take you here
around there and show ya how to live man.

Fred: Where we going?

Marcy: To our pad.

Stud: (PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND FRED'S SHOULDER) It's time you
swung baby!

FADE OUT.

CUT TO: STUD AND MARCY'S PAD. WE PULL BACK TO DISCOVER
CLOSETS FILLED WITH CIGARETTE BUTTS, EMPTY LIGHTER
GLASSES. AN OBVIOUS TIME LAPSE.

Stud: What the hell you doing down here if you're married
anyway?

Fred: I told you why.

Stud: I don't mean all that crap about your mother-in-law.
I mean the real reason you came down here.
Look, man, you don't wander that far from your
neighborhood just because you want to take a walk.

Fred: I don't know why.

Marcy: Ever smoke pot?

Fred: No.

Stud: Have a joint.

Fred: No. I don't think so.

Stud: Come on, man. I told ya you gotta swing.

Marcy: It takes away all your problems.

Stud: No mother-in-law.

Marcy: No wife.

Fred: Okay.

Stud: Okay what?

Fred: Give me one.

Marcy: Now your talking. Hand me that box Stud.
STUD HANDS MARCY A SMALL BOX AND SHE TAKES A STICK OF POT
FROM IT AND HANDS IT TO FRED.

Stud: I'll light it for you.

STUD LIGHTS THE JOINT AND FRED TAKES A FEW PUFFS. MARCY AND
STUD WATCH HIM INTENTLY AND BREAK INTO LAUGHTER.

Marcy: That's not the way baby.....like this.....

SHE TAKES THE STICK FROM FRED AND DEMONSTRATES THE SMOKING TECHNIQUE.
SHE HANDS IT BACK TO FRED AND HE TRIES AGAIN.

Stud: That's it. Now your getting it.
Pour him another drink Marcy. (SHE DOES SO)
(TO FRED) Just think to yourself baby there are no
problems.....no problems.

FADE OUT.

FADT IN. FURTHER TIME LAPSSE.
STUD, MARCY AND FRED ARE NOW VERY HIGH FROM THE POT AND LIQUOR AND
ARE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR.

off to bed 2/10~
Marcy: Ohhh. I gotta ~~take a break~~.

SHE GETS UP AND GOES INTO THE BATHROOM.

STUD: She's some chick, isn't she?

Fred: She's very pretty. How long have you been married?

Stud: About three years. In those three years there ain't
nothing we haven't done.

Fred: What do you mean?

Stud: You want me to tell you don't you so you can get all hot.

Fred: No, that's not it.

Stud: Come on baby, admit it. You don't have to hold back
with us. Don't you dig. We're free man, free.

MARCY COMES BACK INTO THE ROOM IN VERY BRIEF PANTIES AND BRA.

Marcy: Whow! I'm getting hot.

Fred: It is sorta warm in here.

Marcy: I don't mean that kinda hot.

Stud: That's my girl. STUD STANDS UP AND HE AND MARCY BEGIN
TO DANCE. THEY DANCE VERY CLOSELY AND STUD WHISPERS
SOMETHING INTO HER EAR. SHE LAUGHS AND THEY BOTH LOOK
AT FRED. FRED FEELS UNCOMFORTABLE AND POURS HIMSELF
ANOTHER DRINK.

Hey Freddy, I got something for ya.

STUD WALKS OVER TO THE CHEST OF DRAWERS AND TAKES OUT SOME
BOOKS AND HANDS THEM TO FRED.

Look at these. That'll put ya in the mood.

MARCY AND STUD RESUME DANCING AND BEGIN TO GET INTIMATE. KISS, ETC.,
BUSINESS. HE TAKES OFF HER BRA. THEY FALL TO THE MATTRESS AND
BECOME VERY PASSIONATE. AFTER A MOMENT, STUD LOOKS OVER AT FRED.

Come on, man, join us.

Fred: I don't think so.

Stella: Come on baby. Nancy won't mind.
(TO NANCY) Go get him baby.

NANCY GOES UP AND WALKS OVER TO FRED. SHE PULLS HIM TO HIS FEET AND SENSUALLY BEGINS TO UNDOSS HIM. THEN SHE LEADS HIM TO THE PATIENCE.

Stella: Attaboy Freddy. Two's company. Three's a masterpiece.

THEY ALL BEGIN TO CARRY ON. MUCH BUSINESS. ETC.

STELLA SUD GRABS FRED BY THE HEAD AND KISSES HIM SQUARELY ON THE MOUTH. FRED HESITATES FOR A MOMENT AND REJECTS THE PACE. STELLA TAKES A "WHAT THE HELL" ATTITUDE AND THE THREE OF THEM CONTINUE THEIR LOVE MAKING AS THE MUSIC GETS LOUDER. QUICKLY STELLA GETS UP AND GOES OVER TO THE TELEVISION SET, TURNS IT ON, MAKES HERSELF A DRINK AND SITS WATCHING THE SET AND DRINKING.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. THE NEXT MORNING. SALINA AND FRED'S APARTMENT.

Salina: Why didn't you call?

Fred: I didn't want to wake you up.

Salina: I was awake anyway. I was worried about you.

Fred: You should know better than that.

Salina: It isn't often you stay out until four o'clock in the morning. In fact, this is the first time. You couldn't have walked all night.

Fred: Four o'clock isn't all night.

Salina: I don't understand you. You've gotten mad before but you haven't stayed out all night.

Fred: It wasn't all night. Oh, for Chrissakes, have it your own way.

Salina: Why don't you tell me where you walked?

Fred: I told you I don't remember where I walked. I just walked.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

Salina: I'll get it. (SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE)
Yes? Who? Yes, who's calling? It's for you.
(SHE HANDS THE PHONE TO FRED)

Fred: Me?

Salina: That's right.

Fred: Yes? Who? Oh....hi. About four o'clock. Yeah...a little. Oh. Maybe. Well....it is a little difficult right now.
(HE LOOKS AT SALINA) Yeah, that's right. Un huh. Unhuh.
No, I won't forget. Fire. Pardon? Sure. Sure. Okay.
Goodbye.

HE HANGS AND STARTS TO GO INTO THE BEDROOM TO GET HIS COAT.
HE IS WRITING IN HIS ADDRESS BOOK AS SALINA ENTERS THE ROOM.

Salina: What was that all about?

Fred: What was what?

Salina: You know damn well what I'm talking about....that phone call.

Fred: Look, Salina, I pay the phone bill here....I don't have to account to you about my calls.

Salina: I guess you prefer not to tell me.

Fred: It's none of your business.

Salina: I'm married to you Fred. I have a right to know what's going on.

Fred: Listen, you never tell me what you're talking about when your friggin' mother calls or any of your other calls. I've never pryed into them. I respect your privacy. Now I want you to show a little respect for mine.

Salina: Don't you want to tell me.

Fred: You've got the right idea.

Salina: All right. If that's the way you want it.

Fred: That's exactly the way I want it.

~~Salina: Can't you see that?~~

~~Salina: What are you saying?~~

~~Salina: You're making a mistake. You're making a mistake.~~

~~Salina: I don't think I'm making a mistake.~~

~~Salina: You're making a mistake. You're making a mistake.~~

~~Salina: You're making a mistake. You're making a mistake.~~ go. I'll have dinner ready at eight.

Fred: You gonna be home all day?

Salina: No. I'll be at the center all day.

Fred: I thought Friday was your day off?

Salina: Ordinarily, but I'm filling in for one of the girls. I'll probably be back by four thirty. Was there any particular reason?

Fred: No.

~~Salina: I'll be home at eight.~~

~~Salina: I'll be home at eight.~~ HE EXITS ~~Salina: I'll be home at eight.~~

CUT TO: A PARK. CAMERA PANS THE BOAT BASIN, CHILDREN PLAYING, ETC.

CUT TO: A BENCH IN THE PARK. SALINA IS SEATED WITH A CRIPPLED CHILD ON HER LAP. THE SCENE ESTABLISHES HER CLOSENESS WITH CHILDREN. IMPROVISATIONAL DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE ESTABLISHING A PARTICULAR FONDNESS FOR THIS ONE CHILD.

CUT TO: MARCY AND STUD'S APARTMENT.
MARCY, STUD, FRED A AND MISERY ARE TALKING.

CUT TO: A CLOSEUP OF MISERY IN SUNGLASSES.

Misery: Where'd ya meet the creep?

Marcy: At the Pussycat.

Misery: I thought you were eighty-sixed from that place.

Stud: That was last week. Marcy fixed that up with the owner,
didn't ya? (HE KISSES HER)

FREDA ENTERS THE FRAME.

Freda: What do you think he's worth?

Stud: Can't tell yet but he reeks of the green stuff.

Freda: Well that last one you lined up was a dud.

Marcy: How were we supposed to know he was a phony?

Freda: With your experience you should be able to tell by now.

Marcy: It's very easy to criticize, isn't it?
Look, baby, if you weren't so goddam butch you could
do your share. I mean you're not exactly a vision in
pink tulle.

Freda: Don't get personal. You like it one way, I like it
another. The arrangement from the beginning was
I took care of the checking and it was up to you to do
the putting out.

Misery: Girls, girls, come on now!

Marcy: You're using that term rather loosely aren't you?

Freda: Look, you, don't get smart with me. I'll break
your ass in two.

Marcy: You talk big for a queer.

FREDA LUNGES AT MARCY AND THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR IN A WILD
SCUFFLE, HAIR PULLING, ETC. MISERY SITS BACK LAUGHING AT THEM.
FINALLY STUD AND MISERY PULL THEM APART.

Stud: Come on you two, break it up.

Marcy: You tell her to keep her mouth shut.

Freda: He goddam little twat's gonna call me a queer and get away with it.

Stud: I told you to shut up Freda. You too Marcy.
 Now sit. Sit! Goddamn it!
 HE RAISES HIS HAND AS IF TO STRIKE MARCY.

Marcy: Don't hit me.

STUD GRABS HER HEAD AND HOLDS IT TO HIS STOMACH.

Stud: You know I don't like to hit you baby. Sometimes you can push too far and when you do you get the crum knocked out of you. Right?

Marcy: Right.

Misery: When are we gonna close the deal?

Stud: Depends on Freda.

Misery: (TO FREDa) So give.

FREDa TAKES A SMALL NOTE PAD FROM HER POCKET AND READS.

Freda: Fred Clark...age 32.....9 years with Wilson, Merchant and Durant at 22 Wall Street. Became assistant vice president three years ago..... has three bank accounts and quite a large portfolio of stocks.....is conservative in tastes. Married for five years.....no children...only relative in picture is a mother ~~on her side~~. *she is a fat one*

That's about it on such short notice.
 Should I check further?

Misery: No. That's good enough. What do you think Stud?
 Have you talked to Four Eyes?

Stud: Marcy talked to him yesterday.

Misery: What did he say?

Marcy: He's leaving it all to us, the time, the place and how much. Looks pretty good, huh?

Freda: When shall we hit?

Misery: Tomorrow or Sunday.

Stud: That's pretty quick, isn't it?

Misery: The quicker the better. That poor bastard won't know what hit him.

Marcy: How much?

Freda: Ten grand. I need a new suit.

Misery: Unh Unh. Five. It's safer that way. He won't squirm too much. He won't think twice about paying off.

Freda: He's good for more, baby.

Misery: It's safer this way.

Marcy: What time is it?

Misery: Oh shit. The pictures!

MISERY EXITS QUICKLY INTO ANOTHER ROOM.

Freda: How'd they come out?

Stud: Don't know. I haven't seen them yet.

Marcy: I thought he developed them last night?

Stud: No, we were all too hung over.

MISERY REENTERS THE ROOM WITH WET, DRIPPING, PHOTOGRAPHS.

Misery: Look at these. Not ~~bad~~, ^{damn}?

Marcy: I didn't remember him being that big.

Freda: Christ! He's hung like a horse!

Misery: Look at this one!

CUT TO: THE PHOTOGRAPH OF FRED AND STUD KISSING ON THE MOUTH.

Stud: (LISPING) Thay! Isn't that thweet?

THEY ALL LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO FRED ALONE PASSING DEPRESSED
MISERY KISSING STUD
FRED'S JAW ASKS FOR
P.P.T. FLUID

CUT TO SALINA OFFER HEAD POUNDING

TEELS HER HOW TO DO IT

HOW TO DO IT TO GET MORE FROM
TO CURE HIM

INSERTS

FADE IN. THE OFFICE OF DR. PAULINE FLOOD.

Pauline: Bruce!

(BRUCE, HER SALES SECRETARY, ENTERS THE OFFICE WITH A PORTFOLIO)

Bruce: Yes, Dr. Flood.

Pauline: What's my next appointment?

Bruce: A Mr. Fred Clark.

Pauline: What time is it?

Bruce: Ten minutes to six.

Pauline: Bruce, let me ask you some questions, perhaps, you can help me. You know the Smitherson case?

Bruce: Yes. That's the young gentleman that was here yesterday.

Pauline: Did you find him attractive?

Bruce: Very much so.

Pauline: I presume you recognize his problem.

Bruce: Homosexuality.

Pauline: How long have we known each other?

Bruce: I don't know Pauline. Eleven or twelve years, I guess.

Pauline: You know, I admire you Bruce. Most people would have resented being helped but you know you help me a great deal. You're like my right arm.

Bruce: You don't have to tell me this.

Pauline: If you were me what would you tell Mr. Smitherson?

Bruce: I wouldn't tell him anything. I would suggest that he go out ~~and find a girl~~.
 not a girl but a

Pauline: With a female?

Bruce: No. With a male.

Pauline: You think he should stay queer?

Bruce: You're trying to rile me, aren't you?
You know I hate that word.

Pauline: (SHE LAUGHS) You know me too well, don't you.
You know I was trying to get you mad enough to....

Bruce: To get my honest opinion.

Pauline: Why would you prescribe a man for Mr. Smitherson?

Bruce: One: he's screwed up by the church. Two: his mother.
Three: his sister. He's not gonna change at twenty-
seven. He won't be happy until he's a complete, active,
homosexual. I've been around too long and known too many
queers, as you put it, to know it's the suppression
that would destroy him.

Pauline: You know he's manic-depressive.

Bruce: All the more reason to become active. He won't last
the other way.

Pauline: Suicide?

Bruce: Precisely.

Pauline: You think he should get together with this friend
of his that he keeps talking about?

Bruce: Exactly. He's completely in love with him.
Although you haven't met his friend. I'm positive that
he is repressed too. He's thirty-six, unmarried,
lives with his goddam mother and spent four years in
the army with Mr. Smitherson, so there you have it.

Pauline: You think I should call his friend in and talk
to him?

Bruce: I would say so.

Pauline: You know this rubs against my female nature.

Bruce: You've been rubbed against before.

Pauline: You have a nasty sense of humor.

Bruce: It's not nasty. It's just a little dirty. (LAUGHS)
I wish we'd been kids together, our mud pies would
have been a sensation.

(BUTCH RINGS)
(BRUCE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

Six o'clock. At least he's prompt!

Pauline: What's his name?

Bruce: Clark. Fred Clark.

Pauline: Let him in.

(BRUCE STARTS TO GO)

Bruce: Oh, by the way, if you can't get Mr. Smitherson's friend over to see you, I'll sit in for him.

Pauline: That wouldn't be very ethical.

Bruce: Since when have we been concerned with ethics?

BRUCE LEAVES THE ROOM AND PAULINE SITS AT HER DESK AND COMBS HER HAIR SLIGHTLY, POURS A GLASS OF WATER, ARRANGES THE DESK, ETC.

BRUCE RE-ENTERS THE ROOM FOLLOWED BY FRED.

Bruce: Mr. Fred Clark.

BRUCE EXITS.

PAULINE OFFERS HER HAND TO FRED AND SAYS.

Pauline: Mr. Clark, I'm Pauline Flood.

Fred: I had no idea you were a woman.

Pauline: I beg your pardon.

Fred: My appointment was with Dr. Flood. I hadn't thought of you as a woman.

Pauline: Do I disappoint you?

Fred: Sort of.

Pauline: Won't you sit down?

Fred: I prefer to stand. Thank you.

Pauline: Then you don't mind if I stand also. I feel uncomfortable sitting with you standing.
Would you like a cigarette?

Fred: No. Thank you.

Pauline: Oh, you don't smoke?

Fred: Yes, I do. I just don't care for one now. Thank you.

Pauline: Is there something wrong?

~~Pauline: I don't know what's wrong.~~

~~Pauline: I don't know what's wrong.~~

~~Pauline: I don't know what's wrong.~~

~~Pauline: I don't know what's wrong.~~

Fred: This isn't going to work. (HE OFFERS HIS HAND)
Thank you very much for seeing me. Just send me the bill.
(HE STARTS TO LEAVE)

Pauline: Are you insulted by me?

Fred: I beg your pardon.

Pauline: Do you resent me because I'm a woman?

Fred: Now look....just forget about the appointment. All right.

Pauline: (CALLS) Bruce!

(TO FRED) I'm so glad you cancelled out. I need a martini in the worst way. Christ! If you knew what I've been through in one day. I thought I had problems!

(BRUCE ENTERS THE ROOM)

(TO BRUCE) Darling! would you get me my white hat.

You know, the god awful one with the feather on it and my gloves and reserve a table for us at the Oak Room. Thanks to Mr. Clark we're getting out earlier today.

(TO FRED) You wouldn't like to join us, would you?

Fred: I could use a drink.

Pauline: Good. Let's go. SHE STARTS FOR THE DOOR.

Fred: On second thought, couldn't we have it here?
I don't think I can face people anymore today.

Pauline: Wouldn't you rather go out?

Fred: No. Don't you have any liquor here?

Pauline: You're down right, I do. I always have my pick
go up around this time. But I wouldn't dare leave
it around the office. Professional reasons.

BRUCE ENTERS THE ROOM WITH PAULINE'S HAT AND GLOVES.

Thank you Bruce. But I won't need that now. Mr. Clark and I
are staying here for a drink. You may go if you wish.

Bruce: Don't forget your lecture tomorrow. I'll pick you up
in front of your building at nine thirty sharp.
Wear your black suit.

BRUCE EXITS. PAULINE WALKS OVER TO THE LIQUOR CABINET AND
BEGINNING TO MIX MARTINIS.

Pauline: How do you like it? Dry?

Fred: Just a touch of vermouth.

Pauline: That's a man after my own heart.

Fred: I beg your pardon.

Pauline: It's just an expression. Forgive me.

SHE HANDS FRED A MARTINI.

Cheers!

Fred: Thank you.

Pauline: Aren't you going to cheer me back?

Fred: I beg your pardon.

Pauline: You must have had a very rough day. You're
terribly pre-occupied.

Fred: Uhhhhh.....I'm sorry I had a chin on my shoulder before.

Pauline: It was a very little chip.

Fred: I suppose you want to hear my problems.

Pauline: No. Not really. I'm enjoying my martini. How's yours?

Fred: You're very refreshing.

Pauline: That's the nicest thing that's been said to me all day.
Now explain what you mean by it.

Fred: Mean by it?

Pauline: Oh, Fred. Focus. Now....focus...

Fred: I'm lost.

Pauline: I said earlier, you're pre-occupied.
You're not focusing on what I'm saying.
Something's bothering you. Don't let it.

Fred: Why don't we sit down.

Pauline: Good. My heels are killing me.

THEY SIT.

Fred: Why don't you wear comfortable shoes?

Pauline: My vanity won't let me.

Fred: You're not at all like I would imagine a woman psychiatrist to be.

Pauline: That's why I'm a ^{guy} psychiatrist. I am, you know.
It's taken me years to train myself to think like a male
and act like a female.

Fred: I want to talk.

Pauline: Good. I'd hate to think of your whole session being
spent for just a martini.

Fred: Take another sip. I'm going to be blunt!

Pauline: All right. (SHE SIPS)

~~Pauline: I'm going to be blunt!~~

~~Pauline: I'm going to be blunt!~~

FRED (BLURTS OUT) I THINK I'D LIKE TO SLEEP WITH AMAN.

Parline: [REDACTED] I've always liked three and four letter words, they're much easier to pronounce. After all, as children they were the first ones we learned, then we spend the rest of our lives trying to pretend not to hear them.

Pacific: Go on.

Fred: [REDACTED], I find my wife attractive but I [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

Pauline: Do you have any children?

Fred: No.

Prudence: Are you happy?

Fred: What's happiness? I spend five days a week working my ass off and I spend week-ends bickering with my wife and my mother in law.

Pauline: Mother-in-law. There's the rub.

Fred: What do you mean?

Pauline: Get rid of your mother-in-law!

Fred: Poison her?

Pauline: You do have a sense of humor. No. Not with poison.
Now I'm gonna be blunt.....with bells!

red: Balls?

Pauline: Stand up to her. Tell her you don't want her around. If your wife cries because of her mother, lock her in her room without any supper. After an hour or two, unlock her door, forgive her, be kind and loving and give her a good lay. This prescription is good for at least two days.

Fred: Are you putting me on?

Pauline: No. I'm not putting you on. I'm just putting you on your wife.

Fred: I never would have thought it possible.

Pauline: What?

Fred: That I could confide in a psychiatrist like this?

Pauline: Only this psychiatrist. Most of them are dull as hell. I've very unorthodox, maybe that's why I get fantastic results.

Fred: Are they guaranteed?

Pauline: (LAUGHS) Stick with me kid! (LAUGHS) Come on, Fred. Let's wrap it up. I'm dying to get out of here. You go home to.....what's your wife's name?

Fred: Salina/.....

Pauline: Salina.....and remember what I told you. Balls! Balls! and more BALLS! Oh.....here's my home number. Feel free to use it at any time. I want to see you Monday, same time, all right?

Fred: I guess so.

Pauline: It's not a guessing matter. Have you got a car?

Fred: Yes.

Pauline: Then you can drop me at the Waldorf.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 1. SUE FRYING. FRED AND SALINA'S APARTMENT.
FRED IS COOKING AND DINING.

Salina: Would you mind helping me with the dishes?
They've sort of backed up on me. I was so
busy at the center I didn't get a chance to
do anything around the house today. I'd
appreciate it if you'd help me with them.

Fred: You want me to wash or dry?

Salina: Which do you prefer?

Fred: I'll dry. (THEY START DOING DISHES)

Salina: How did you like the dinner?

Fred: You mean with the food?

Salina: Yes.

Fred: I like it.

Salina: Well, that's good.

Fred: I like it.

Salina: I wish you and Mother got along better.
I wish you and Mother got along better.

Fred: Well, we don't so let's leave it at that.

Salina: I just wish you'd try, Fred.

Fred: I'm getting goddam tired of going more than half-way
with her.

Salina: Mother is a little pushy.

Fred: Pushy is not the word for it.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

I'll get it. My hands are dry. (HE ANSWERS THE PHONE)
Hello? Oh. It's you. What do you want?

Salina: Who is it, Fred?

Fred: I'll give you one guess. (PHONE IS ALL OVER PHONE)

Salina: Mother?

Fred: She wants to talk to you.

Salina: Can't you tell her I'm busy washing dishes?

Fred: What good would that do? Come on, dry your hands and take the phone.

SALINA TAKES THE TELEPHONE.

Salina: Hello, mother. Yes. What is it? Around the corner? No, I don't need anything from the drugstore. Well, why didn't you call from downtown and give us more time? I know, Mother. No, mother...just...mother?.....Mother.....

SALINA HANGS UP.

(TO FRED) She hung up.

Fred: And she's coming here.

Salina: I'm sorry darling.

Fred: Not as much as I.

Salina: What do you mean by that?

Fred: I'm not gonna be here when she comes.

Salina: What do you mean by that?

Fred: I'm going out. If you think I'm gonna sit through another night of bickering from that bitch, you're out of your mind.

HE STARTS TO GO.

Salina: I think you're using that as an excuse to get out.

Fred: Oh, for Chrissakes! ON HIS WAY OUT HE PICKS UP HIS COAT AND A SMALL ADDRESS BOOK FALLS FROM IT, UNNOTICED BY THEM. HE EXITS.

SALINA CONTINUES TO CLEAN UP THE KITCHEN. SHE TOURS HERSELF A DRINK AND TURNS ON A TELEVISION SET. THE DOORBELL RINGS. SHE OPENS IT AND HER MOTHER, MINNIE, ENTERS.

Minnie: I just saw Fred go out the front door of the building. Where's he going?

Salina: None of your business. How should I know?

Salina: Did you two have a spat a min?

Salina: The only times we have a spat it's usually over you.

Minnie: Oh, he's on that kick again.

Salina: Mother, why can't you plan ahead? Must you always bring your visits on us like this?

Minnie: I just happened to be in the neighborhood and I thought you'd be glad to see me.

Salina: You just happen to be in the neighborhood!
You live in the village on the west side and we live
in the east fifties and.....now does that make sense?

Minnie: You're picking on me.

Salina: Look, mother, I'm sorry but you must learn to plan ahead.

Minnie: Where'd Fred go?

Salina: I told you I don't know.

Minnie: Don't you think you should find out?

Salina: I don't know what I should think.

SALINA STARTS FOR THE KITCHEN AND THE REFRIGERATOR.

Would you like a Pepsi-Cola?

Minnie: Oh, I don't think so. I don't like those artificial
sweeteners. You have any Coke?

MINNIE COMES INTO THE KITCHEN AND CROSSES TO THE REFRIGERATOR,
AS SHE CROSSES THE FLOOR SHE PICKS THE ADDRESS BOOK.

What's this?

Salina: What's what?

Minnie: (LENDING OVER) This little book?

Salina: What little book? Let me see.

Minnie: Is it yours?

Salina: No, it's not.

Minnie: Oh, it must be Fred's. Let me see. (SHE GRABS IT FROM HER)
Salina: Mother, that's Fred's private property.
I don't think we should look at it.

Minnie: Nonsense! In marriage there's nothing sacred except the vows. My mother taught me that and I've tried to teach it to you but you never listen. Mother knows best. Read it!

MINNIE HOLDS THE BOOK OPEN TO SALINA WHO TAKES IT AND FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES GINGERLY.

Salina: There's nothing in here that I haven't seen before.

A SMALL SLIP OF PAPER FALLS FROM THE BOOK ONTO THE FLOOR.

Minnie: Fred dropped something.

Salina: What do you mean?

Minnie: (POINTING TO THE PAPER) That slip of paper near your big toe. Don't you think you should pick it up?
(SHE DOES SO)(MINNIE GRABS IT FROM HER AND SMELLS IT)
Let me see. Cologne. And it's certainly not Aqua Velva.
Smell! (SHE FOLDS IT TO SALINA'S NOSE)

Salina: Smells like perfume.

Minnie: It is perfume. "Joy" if I'm not mistaken.

Salina: What?

Minnie: The perfume darling, it's "Joy". Has he switched to perfume?

Salina: There's an address and phone number on it.

Minnie: Newly written if you ask me. Notice the fold, it's not even creased yet.

Salina: I'm gonna put it right back where it belongs.

SALINA STARTS TO PUT IT AWAY.

Minnie: Don't be a fool. Why don't you go find out who it is?

Salina: You mean call her?

Minnie: No. Take a cab and find out who she is.

Salina: (READS ALOUD) Marcy Perkins...431 East Fifth St.....Apt. 5A.

Minnie: Do you have cabfare?

Salina: Mother, I don't.....

Minnie: Go on now. I'm serious. Fred won't be back for sometime and if I'm not mistaken he's gonna be at that address. You go ahead. I'll wait here until you come back.

Salina: I've never done anything like this to Fred before.

Minnie: It's about time you did.

MINNIE PUSHES SALINA TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

Go ahead. I'll look into things here.

Salina: Into things?

Minnie: Well, what did I say?

Salina: You said, look into things.

Minnie: Did I? I meant after things...Go on now!

MINNIE CLOSES THE DOOR AFTER SALINA AND OFFERS A SIGN OF RELIEF. SHE BEGINS TO POTTER ABOUT THE ROOM AND TURNS TO HERSELF, "HAMES EAT OATS, AND DOES EAT OATS, AND LITTEL LAMBS EAT IVY"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. STUD AND MARCY'S APARTMENT.
THE CAMERA PICKS UP TWO DIMLY LIT FEMALE BODIES LYING ON A MATTRESS,
WRITHING ABOUT IN THE LOVE ACT. MUCH BUSINESS, ETC.

CUT TO: LOW SHOT. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND MISERY STANDS THERE.
FREDA SITS UP IN BED AND THE GIRL WITH HER IN BED GRABS A SHEET
TO COVER HER BODY.

Freda: I thought I locked that goddam door!

Misery: You did. I have a key.

Freda: Well, why the hell didn't you knock first?

Misery: Why should I? I didn't think anyone was home.
How'd I know you were shacking up with a chick?

Freda: Let's go into the other room.

SHE LEADS MISERY INTO THE OTHER ROOM.

Misery: You know what time it is?

Freda: It's about six o'clock, isn't it?

Misery: No. It's eight.

Freda: Don't put me on. It's not that late.

Misery: She must be ~~awful~~ good ~~boy~~ if you don't know what
time it is. Four Eyes' ^{LL} be here in half an hour.

Freda: Oh. Christ!

Misery: What time did we start with the chick?

Freda: We've been screwing around all afternoon.

Misery: Where's Stud and Marcy?

Freda: I told them to go see "Blow-Up".

Misery: The chick ^{go} ~~is~~ yet?

Freda: No. Why?

Misery: I'd like to have her.

Freda: UnUh-h. She's mine.

Misery: I'm hungry.

Freda: Not that hungry baby!

Misery: I'll make it worth your while.

Freda: Like what?

Misery: You know that ~~girl~~ child you like so much? *See 20, 100*
~~you can have her for nothing?~~ *1000 11*

~~It's a deal.~~

Freda: She's all yours.

Misery: I don't want her this way.

Freda: Well then, like how man?

Misery: I want her out.

Freda: No Misery. That last time the girl couldn't walk for a week.

Misery: But we nursed her back to health, didn't we?

Freda: We were very lucky that time.

Misery: That was some week wasn't it. She didn't know which way to turn.

Freda: Stop it. Just the thought of it gets me hot.

Misery: You got any knock out drops left?

Freda: A couple. Oh. There's one in the medicine cabinet.

Misery: Got it. (FREDA GETS THE DROPS)
 (MISERY GOES TO THE REFRIGERATOR AND TAKES OUT A PEPSI)
 Here put it in this. (FREDA PUTS A COUPLE OF DROPS IN THE BOTTLE OF PEPSI)
 I'm sure she could use a drink. Give her a Pensi.

Freda: Yeah. It'll pop her up.

Misery: Call me when she's out.

FREDA EXITS WITH THE PEPSI. MISERY STARTS TALKING TO HIMSELF AND GOES TO A CABINET AND REMOVES SOME GIRL MAGAZINES AND LOOKS THEM OVER. HE SLOWLY UNZIPSES, REMOVING HIS SHIRT SLOWLY AND SENSUOUSLY. HE TAKES OUT A LARGE WHITE PIN UP OF A GIRL, A CALENDAR PHOTO PERHAPS, AND BEGINS TO MARGE ITS PRIVATE PARTS WITH HIS TONGUE. HE HAS REMOVED ALL OF HIS CLOTHES EXCEPT FOR VERY BRIEF UNDER SHORTS.

Freda: (CALLING FROM THE BEDROOM) Misery!

MISERY RIPS THE CALENDAR INTO SEVERAL PIECES AND DROPS THEM ON THE FLOOR. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS LEGS TO THE MATTRESS IN THE BEDROOM WHERE THE GIRL IS LYING UNCONSCIOUS. HE PLACES HER BODY IN A SPREAD EAGLE POSITION.

CUT TO: HIS SHADOW ON THE WALL. HE REMOVES A WIDE BELT AND BEGINS TO BEAT THE FIGURE RHYTHMICALLY AND PASSIONATELY. WE HEAR HIS UTTERANCES OF PROVANITY DURING THIS PASSIONATE BEATING. THE WORDS "BITCH", WHORE, SLUT ARE AUDIBLE TO US AS WELL AS THE STROKES OF THE BELT ON HER BARE BODY. THE BEATING ON BECOMES MORE INTENSE AND HE CROUCHES CLOSER TO THE BODY AND BEGINS TO KISS LOVE TO IT WITH HIS BODY AND HIS MOUTH, ETC. WE HEAR FREDA'S VOICE OVER THE END OF THIS SCENE URGING HIM ON AND OBVIOUSLY ACHIEVING A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE FROM THIS VOYAGER.

Freda: Go Misery! Go! Go! Go! Baby! Go Misery! Go. Go....

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. COFFEE HOUSE. EAST VILLAGE. MARCY AND STUD.

Stud: Did you like it?

Marcy: Anterionini is a bore!

Stud: I feel the same way.

Marcy: I don't know what the critics see in that guy.

Stud: Ahhh! He must be suckin' around someplace.

Marcy: What time is it?

Stud: A little after eight.

Marcy: What time is **Four Eyes** coming?

Stud: Eight-thirty. You know, I like this Clark set-up. It's gonna be an easy mark.

Marcy: Why do you think that?

Stud: He's got no balls. He's as weak as they come. You ever been to Puerto Rico?

Marcy: You know I haven't!

Stud: Let's take some of our money and go. We could use a break from this scene. Two weeks would be just about right. What do you say?

Marcy: How much is it?

Stud: What?

Marcy: Plane fare?

Stud: Off season? About ninety bucks.

Marcy: Okay, it's a deal. What did **Four Eyes** call you about this morning? He doesn't usually come over unless something's up.

Stud: He wants us to collect from Clark on Monday night.

Marcy: So soon. That's just two days away.

Stud: I've got our tickets booked for Tuesday morning.

Marcy: Not too early I hope.

Stud: The seven thirty flight.

Marcy: A.M.? You're kidding!

Stud: Well, we'll stay up all night.

Marcy: What's the scene for Monday night?

Stud: I go to Clark's place about nine. I pull the same bit we pulled on that couple from Ohio. You remember... the brother and sister. I have a feeling he'll fall for it.

Marcy: Then what?

Stud: I get him down to Avenue B.

Marcy: Oh. We're gonna take him right there? Isn't that dangerous?

Stud: No. Four Eyes says they're moving out of there Monday night. Gotta find new Headquarters! So it won't matter.

Marcy: (LOOKS AT HER WATCH) Jesus Christ!

Stud: What's the matter?

Marcy: We're gonna be late. It's eight-twenty.

Stud: Four Eyes is never on time.

Marcy: It'll be just our luck that tonight he'll be prompt.

Stud: Okay. Move it! (HE LIFTS HER OUT OF THE SEAT AND BITES HER ON THE ASS AS THEY EXIT)

CUT TO: A CROWDED STREET IN THE EAST VILLAGE. SALINA WALKS ALONG THE THOROUGHFARE VERY CONSCIOUS OF ALL THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THIS PARTICULAR AREA OF THE CITY. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY BEWILDERED AND KEEPS REFERRING TO THE ADDRESS ON THE SLIP OF PAPER SHE IS CARRYING AND THE CORRESPONDING NUMBERS ON THE BUILDINGS SHE PASSES. FINALLY SHE FINDS WHAT SHE BELIEVES TO BE THE CORRECT ADDRESS AND SHE ASCENDS THE FRONT STAIRS OF A DILAPIDATED TENEMENT BUILDING.

CUT TO: INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING. DARK AND DIRTY. SHE CLIMBS FIVE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS AND REACHES APT. 5A. SHE KNOCKS SEVERAL TIMES BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE NO ANSWER. SHE KEEPS KNOCKING. SUDDENLY A NASTY LOOKING WOMAN APPEARS IN THE HALLWAY OF THE TENEMENT.

Man: Who ya lookin' for?

Salina: Marcy Perkins.

Man: Ain't no one here by that name.

Salina: This is 5A, isn't it?

Man: Yeah, but she ain't in this building.

Salina: Do you know her?

Man: I think she lives in the next building.
What do you want her for?

Salina: That's none of your business.

Man: For Chrissakes! Ya come knocking on my door in the
middle of the night.....

Salina: This isn't your door.

Man: What the hell you doin' in this building anyway?
I told you, the woman lives next door.

Salina: Don't talk to me like that.

Man: Get the hell outa here before I call the cops.
Go on. Git! Git! (MUTTERING TO HERSELF) Goddam
beatniks! Every time ya turn around they're ~~ALWAYS~~ ^{ALWAYS}
in the halls. Christ! ya can't even get some sleep
around here.

SALINA IS VISIBLY SHAKEN BY THIS PARSH ENCOUNTER WITH THE WOMAN.
SHE STARTS DOWN THE DARK STAIRWAY AND DESCENDS TWO FLIGHTS AS
AS A SCROUNGY LOOKING MAN PASSES HER ON THE LANDING. SHE REACHES
ONE END OF THE STAIRS AND STOPS. ANOTHER MAN COMES UP THE STAIRS
BELOW HER AND BLOCKS HER WAY. SHE TRIES TO PASS HIM BUT HE REFUSES
TO LET HER GET BY.

Salina: Excuse me, please.

Second man: What's your hurry baby?

First man: (AS HE MOVES IN BEHIND HER) You goin' someplace?

Salina: Excuse me, please. (SHE TRIES TO GET BY)

Second man: Why don't you take us along?

First man: Yeah. Take us both along. (LAUGHS)

Second man: Yeah...take us! (LAUGHS)

Salina: If you don't let me by I'll scream.

BOTH MEN STOP SNICKERING.

First man: She wants to play games.

Second man: Let's play doctor and nurse. She's all yours, First.

HE SHOVES HER INTO THE FIRST MAN'S ARMS. HE COVERS SALINA'S MOUTH WITH HIS HAND TO MUFFLE ANY SOUND. SALINA BEGINS TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THEM BUT THEY OVERPOWER HER AND FODILY CARRY HER TOWARD AN APARTMENT DOOR.

CUT TO: INTERIOR OF THE APARTMENT AS THE MEN ENTER ~~XXX~~ CARRYING SALINA. THE APARTMENT IS STREWN ABOUT WITH BITS OF DEER CLOTHING, EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, AN ASSORTMENT OF BEER CANS, A BARE, STAINED MATTRESS IS LYING ON THE FLOOR IN A CORNER. THE SHADES ARE DRAWN AND THE ONLY LIGHT SEEMS TO ENTER FROM THE HOLES IN THEM. A BARE LIGHT BULB HANGS OVERHEAD NEAR THE MATTRESS.

THE MEN PIN HER DOWN ON THE MATTRESS, ONE OF THEM STRADDLES HER BODY STILL HOLDING HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH. THE OTHER ONE BEGINS TO REMOVE HIS CLOTHES.

First man: Let her go! (LAUGHING)

SALINA GETS UP AND RUNS TO THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT AND FINDS IT SECURELY LOCKED. BOTH MEN GIGGLE MANIACALLY THROUGHOUT THIS AT HER EFFORTS TO ESCAPE THEM. SALINA DASHES ABOUT THE ROOM LOOKING FOR ANY MEANS OF ESCAPE, FINDING NONE, SHE BECOMES HYSTERICAL AND HOVERS FROM WALL TO WALL IN AN EFFORT TO AVOID THE MEN. THE MEN SLOWLY ADVANCE TO HER AND RHYTHMICALLY BEGIN RIPPING THE CLOTHES FROM HER BODY. SHE SCREAMS.

Second man: (STRIKES HER ACROSS THE MOUTH) I wouldn't do that if I were you.

SALINA SHUTS UP IMMEDIATELY AND HE PUSHES HER AGAINST A WALL.

First man: (AS BOTH MEN UNDRESS) Now do exactly as we tell you and you won't get hurt.

Second man: You're gonna put out baby.

First man: And we mean but good. ~~five~~ There's just two of us but there's three parts to you baby and we're gonna use every one of them.

Second man: Ya dig?

BOTH MEN GIGGLE AND MOVE IN ON SALINA.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. FRED AND SALINA'S WEDNESDAY. MON. MORN. 7:25 A.M.

Salina: What time did you get in?

Fred: I don't know. It was late. I didn't wake you up, did I?

Salina: No. I didn't hear you. I must have fallen right to sleep. Where did you go?

Fred: I went to a movie. Are you gonna have breakfast?

Salina: I don't feel very well.

Fred: What's the matter?

Salina: I have a terrible headache.

Fred: I'll get you some Bufferin.

FRED GOES INTO THE BATHROOM. SALINA TURNS ON HER PULLY INTO THE CAMERA, OBVIOUSLY VERY UPSET. FRED REENTERS THE ROOM WITH BUFFERIN AND A GLASS OF WATER.

Here. HE HANDS HER THE PILLS AND WATER AND SHE SITS UP IN BED AND TAKES THEM FROM HIM. AS SHE LIFTS HER ARM HE NOTICES HER BRUISES.

How'd you get those bruises?

Salina: I fell down.

Fred: How'd you do that?

Salina: I was on that kitchen step ladder. I was arranging some groceries on the top shelf and the first thing I know I was lying on the floor.

Fred: How'd you get your arm so bruised up? It couldn't have happened from a fall like that. You've got one on your neck.

Salina: I have? I don't know. Oh, that must have been when my neck hit the sink. Yes, that's it, I remember now. I tried to reach for something to hold on to and my arm and neck hit the edge of the sink.

Fred: You sure you're all right? You want me to call a doctor?

Salina: No. I'll be fine.

Fred: Do you want me to do the shopping?

Salina: Would you mind terribly?

Fred: No. I don't mind. What market is the best? The A.&P. or Pioneer?

Salina: You'd better try A.G.P. They're less crowded on Saturday.
I made out a list yesterday. It's on the refrigerator.

FRED EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. SALINA IMMEDIATELY GRABS A HAND
MIRROR AND STUDIES HER NECK.

Fred: (CALLS FROM THE KITCHEN) There's an awful lot on that list.
You want me to get it all.

Salina: (STARTLED BY HIS VOICE, REACTS NERVOUSLY, AND PUSHES DOWN
THE MIRROR) I usually have most of it delivered. It's
easier that way.

Fred: (CALLS) Okay. I'll be back in about an hour. (DOOR SLAMS)

SALINA THROWS BACK HER BED COVERS AND GETS UP. LIMPING OBVIOUSLY
SHE CROSSES THE ROOM AND PUTS ON A DRESSING GOWN AND GOES INTO THE
KITCHEN. SHE PUTS ON A POT OF COFFEE AND TAKES A BOTTLE OF GLASS
FROM THE CUPBOARD AND POURS HERSELF A SNIFF. AS SHE LIFTS IT TO
HER LIPS THE DOORBELL RINGS AND STARTLED SHE DROPS THE GLASS ON THE
FLOOR. COMPOSING HERSELF SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR AND CALLS OUT.

Salina: Who is it?

Betsy: It's me. Betsy. Can I come in?

SALINA OPENS THE DOOR AND ADMITS BETSY.

Salina: Oh, I thought it was someone else. Come in.

Betsy: What's the matter?

Salina: Nothing.

Betsy: There is too. What's the matter? You look worried.

Salina: What time is it, Betsy?

Betsy: Twelve o'clock. You know I'm always here at twelve o'clock
on Saturday. You know I couldn't survive my Saturday without
our coffee klatch.

Salina: I'd forgotten all about it.

Betsy: That's not like you. Look honey, if you're not up to it,
I can go. Would you like that?

Salina: No. Stay. I need some one to talk to.

Betsy: Did you and Fred have a spat?

Salina: No. It's nothing like that. SHE WALKS AWAY LIMPING.

Betsy: What's the matter with your ankle? It's all black and blue.
Let me see. (S E CROUCHES DOWN TO LOOK AT IT.)
What happened?

Salina: Last night.

Betsy: Last night what?

Salina: It all started with my goddam mother.

Betsy: Doesn't it always. Go on.

Salina: Fred walked out last night. My mother came by. As Fred left he accidentally dropped an address book. Of course, Mother saw it and insisted on rifling through it. We found an address on a slip of perfumed paper. She practically pushed me out of the house to find out who it was. I should have known better and let well enough alone. Well, off I went like a blind fool. I ended up on the Lower East Side in some tenement. I knocked at the number that was written down. There was no answer. So I walked back down the stairs and these two men stopped me. I tried to get by them but they wouldn't let me. First thing I knew I had been dragged into some hole of an apartment. They both attacked me. They did every imaginable thing to me. It seemed to go on for hours. I lost my senses and fell to the floor. I vaguely remember one of them forcing a tube down my throat. Next thing I knew, they were pouring a bottle of whisky down the tube. Their sexual attack then turned to a complete physical attack. Later, I came to in a park. I had no sense of time at all. I staggered to the street and hailed a cab and luckily, got home before Fred.

Betsy: Oh my God, Oh my God!

Salina: I couldn't tell Fred. How could I?

Betsy: What'll you tell him?

Salina: I told him I fell off the ladder in the kitchen. He only saw the bruises on my neck and arms.

Betsy: You'd better not have sex with him until you've had a test. Suppose they were venereal?

Salina: It doesn't matter.

Betsy: What do you mean, it doesn't matter? Of course it does. You must have a check up.

S ~~Salina: I told him I fell off the ladder in the kitchen. He only saw the bruises on my neck and arms.~~
SALINA: I THINK ANY WAY BUT FRED WOULDN'T CATCH IT EVEN IF I WERE INFECTED HE ALWAYS USES A PROPHYLACTIC

Betsy: I don't understand.

Salina: ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ I D HATE KIDS BUT FIRST DON'T

Betsy: I don't believe you.

SALINA BREAKS INTO TEARS.

Salina: For Chrissakes! You think I'd tell you all this if it weren't true!

Betsy: ~~_____~~ I don't understand it.

Salina: ~~_____~~ He hates kids. He hates anything that has to do with them. He resents my work with the children's center, he resents any discussion of our having children. I think he even resents his own childhood.

Betsy: That's very frightening. I wish you'd have confided in me before. You might not realize it Salina but I feel proud that you told me all this. I feel our friendship has grown stronger. You must honestly think of me as a close friend.

Salina: Thank you Betsy.

Betsy: What are you going to do? You can't go on like this.

Salina: I have one hope.

Betsy: What's that?

Salina: Fred is seeing a psychiatrist.

Betsy: When did this start?

Salina: Yesterday. He has another appointment on Monday.

Betsy: Do you think he'll keep it?

Salina: I'm almost positive he will. (SHE POURS COWBEE INTO CUP, AND HANDS ONE CUP TO BETSY. SALINA LIFTS HER CUP TO TOAST) Here. Here's to Monday and Dr. Flood.

Betsy: Oh God! I hope so!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

DR. PAULINE BLOOD'S OFFICE. FRED AND DR. BLOOD ARE TALKING.

Pauline: How'd your day go?

Fred: Not bad.

Pauline: Tell me more about these new found friends of yours.

Fred: They're pretty wild.

Pauline: ~~Make that's what~~ you need.

Fred: Meaning ~~the change of pace, a change of environment, just a change.~~

Pauline: Oh, a change of pace, a change of environment, just a change. Our systems need it from time to time. What did you three do?

Fred: Three who?

Pauline: Oh I'm sorry. I'm jumping too fast for you. This. (INDICATING HER PAD OF NOTES) Marcy and Stud Perkins. What did the three of you do sexually?

Fred: It was pretty wild.

Pauline: Come on. Be more graphic. You were on our first session. You see, Fred, if we're open with each other like this we'll progress much faster. I prefer it this way. I hate slowly brushing away cobwebs.

Fred: I go along with that.

Pauline: So?

Fred: We must have screwed for about an hour and then (STOPS SHORT)

Pauline: Then?

Fred: Something happened.

Pauline: What?

Fred: I began to get sexually aroused by Stud.

Pauline: What did you do?

Fred: I suppressed my desires and kept carrying on with Marcy.

~~Pauline: And?~~

~~Pauline: And?~~

yes and Fred is what you really want. (HARSH) And you
are afraid you'll let it out of your system. And you
don't want any more. And you're afraid of the
way that has been going on.

Pauline: Go on.

Fred: Stud must have felt my desire for him because he
kissed me on the mouth. I didn't pull away. It must have been
seconds but it seemed like forever. I wanted him but I didn't
in that direction.

Pauline: Why didn't you?

Fred: Do you think I should have?

Pauline: Let me tell you something Fred. I think, basically,
there isn't one human being on this planet that doesn't have
some desire for his or her own sex, whatever the case may be.
Of course, it has to be the right time or the right place but
that desire is there. Society frowns on anything that breaks
conventional pattern. Never be ashamed of your sexual desires
at any time. Let's face it. It's one of the few free pleasures
left in life.

Fred: (JOKINGLY) You're mad!

Pauline: Yes, but not completely. As long as I'm only half mad
I can enjoy life. (SHE LAUGHS)

Fred: I like you.

Pauline: Do you now?

Fred: Yes. ~~But I don't love you.~~ RIGHT NOW I'D RATHER HAVE YOU THAN ANYONE.

Pauline: (JOKINGLY) Oh, for heaven's sake! Mother always told me
there'd be days like this!

Fred: No. I'm serious.

Pauline: Look, Fred, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll give
myself to you ~~but I'll keep my conventional~~
~~but I'll keep my conventional~~ BUT IT WON'T BE AGREED THAT THIS WILL BE THE END OF IT.
~~But I thought you were serious.~~

Pauline: Yes, Fred, but not ~~like this.~~

Fred: All right. ~~Yes.~~ (HE STANDS UP)

Pauline: Let's make this a beautiful moment.

Fred: Let me undress you.

Pauline: You know the right thing to say.

HE UNBUTTONS HER BLOUSE.

Fred: Put your hair down. (SHE DOES SO)(HE STARTS TO KISS HER TENDERLY ALL OVER, STOPS AND LOOKS AT HER) It's been a long time. HE TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. SAME SCENE. LATER. FRED LIGHTS TWO CIGARETTES AND HANDS ONE TO PAULINE.

Pauline: Why did you use a contraceptive?

Fred: I always use one.

Pauline: Are you afraid of venereal disease?

Fred: No. Not really.

Pauline: Surely you must realize I know how to take care of myself.

FRED TURNS AWAY FROM HER ABRUPTLY.

Is that it?

FRED DOESN'T ANSWER HER. PAUSE.

You're afraid of having children, aren't you?

That's it, isn't it?

Fred: That's part of it.

Pauline: Tell me all of it.

Fred: May I have a drink?

Pauline: Certainly. SHE MAKES HIM A DRINK.

Fred: I think it goes back, way back to my childhood.

I hated that period in my life. I had a step mother who I hated as much as she hated me. My father was all right I guess but he was weak and ineffectual. I hated school and everything about it. I was always rebellious and in trouble. It's a miserable period to go through....being a child. Well, I finally reached sixteen. There was a girl...her name was Eileen. I took her to a football game. We smooched, carried on and ended up having sex. I was frightened at first but then during our intercourse I became extremely overjoyed. Three days later I came down with venereal disease. Three months later, sweet Eileen announced she was pregnant by me. I was completely shattered. My step mother was vicious, my father stayed out of the picture as much as possible and I prayed for the day I would outgrow my adolescence. Years passed with no sexual gratification, excepting, masturbation, of course.

Suddenly, I became embarrassed and let him go.
NOTHING REALLY HAPPENED AT LAST
NEITHER OF US REACHED A CLIMAX. 50

Fred: (CONTINUES) I was in college. It was Sunday. It was hot. It was after a dance. My friend and I were in the shower, we'd been drinking. We started singing with our arms around each other. First thing I knew, we were feeling each other up. I grabbed him. I didn't know. He was so ready, so willing. I never saw him again.

[REDACTED]

Pauline: I can't tell you anything that [REDACTED]. You've just told me everything about yourself. I can't do anything further. Two sessions and you're a free man and you're quite a man. ~~Woodstock~~ Fred Clark. You don't need me anymore. You have only one obstacle to remove. Go home to Salina, have sex with her, [REDACTED] and for God's sake don't go to a drugstore for your obstacles because that's what they are.

Fred: A son?

Pauline: Someone to carry on your name. Salina and you both need a child. SHE LIFTS HER GLASS. Here's to Fred or Frederica, as the case may be, Clark.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN. FRED AND SALINA'S APARTMENT. MINNIE AND SALINA ARE SEATED AT THE TABLE AS FRED ENTERS.

Fred: (TO MINNIE) What are you doing here?

Salina: She just happened to drop by.

Fred: Well, it's time for you to go.

Minnie: ~~What are you saying?~~ *What are you saying?*

Fred: You heard me. It's time for you to go.

Minnie: I'm not going till I finish my coffee.

FRED TAKES HER CUP AND EMPTIES IT IN THE SINK.

Fred: You've just finished it.

Minnie: Have you gone mad?

Fred: I don't know why I haven't done this long ago.

HE LIFTS MINNIE OUT OF HER CHAIR BODILY, GRABS HER PURSE AND GIVES IT TO HER.

Don't forget your purse. Couldn't go to the bank without your bankbook. After all these years of fleecing me it must be some healthy book.

Salina: Fred, you don't know what you're saying.

Fred: Oh, yes, I do. Come on Minnie. Out you go.

HE TAKES HER TO THE DOOR.

Minnie: Take your hands off me, you bastard!

Salina: Fred, stop it!

Fred: Stop it hell! HE OPENS THE DOOR. Out you go Mother. And don't call us, we'll call you. HE GIVES HER A KICK IN THE ASS. SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.. TURNS TO SALINA.

Now what were you saying?

Salina: I've never seen you like this.

Fred: Well you're going to from now on. So get used to it.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Fred: If that's her again, so help me, I'll throw her down those stairs!

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND STUD STANDS THERE. HE IS VERY DISTRESSED.

Stud: Can I speak to you for a moment?

Fred: What's wrong?

Stud: It's about Marcy.

Fred: We can't talk here. (FRED STEPS INTO THE HALLWAY AND CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM) What is it?

Stud: I need your help. Marcy's had an accident.

Fred: But I don't understand, why?

Stud: I don't know. Yours was the first name that came to mind.

Fred: What do you want me to do? I can't leave right now. Besides, I don't know you that well.

STUD CHANGES HIS MOOD ENTIRELY AND GRINS.

Stud: Okay baby.....if sympathy won't work on you maybe this will. HE PULS OUT THE PHOTOGRAPH AND SHOWS IT TO FRED.

Fred: Where'd you get this?

Stud: Remember the night you spent at our pad? Remember? We've got a lot more of them.

Fred: What is this?

Stud: I want you down at 62 Avenue B in exactly one hour. And baby, if you don't show, we show! Dig?

STUD TURNS ABRUPTLY AND RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS.

CUT TO: A CLOSE UP OF FRED'S FACE. FRIGHT AND CONFUSION.

CUT TO: THE PHOTOGRAPH OF FRED AND STUD KISSING.

CUT TO: A CAVE LIKE BASEMENT ON AVENUE B. ALL SORTS OF REAL DEBAUCHERY GOING ON, NUDE PODIES WRITHING AROUND AND STRANGE AND PERVERSE SEXUAL HAPPENINGS, PEOPLE GETTING HIGH, A GIRL STRETCHED OUT SACRIFICIALLY ON A PLASTIC ALTAR, WIERD, ORGASTIC RITES. FRED IS LED THROUGH THEREOF BY STUD TO A SMALLER BACK ROOM WHERE FOUR EYES SITS SURROUNDED BY SONIE, LE NIE, MINIE AND MOE, HIS HENCHMEN.

OUT TO LONG SIRT OF FOUR EYES SITTING IN A THRONE LIKE CHAIR.
HE IS HEAVILY RINGED AND DEJEWELLED AND WEARING A NECK BRACE.

Four Eyes: Good evening Mr. Clark. Won't you sit down?

Fred: What's this all about?

Four Eyes: Blackmail, my dear friend. But that's such a nasty word. Let's change it to an exchange. Yes, an exchange. Your money for our photographs.

Fred: Photographs? I've only seen one.

Four Eyes: (TO BENIE) Benie, show Mr. Clark his pictures.
BENIE DOES SO. They're quite lovely, aren't they. You take a very nice photo. Did you ever think of going on the stage?

FRED IS VERY UPSET BY THE PHOTOGRAPHS. BENIE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND FOR THE PICTURES AND FRED HANDS THEM BACK TO HIM.

Fred: They're quite graphic. But I think I know a lawyer who can get me out of this.

Four Eyes: (CALLS) Meenie!

MEENIE STEPS IN FRONT OF FRED WITH A BLACKJACK.

Meenie, here, used to be a karate expert. But he was very dangerous that way so I converted him to a simple blackjack. Not quite so deadly. ~~What~~ Wouldn't you agree? Come here, Mr. Clark.

Minie has something for you. (MINIE GRINS) He's very attractive isn't he? (INDICATING MINIE) You'd never know he's killed five men would you? So innocent looking! Of course, we don't talk about that outside of this room. Minie, hand Mr. Clark his papers!
(MINIE HANDS FRED SOME PAPERS)

(FRED LOOKS THE PAPERS OVER FOR A MOMENT)

Fred: This is a court action.

Four Eyes: Precisely. Stud and Marcy Perkins, this sweet couple here, have drawn up papers accusing you of rape. Carnal knowledge, etc, etc, etc. Physical molestation, etc., etc, etc. (HOLDING THE PAPERS)
Oh this is lovely, isn't it? Wouldn't it be nice arriving in the mail at Wilson, Merchant and Durant, Number 32 Wall St.

Fred: You wouldn't.

Four Eyes: Oh wouldn't we though! (CALLS) Moe! Now Moe, here is the lucky one. He gets to go with you tomorrow to draw out the five thousand dollars that you're going to give us for all of this.
~~beautiful scandal~~ Five thousand dollars is nothing for all of this beautiful scandal we're giving back to you in exchange.

Fred: It's not going to work. You don't frighten me!
(FRED STARTS FOR THE DOOR AND EENIE AND MEENIE STEP IN FRONT OF HIM)

Four Eyes: I'd advise you not to Mr. Clark. Just sign this withdrawal for five thousand dollars. Like hell I will!
(HE SWINGS AT EENIE)

THE FOUR HENCHMEN POUNCE ON FRED AND BEAT HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THEY MUTILATE HIM AND INJECT HIM WITH A PORTION OF DOPE.

CUT TO: SALINA'S KITCHEN. SIX MONTHS LATER.

Minnie: You can't sit around like this and mope all the time. It's been six months since he disappeared. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~you~~ He's just run out on you, that's all. He's probably in South America or someplace like that. I told you he was a poor risk, didn't I, but you wouldn't listen. (SALINA STARTS SOBBING)
Now that's not gonna do any good. I told you there was something wrong with him. But you wouldn't listen would you? You know what I think? (HER VOICE AND THE PICTURE SLOWLY FADE OUT)

CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF FRED'S FACE. HE IS BARELY RECOGNIZABLE. HE IS WANDERING THE STREETS OF THE BOWERY, AN AMNESIAC, DERELICT, PATHETIC, DESTITUTE AND ALONE.

END.

"THE FITCH"

BY

ANDY MILLIGAN

FILM OPENS WITH NO CREDITS.....SHOTS OF TIMES SQUARE AREA.....
LOUD TRAFFIC...GHETTO BLASTERS, ECT.....L.S. 42ND ST.....IT IS
ABOUT NOON....CAMERA PICKS UP YOUNG WOMAN, ATTRACTIVE, ABOUT 25...
SHE IS IN LEVIS AND HAS A BUNCH OF NEWSPAPERS TUCKED UNDER HER ARM.

CAROLYN: Macho!! Get your papers here....Macho!! (WOMAN WALKS
BY) Hey, lady, wanta buy a paper? (FOLLOWS HER DOWN THE STREET) Tell
you where it's at, lady. Ya married? Ya wanta get out all that? Only
75¢.....(THE WOMAN IS GONE) Shit!(WAVES NEWSPAPER AGAIN) Macho!!
Get your paper.....MACHO!!

(CUT TO M.S. RACHEL....LARGE, OVERWEIGHT WOMAN...ABOUT
29...WEARING A BRIGHT PRINT DRESS....TOO SHORT ...TOO
BRIGHT.....WITH SHORT FUZZY HAIR....SHE IS MUNCHING
ON A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS....SHE STOPS SHORT)

RACHEL: (YELLING) Carolyn! For Christ's sake...Carolyn! (WALK-
ING FAST TOWARDS CAROLYN) What the hell ya doing here?

(TWO SHOT...THEY EMBRACE)

RACHEL: I thought ya liked the village...No animals ya said...

CAROLYN: I thought you didn't have your lunch break 'til one,
Rachel....I was going to hawk for a couple of hours
then come over and rescue you for lunch.....

RACHEL: How 'ya doin?

CAROLYN: Awful.....Three since ten this morning.....

RACHEL: If you got off your ass, got up in the morning, during
the rush hour....ya wouldn't do so bad.....

CAROLYN: I try....God knows I try.....

RACHEL: Ya broke?

CAROLYN: More or less.....

RACHEL: Come on....I'll take ya to lunch.....(THEY START OFF
IN THE CROWD)

(CUT TO TIMES SQUARE RESTAURANT....LOUD MUSIC PLAYING..
JUKE...IN THE BACKGROUND....RACHEL IS SCRAPING HER PLATE)

CAROLYN: Rachel!

RACHEL: Crumbs upset me.....

CAROLYN: (CALLING) Robbie!!! (CUT TO ROBBIE)

ROBBIE: What do you want? (CUT TO CAROLYN)

CAROLYN: Some more coffee and another.....(CUT TO ROBBIE)

ROBBIE: Piece of banana creme pie.....

(CUT TO TWO SHOT RACHEL AND CAROLYN)

Seen Marcy?

CAROLYN:

Two nights ago.....

RACHEL:

How's it goin'?

CAROLYN:

Same.

RACHEL:

CAROLYN:

She must be a masochist to live with him.....

RACHEL:

Tony?....He aint so bad....Every day might be like playing a bus and truck tour of Streetcar Named Desire..... But he aint so bad.....

CAROLYN:

Ya gotta be kidding. (ROBBIE ENTERS)

ROBBIE:

Two cups of coffee and another piece of banana creme pie. (HE SLAMS THEM ON THE TABLE) We got two banana creams and a chocolate in the kitchen....shall I reserve them for 5:30?

RACHEL:

Don't be a smart ass.....

ROBBIE:

(LOOKING AT HIS ASS) Oh, I didn't know it was showing.....

CAROLYN:

Ya know, Robbie...one of these days you're goin to camp in front of the wrong person....

ROBBIE:

(HAND ON HIP) Yeah, then what?

CAROLYN:

You'll get knocked flat on your ass.

ROBBIE:

Oh, goodie....(CLAPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER) As long as it's face down and he's over six feet tall.....(HE EXITS...AL A SHOWGIRL...SINGING, NEW YORK..NEW YORK....)

CAROLYN:

Faggot.....

RACHEL:

Live and let live....You're the first one to say so yourself....Now back to that job I lined up for ya..Ya want it or not.....

CAROLYN:

Three days a week...and I can pick my own days?

RACHEL:

Yeah.....But ya have ta take a civil service test first.

CAROLYN:

Why's that?

RACHEL:

Well....Riker's Island is run by the city, ya know, ya don't think it's a private concern?

CAROLYN:

I don't know, Rachel, You know I've been in trouble over my paper with the police...Member, last year, in Bryant Park....I slapped the shit outa that policeman for making me move on....

CAROLYN: (CONT.) I gotta record, Rachel....I can't take a civil service test.....

RACHEL: I forgot about that....Shit...I was thinking being a sex time matron on Riker's Island would be right up your alley. You'd probably find lots of teenage kids who would be sympathetic to your cause...you could help them out....when they got out.....they might help you out.....

CAROLYN: You ever meet a teen-age runaway?

RACHEL: Only you.....

CAROLYN: Funny....real funny....(LAUGHS)...(REACHES OVER AND KICKS HER ON THE CHEEK)

ROBBIE: (ENTERS WITH COFFEE IN A FLASK) Hey, you two, cut that out. What are you trying to do...Give this place a bad name...If you two want to bump pussies....Go somewhere else for that....How about the Christopher street pier...Give the boys a change...HMMMMMM? (POURS THEIR COFFEE)

CAROLYN: Just because you're queer....doesn't mean everyone else is.

ROBBIE: Look hon.....Years ago I discovered I preferred outdoor plumbing to indoor plumbing...I accepted the fact and I've been capitalizing on it ever since....Listen honey...I make out beautifully...because guys know exactly what I am....They see me come swishing down the street looking like Barbra Streisand and they get a hard-on before I even get to them...It's as easy as swatting flies...(HE SEES A COCK-ROACH CRAWLING) or cockroaches...(HE SWATS IT) Pretend you didn't see that....HONEY....Everyone's a little queer....And....didn't your mother ever tell you not to sit on a seat where a man's been sitting or you get pregnant? Didn't your mother ever tell you not to sit on a public toilet or you'd get crabs....Didn't your mother.....

RACHEL: Oh, for Christ's sake get lost....will Ya.....

ROBBIE: That's no way to talk to a lady...(STALKS OFF SINGING.."I FEEL PRETTY")

CAROLYN: How's work going?

RACHEL: A couple of new girls started this week...Sure is hell breaking them in....Just when you do...They snag some guy at the local Chock full of nuts and up and marry...

CAROLYN: You can't blame them, Rachel....You can't get a job equal to a man's....A woman doesn't have a chance in this world.. Shit....I don't want to get started on that.....You've done alright for yourself, Rachel....for a woman I mean....

RACHEL: Listen babe.....Everything I have...I fought and clawed for. Nothings given to you in this life...Ya have to fight for everything ya get...Ya know..I've been at that employment agency eight years next tuesday...eight fucking years....

CAROLYN: Yeah...but look where you are....Head of an employment agency. You have the run of the whole place...It was worth it....

RACHEL: Maybe....Never have to worry about money or things like that but...sometimes I envy the girls that get married.

CAROLYN: I can't see you ever getting married...I can't see you being impaled on a mattress for the rest of your life...You're too strong to be married, Rachel...You'd always want to be on top....You'd walk all over some guy you loved and then your love for him would reverse into complete hatred...A woman can't stand a man she can dominate.....

RACHEL: Maybe I could find a man strong enough for me.

CAROLYN: Look, Hon., you have too many things going against you.... forget it...You have a great job...lots of money...you'll never find a man who's strong enough for you...Not in America anyway....and if you looked anyplace else...you might find them strong enough...but you won't like them in other ways....They're either neanderthal..or never wash their socks...or so insecure they beat you...That's alright for a foreign girl...but not an American.....

(ANOTHER ANGLE....THE DOOR OPENS...A YOUNG GIRL...THIN... DIRTY...UNKEMPT...COMES IN....SHE NERVOUSLY CROSSES OVER TO THE TABLE NEAR RACHEL AND CAROLYN)

CAROLYN: You want some more coffee?

RACHEL: Are you going to have some?

CAROLYN: Yes.....

RACHEL: Alright then....

CAROLYN: (CALLS) Robbie...some more coffee!!

RACHEL: What do you mean...too many things going against me?

CAROLYN: Huh?

(ROBBIE ARRIVES WITH MORE COFFEE)

ROBBIE: This just isn't one of my days.

RACHEL: End of the month?

ROBBIE: Funny...Ya oughta write for Joan Rivers...Naw...First you two...Bella Abzug and Gloria Steinem...then Little Debbie - Boone over here next to you....(INDICATING THE GIRL WHO ENTERED PREVIOUSLY) I only hope she can pay her bill...I'd certainly hate to have to throw her out because she can't pay her bill.

CAROLYN: I'll bet you a weekend on Fire Island she could beat you up with one arm tied behind her back.....

ROBBIE: You'd like that...wouldn't you? Then you could put in a piece of shit you call a paper "FAGGOT BEATEN UP BY 50 POUND FEMALE IN TIMES SQUARE"

RACHEL: Poor Kid!! Looks like she hasn't had a decent meal in a while

CAROLYN: She could be a junkie....

ROBBIE: She's getting up to go to the juke box...Oh, God...I hope she doesn't play "New York, New York" ...If I hear that one more time, I'll slash my wrists with a butter knife.

(HE DRIFTS OFF TOWARD THE KITCHEN...THE YOUNG GIRL...JOE PUTS A QUARTER IN THE JUKE BOX AND WE HEAR A COUNTRY SONG "SOMEONE TO LOVE ME"...SHE GOES OVER TO HER TABLE AND...THROUGH THE FOLLOWING SCENE SHE KEEPS LOOKING AROUND AS IF SHE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TALK TO....ANYONE...)

RACHEL: How's your friend...What's his name?

CAROLYN: Who?

RACHEL: Your friend...Thursdays.....

CAROLYN: He's not my friend...He's just an old acquaintance...His name is Bloom...Marvin Bloom.

RACHEL: He's in furs...isn't he?

CAROLYN: Last I heard he is...Why?

RACHEL: You mean you don't know? ..You don't see him anymore?

CAROLYN: Of course I see him...I see him every thursday, like it's always been.....

RACHEL: How long have you known him?

CAROLYN: About two years...Say what is this...The third degree?

RACHEL: Why don't you get a good fur coat out of him?.....He's a furrier isn't he?

CAROLYN: I don't like fur...You know I don't like fur....I like it just the way it is...I shack up with him every thursday and he gives me 40 dollars.

RACHEL: So that's whay you see him every thursday...I was wondering why.

CAROLYN: And if you tell anyone...so help me...I'll cut off your banana creme pie.

RACHEL: I wont tell anyone....I thought you hated men....

CAROLYN: I never said that...I hate men for the position they put

(CONT,) us in in society...I never said I hate men...I like a good roll in the hay like anyone else...And Marvin is a good roll....in more ways then one.....

Like in the bank.....

Besides...he feels like I'm doing him a favor everytime...so I let him pay for it.....Marvin's very considerate...

Get yourself another Marvin Bloom or two and you wont have to work.

I go to bed with Marvin Bloom because I like to go to bed with Marvin Bloom...Not as a business proposition....He gives me the money because he likes to give me the money. We both got a good thing going so just shut up about it...

You mean you got a good thing going.....

(NOTICING THE GIRL LOOKING AT THEM) What the hell is she staring at us for...she keeps looking this way....

Maybe she's never seen a forty dollar lay before.....

Funny....Very funny.....

The poor kid's probably lonely.....She looks lonely...She's getting up to go to the john.....There's something wrong with her....(JO GETS TO JUST ABOUT WHERE THE JUKE-BOX IS AND SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND HAS AN EPILEPTIC FIT. ROBBIE CROSSES IMMEDIATELY TO HER AND STARTS TO GET HYSTERICAL)

Oh, God....Now what.....Now what am I going to do? Well just don't stand there you two...help me...What am I going to do?

(CROSSING TO HELP ROBBIE) Put something in her mouth...Can't you see she's having a fit, Robbie...Put something in her mouth.

(HANDING A KNIFE TO CAROLYN) Here put this in her mouth..She wont bite her tongue if you put something in her mouth.

(CAROLYN PUTS THE KNIFE ACROSS JO'S MOUTH...HOLDING IT THERE)

It would happen the one day I'm on the floor...Couldn't happen to one of the other waitresses...Oh, no...It had to happen to me....Why'd I ever join Actor's Equity?

Rachel, hold her head still so she wont move around so much...(RACHEL DOES)

I'm going to call the cops....I don't want to be responsible...I'm going to call the cops..(HE STARTS TO GO)

No, Robbie, don't....They'd take the poor kid in...Christ no, she just needs a little help....Not to sic the pigs on

CAROLYN: (CONT.) her.

ROBBIE: I can't have her lying there having a fit....What about my customers?....She hasn't paid the bill yet.

RACHEL: What customers?

CAROLYN: Even the whores wont come in here.....

ROBBIE: What am I going to do?

CAROLYN: For Christ's sake, will you shut up?...You're worried about a fucking check and the poor kid's lying there...I'll pay the fucking check....if that's what's worrying you.

ROBBIE: I'm not going to be stuck with it...If Hector comes back here and I can't account for a dollar forty....He'll have a shit hemhorage.....In Spanish....

CAROLYN: Rachel....Give him the dollar forty....

(RACHEL STARTS TO COUNT IT OUT)

ROBBIE: What are we going to do about her?....I can't have her lying on the floor.....

CAROLYN: Rachel and I will take her with us....Come on, Rachel, help me.....I can't do it by myself....

RACHEL: I don't know.....

CAROLYN: RACHEL!!!!

RACHEL: Oh, all right!! (SHE HELPS CAROLYN AND THEY GET JO ON HER FEET)

CAROLYN: Let's get her to the door and then you call a cab...(THEY ARE WALKING JO TO THE DOOR)

ROBBIE: (SCREAMING) Hey, you two....You didn't pay your bill!! You owe me seven dollars and fifty two cents.

CAROLYN: Oh, shit....Pay him Rachel. (RACHEL PULLS OUT A FIVE, TWO ONES AND THE EXACT CHANGE) (SHE HANDS THIS TO ROBBIE) Get the door Rachel.....

(THEY START OUT)

ROBBIE: (YELLING AFTER THEM) Where's my tip?

RACHEL &
CAROLYN: FUCK YOU!!!

(CUT TO OUTSIDE RESTARAUNT)(8TH OR 9TH AVENUE.....A BULL DYKE ,A PROSTITUTE AND A PIMP ARE HAVING A FIGHT)

TYKE: You mother-fuckin' son-of-a-bitch.....(SWINGING AT PIMP)

PROSTITUTE: Ya got all I have....

PIMP: Like shit, cunt!!! You're holding out on me.....

DYKE: (SWING FISTS AT PIMP) She aint working for you any more...Ya piece of shit!! (HITS) Go find some other pussy....(HITS) Get the fuck outta here!!!!!!

PIMP: (BACKING AWAY) Okay...Okay....I'll get you...you fuckin' diesel dyke....When I'm through with youyou'll have so many holes in ya...You wont know which one to piss outta....

(DYKE PICKS UP BOTTLE OUT OF TRASH CAN AND THROWS IT AFTER , PIMP)

DYKE: Go fuck yourself!! (TURNS...PUTS HER ARM AROUND THE PROSTITUTE Come on, Honey....(STARTS OFFF DOWN THE AVENUE)

RACHEL: (CALLING) Taxi....Taxi....(CAB IS JUST COMING AROUND THE CORNER AND IT PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THEM)

CAROLYN: Get the door Rachel....I'll get her in...(RACHEL OPENS THE CAB DOOR AND THEY BOTH HELP JO IN...RACHEL GETS IN FIRST AND PULLS AS CAROLYN PUSHES JO INTO THE CAB)

CABBY: Where to?

CAROLYN: Bowery and third.....

(CAROLYN SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND WE'RE OFF)

V.O. (AS CAB DRIVES AWAY)

RACHEL: What're we going to do with her?

CAROLYN: I don't know....but we couldn't her there.....

V.O. (ANOTHER SHOT OF CAB IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN ...GOING EAST)

RACHEL: I don't want to get involved...Carolyn.....

CAROLYN: Spoken like a true New York humanitarian.....

(SHOT OF CAB PULLING UP AT THIRD AND BOWERY) (THEY GET JO OUT CAB)

CABBY: Here we are....

(RACHEL PAYS THE CABBY...HE TAKES OFF)

RACHEL: Jesus Christ!! Every time I have lunch with you something crazy happens....Last time it was a sick cat....

CAROLYN: Well she isn't a sick cat...she's a human being , just like you and me...What would you do if it were me or Marcy...then what would you do....Huh?

RACHEL: Well, it's not you or Marcy....So I don't see the point of sticking our necks out.....

CAROLYN: If it's the seven dollars you're worried about...I'll give it to you tomorrow....

RACHEL: It's seven dollars and fifty two cents....

CAROLYN: Oh, shit!!!

(BY THIS TIME THEY HAVE ENTERED THE DOWNSTAIRS DOORWAY
THE HALLWAY) (CUT TO INTERIOR)

RACHEL: CAROLYNIt's not the money...You know damn well...not the money...It's the principle of the thing....

CAROLYN: Principle of what thing?

RACHEL: You always have a very bad habit of involving people in your problems....And expecting them to always help you?

CAROLYN: Well what are friends for?

RACHEL: See...There you go....

CAROLYN: Poor Kid.....Probably hasn't had a decent meal in days....

RACHEL: See....See.....Just what I was saying....

CAROLYN: I think she's coming to...(JO HAS BEEN ON CAROLYN'S SHOULDERS SHE PULLS HER HEAD UP AND LOOKS FRIGHTENED)

JO: Who are you?

CAROLYN: This is Rachel Cohen ...and I'm Carolyn Prentiss...What's your name?

JO: Josephine Wacowski.....

RACHEL: Josephine wacowski?

CAROLYN: That's right...That's what she said, Rachel...Josephine Wacowski...What do your friends call you?

JO: Friends?

RACHEL: You have a nick-name?....Well, what is it?

JO: Jo.

RACHEL: Jo?

JO: My mother use to call me that....except when she was mad at me...Then she would call me Josephine...She called me Josephine most of the time ...I guess.

CAROLYN: Where's your mother?

She's dead...She died about six months ago....

JO: Wher do you live?

RACHEL: Live?

JO: Yeah...Like where do you live?

RACHEL: I don't have a place..just right now.

JO: It figures.

RACHEL: You mean you don't have a place where you stay?

CAROLYN: No.

JO: Well, surely you must stay some place.....

RACHEL: No.....

JO: Don't you have any relatives?

CAROLYN: Relatives?

JO: Yeah....Relatives....You know, like a brother or a sister or an aunt or a grandfather...or a...Oh, Christ, you,talk to her Carolyn.....

RACHEL: Where do you stay at night?

CAROLYN: On twenty eight street.

JO: What's there?

CAROLYN: A subway stop.

JO: A subway stop?

CAROLYN: Yeah..on the seventh avenue line....You see there's no one there after about eight in the evening...and I go down there and sit on the steps....If anyone comes along I just pretend that I'm either coming or going up or down the stairs and nobody knows.....It hasn't been too bad there...Except for the last few days....It's been very cold, you know....The last few days.

JO: When was the lasttime you had a decent meal?

CAROLYN: Meal?

JO: You know, Jo, you have a very annoying habit of repeating everything anybody says to you.

CAROLYN: I'm sorry.

JO: There's no need to be sorry...are you hungry now?

JO: Now?.....Sorry.....No, not too.....

CAROLYN: Come on....(THEY START UP THE STAIRS) Do you remember what happened back there?

JO: Back where?

RACHEL: At the restaraunt.

JO: Did something happen?

RACHEL: You mean you don't remember?

JO: No.....

CAROLYN: Well you passed out and you had a.....well.....it looked like you had some kind of fit.

JO: Are you sure?

RACHEL: As sure as we're standing here.

JO: I'm sorry.

CAROLYN: Do you have them often?

JO: I don't remember.

RACHEL: You mean you don't remember having them....or you don't remember them?

JO: I guess I don't remember.

RACHEL: I got lost somewhere.

CAROLYN: Have you looked for a job?

JO: I tried....But I haven't been too sucessful.

RACHEL: Why not?

JO: Well....I can't read or write.

RACHEL: You must be kidding?

JO: No.....

CAROLYN: But, Jo....Everyone has to learn reading and writing...it's mandatory.

JO: Mandatory?

RACHEL: It means that everyone has to go to school to learn it.

JO: Not me.

CAROLYN: What do you mean....not me?

JO: I didn't go to school after I was eight years old.

CAROLYN: But you have to go to school.

JO: My mother took me out of school when my father died...and then I had to look after her.

RACHEL: Why? Was she sick or something?

JO: She had to work and she wanted me home all the time to take care of the house and cook for her.

CAROLYN: You mean you never went to school?

JO: My mother always said that no one ever needed school...She said life was the only school you ever had to have.

(AT THIS POINT THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT THE TOP FLOOR...CAROLYN'S APARTMENT)

CAROLYN: Here we are....(SHE GETS OUT KEYS AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR...THEY ENTER....CUT TO:INTERIOR) Here....give me your coat. (SHE REACHES FOR JO'S COAT AND JO PULLS BACK)

JO: Can I keep it on please....I'd like to keep it on.

CAROLYN: Well...sure...If you'd like...Give me yours, Rachel. (RACHEL DOES...CAROLYN HANGS IT UP) Are you hungry, Jo? Would you like something to eat?

JO: Alright.....

CAROLYN: I'll make you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, alright?

JO: If it's not too much trouble, please....I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble.

CAROLYN: Rachel, do you want anything?

RACHEL: Well, I.....

CAROLYN: Really Rachel....

RACHEL: I guess not.

CAROLYN: I'll only be a minute....Well, sit down, Jo,,,just don't stand there.....

JO: My mother always told me never to sit down in a strange house unless I'm invited to.

CAROLYN: Well, you're invited...right...so sit. (SHE DOES)
(CAROLYN EXITS)

RACHEL: So.....you need a job, huh?

JO: Yes.

RACHEL: What kind of work can you do?

JO: I can cook and do housework.

RACHEL: Have you ever worked in an office?

JO: No.

RACHEL: I thought maybe I could help you find a job...You see, I run an employment agency.

JO: Oh, I would be ever so grateful if you would..(SHE GETS EXCITEDLY AND COMES OVER AND STANDS VERY CLOSE IN FRONT OF RACHEL)

RACHEL: Could you do any filing?

JO: Filing?

RACHEL: Yeah....you know...putting things into order in a filing cabinet.

JO: I wouldn't have to do any spelling, would I? Because I can't spell at all.

RACHEL: You know the alphabet, don't you?

JO: Alphabet?

RACHEL: Yeah, Jo....you know, The alphabet....A...B...C...

JO: Sort of.

RACHEL: Hmmmmmm.....Well look, Jo...do you have to stand so close to me when I'm talking to you?

JO: Oh, I'm sorry.....(SHE QUICKLY BACKS WAY BACK FROM RACHEL AND STANDS THERE TWIDDLING WITH HER COAT)

RACHEL: Why don't you sit down, Jo, and make yourself comfortable.

JO: Thank you: (SHE SITS GINGERLY)

CAROLYN: (ENTERS WITH A SANDWICH ON A PLATE AND A GLASS OF MILK) Here.(GIVES IT TO JO) I hope you like milk ...I have some coca-cola in the fridge, but someone must have drunk it all.. (SHE GLARES AT RACHEL)

JO: No.....this is fine. My mother always said that milk is good for you, much better than coca-cola or something like that.

CAROLYN: You ought to remember that Rachel....How old are you?

JO: I'll be twenty five next year.

CAROLYN: You mean you're twenty-four.

JO: I'm twenty-five. My this sandwich tastes good. (SHE STARTS TO TAKE A BIG BITE FROM IT AND IN DOING SO, SHE SPILLS THE MILK) Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry... (SHE STARTS TO WIPE UP THE MILK WITH THE HEM OF HER COAT)

CAROLYN: Don't worry about it.... I'll get a rag.. (SHE EXITS INTO KITCHEN)

RACHEL: Don't use your coat like that here. (SHE KNEELS DOWN TO HELP HER WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, JO, BURSTS INTO TEARS AND SOBBING UNCONTROLABLY) What's wrong, Jo? (CAROLYN ENTERS AND CROSSES OVER TO THEM WITH A RAG, WIPING UP THE MILK)

CAROLYN: What did you say to her to make her cry like that?

RACHEL: I didn't say anything to her.... she just started crying.

CAROLYN: Oh, come on, Rachel.... You must have said something to her.

RACHEL: No.... I didn't..... Honest.... Jesus Christ!!

CAROLYN: Come on Jo... now stop it..... (SHE TRIES TO COMFORT HER AND ALL OF A SUDDEN JO DROPS TO HER KNEES IN FRONT OF CAROLYN AND SOBBS INTO HER GROIN LIKE A LITTLE CHILD) (AMAZED TO RACHEL) Jesus Christ!!! (RACHEL AND CAROLYN STAND THERE LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS..... THEN JO'S SOBBING SUDDENLY STOPS.. SHE WITHDRAWS QUICKLY FROM IN FRONT OF CAROLYN AND GOES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.... SHE STANDS THERE ROCKING BACK AND FORTH WITH HER BACK TO THEM... TURNS AROUND SUDDENLY)

JO: I'm sorry.....

CAROLYN: Are you alright?

JO: I'm sorry..... Can I go to the bathroom please.... Can I go to the bathroom?

CAROLYN: Why sure, it's right there.... (POINTS)

JO: Thank you..... (SHE TURNS AND QUICKLY GOES INTO THE BATHROOM)

RACHEL: There's something wrong with that girl, Carolyn... I'm telling you there's something wrong with her.... This time you really picked a dusie....

CAROLYN: Rachel.... We.. We couldn't leave her there for the cops... She'll be alright... She's just a little nervous... that's all..

RACHEL: Nervous, Hell.... She's a neurotic mess.... I've dealt with a lot of girls in my day... but that one takes the cake. I say, let's get rid of her and the sooner the better.

CAROLYN: Maybe you're right.....

RACHEL: I know I'm right.

CAROLYN: I'll get rid of her after a little while. We'll talk for a few minutes, then you say you have to go and I'll say... I'll go

CAROLYN: (CONT.) with you to the corner to get some groceries once we're outside...I can dump her.

RACHEL: Carolyn....I have a premonition about her....Somebody tells me she isn't going to be easy to get rid of...

CAROLYN: You and your Goddamn premonitions... All we got to do is get her out of the apartment and.....

(A LOUD CRASH IS HEARD FROM THE TOILET)

What the hell was that? (THEY BOTH CROSS TO THE BATHROOM AS CAROLYN OPENS THE DOOR JO FLOPS OUT ON THE FLOOR A POOL OF BLOOD AND JO IS LYING FACE UP AND SHE IS DYING...."Don't Mama...Don't" SHE HAS SLASHED HER WRIST WITH A RAZOR BLADE THAT SHE HAS TAKEN OUT OF CAROLYN'S RAZOR.....THE BLADE IS STILL IN HER HAND)

RACHEL: Jesus Christ!!!!

CAROLYN: Oh, no...Oh, fuck...Oh, shit.....

(BLACK FRAMES FOR..ABOUT THREE SECONDS)

(IT IS LATER...SHOTS OF THE LOFT....CAROLYN AND RACHEL ARE HAVING COFFEE AND TALKING QUIETLY)

RACHEL: So.....

CAROLYN: So.....

RACHEL: What are you going to do now?

CAROLYN: Me? It's we, Rachel.....Not me.

RACHEL: She did it just to attract attention to herself...They weren't very deep cuts.

CAROLYN: And if you had your way....You would have called the cops. That's all we need is the cops here.

RACHEL: So what are you afraid of? We didn't do anything wrong. A girl slashes her wrists...so we called the cops.

CAROLYN: Yeah....And can you see us trying to explain it to the cops? "Well, you see officer...we just picked her up in a rooming house...You see she was having this fit in front of the juke box and we decided to take her home with us." And then he would ask us if we usually take young girls home with us...and then what would you, Rachel....Huh...Huh...

RACHEL: Okay...Okay...Ya made your point. How are we going to get rid of her now?

CAROLYN: As soon as she wakes up, we'll have a little talk with her.

What good will that do?

Well...we'll figure out a way...I mean I feel terrible about what happened. You know I could let her stay here for a couple of days, until she at least felt a little better.

You're looking for trouble....I'm warning you, Carolyn, you're looking for trouble if you do that. Look, she's going to be alright in a couple of hours...Maybe what we could do is give her ten bucks and maybe even help her to get a hotel room for the night... and that's all we should feel responsible for...Now that's enough.

Maybe you're right.

I know I'm right.

(FROM THE OTHER ROOM , JO APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, WRAPPED IN A SHEET)

Carolyn?

Yeah?

I'm sorry.....

How're you feeling....Better?

I'm sorry.....

Forget it...(LIGHTS A CIGARETTE)

I didn't mean to put you to any trouble...I'm sorry.

It's alright.

Where are my clothes?

They were all full of blood, so we threw them away.

(VOICE RISING) You threw them away, but you had.....

I told Rachel to throw them away because they weren't very clean and I thought that maybe you would like an old dress of mine...It's too small for me anyway....(SHE CROSSES TO THE CLOSET, TAKES OUT BRIGHT COLOURED DRESS) I hope you don't mind a second hand dress...It is clean..(SHE HANDS IT TO JO WHO TAKES IT GINGERLY FROM HER)

It's awful bright...isn't it?

There's nothing wrong with that dress.

Well...I'm sorry, but it's all I have that will fit you.

My mother always told me not to wear bright colours. She told me I was too plain to wear bright colours.

RACHEL: Look, honey....your mommy's not here now....and you can't be choosers.
be very happy to have a clean dress to wear...Be happy.

JO: That's not a very nice thing to say.

RACHEL: And I don't think it's very nice of you to be unhappy.

CAROLYN: Maybe, if I look around a bit, I may be able to find something else for you to wear.

JO: (TO CAROLYN) She doesn't like me...does she?

RACHEL: Not really.....

CAROLYN: Rachel, please....Jo, I want you to sit down...We have something to say to you.

JO: You sound just like my mother when you say that....And ever she would say that to me, and I would sit down...and she would always say something that would make me cry.

RACHEL: Why don't you shut about your mother...Jesus!!!

JO: You don't like me...do you?

CAROLYN: Sit down Jo...Please...(JO SITS) Now I know you have been having a rough time of it, and Rachel and I have done our best we can to help you, but....We would like you to go with us, and we'll find you a room for the night...We can give you ten dollars to tide you over for a few days and then by that time, you should be alright...O.K.

JO: You don't like me either....do you?

CAROLYN: It's not a question of not liking you...It's just that we can't afford to spend any more time on your problems. It may sound awful selfish...but it's the truth.

JO: I'm very sorry to have been a bother to you...I really am.

CAROLYN: We know that, Jo.

JO: Do you want me to get dressed...now?

CAROLYN: Please.....

JO: Alright. (SHE STANDS UP, DROPS THE SHEET FROM HER, AND STANDS THERE NAKED. SHE TAKES THE DRESS AND STARTS TO PUT IT ON)

CAROLYN: Wouldn't you like to go into the other room to change? So you could comb your hair.

JO: No.....I'm ready....

RACHEL: (PAUSE) (STARTS FOR DOOR TO OPEN IT) Let's go...(SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND STANDS THERE. JO AND CAROLYN START TO ENTER)

WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, JO FALLS ON THE FLOOR IN A FIT...RACHEL
THROWS THE DOOR SHUT SLAMMING IT! Shit!!!!!!

(FOUR SECONDS BLACK FRAMES)

(CAROLYN AND RACHEL ARE SITTING STARING AT EACH OTHER AND JO

RACHEL: Well.....

CAROLYN: Well what.....

RACHEL: What now?

CAROLYN: You tell me.

RACHEL: Where is she now?

CAROLYN: She's sitting in the kitchen where we left her. She's sitting
in a chair, holding an ice-bag on her head, staring at the
wall.

RACHEL: Well....

CAROLYN: Well, what?

RACHEL: What are we going to do?

CAROLYN: I don't know, Rachel, I don't know....Why don't we go ask her.

RACHEL: Ask her? Are you out of your gourd? We go tell her...Come on.
(SHE GETS UP AND CAROLYN FOLLOWS HER TO THE KITCHEN)

(CUT TO: KITCHEN. RACHEL AND CAROLYN ENTER AND STAND THERE
FOR A MOMENT. JO IS STARING AT THE WALL. RACHEL LOOKS AT
CAROLYN...EGGING HER TO SPEAK. CAROLYN LOOKS AT RACHEL, EX-
PECTING HER TO SPEAK FIRST. FINALLY CAROLYN CLEARS HER THROAT)

CAROLYN: Jo.....(JO DOESN'T MOVE A MUSCLE) Jo, We want to talk to
you.

JO: Do you have to say anything to me?

RACHEL: (Loud) Well we have to straighten this thing out.

JO: Please...don't get mad at me...I can't stand it when you get
mad at me, please. (SHE LOOKS UP AT THEM...THE TEARS WELL UP
IN HER EYES AND THEN BURST AND SHE STARTS CRYING, BUT HER
HANDS STAY AT HER SIDES)

CAROLYN: Jo.....Oh,Hell....Look, Jo...Do you want to stay here with me
for a few days? (CAROLYN LOOKS AT RACHEL) I'm sorry, Rachel...
I couldn't help it. (SUDDENLY, JO DROPS TO HER KNEES AND STARTS
KISSING CAROLYN'S HANDS, FRANTICALLY) Jo..Stop it...Stop it Jo.
(SHE PULLS JO UP BY THE SHOULDERS AND) What's the matter with
you ...Why'd you do that?

JO: I had no other way to show you...I show my mother that way.
(SHE IMPULSIVELY KISSES CAROLYN SQUARE ON THE MOUTH)

CAROLYN: (CAROLYN, REPULSED, HAULS OFF AND SLAPS JO)
Don't you ever do that again.....

JO: No, ma'am... (SHE GRINS A BIG GRIN AND THEN) I'll wash
dishes. (SHE TURNS AND IS ABOUT TO EXIT)

CAROLYN: We haven't finished yet.

JO: You said I could stay.

CAROLYN: Yes...but..we have to straighten out a few things first.

JO: Alright.

CAROLYN: We can't let you stay for free...You'll have to do
housework in exchange for your keep.

JO: Alright.

CAROLYN: Rachel and I have both decided that....

RACHEL: Just leave me out of this.

CAROLYN: No, Rachel, I have an idea....I know that you've been
for a part-time maid to clean your apartment. Now Jo,
say that you are very good at keeping house...If Rachel
I help to pay for your keep, You'll have to do work for
in exchange, ...alright?

RACHEL: CAROLYN!!

CAROLYN: Rachel, it's a good idea....

RACHEL: Carolyn...I want to talk to you. (LOOKING AT JO) Alone....

CAROLYN: Jo, would you mind going in the other room for a moment?
We have to discuss something.

JO: No, Ma'am. (SHE TURNS AND EXITS)

RACHEL: What are you trying to do?....Are you trying to fuck me up?

CAROLYN: Look, Rachel...It'll work..I know it will. What can we live
a few days? We'll try it and see for a while. If it doesn't
work out...we'll get rid of her. She can sleep on that fold-
ing cot of mine and we'll use her for all the house-cleaning.
She said she likes to clean house.

RACHEL: What do you think it's going to cost us?

CAROLYN: Nothing.

RACHEL: There's nothing in life that's nothing.

CAROLYN: Next to nothing. (SNAPS HER FINGERS) I got an idea... Wow...
Listen...Why don't we cut Marcy in for part of the deal?

RACHEL: Like how?

CAROLYN: You know how hard it is to keep her apartment clean? Tony's always yelling at her because of that...Well, if she could have Jo let's say, two days a week, you take two and I'll take two and then we could have the seventh day each one of us every third week.....

Marcy, my.....

RACHEL: The way I figure it..It should cost each of us under ten fifteen a week.

CAROLYN: If that nut in there doesn't drive me bats first.

RACHEL: I think she'll be easy enough to handle, if you just use a firm but gentle hand on her....and for God's sake, Rachel don't raise your voice to her...I think that might bring on her fits,

CAROLYN: When are we going to start this circus?

RACHEL: Tomorrow....I think I should bring her around to your place by tomorrow in order to break her in. We have to get her into the habit of shuttling around to all our apartments. When you get home tonight you call Marcy and tell her about the plan. I'll call her, also tonight and talk to her. What time should I bring Jo around?

RACHEL: Say about seven...That will give me time to maybe get Marcy over to my place to meet her. That will give me more time to talk to Marcy about that one in there.

CAROLYN: What time is it now?

RACHEL: (LOOKING AT HER WATCH) About six...Why?

CAROLYN: You want to stay for dinner? I got enough for all of us..

RACHEL: No, I have to go see my Aunt Edna out in Brooklyn, I promised I would.

CAROLYN: Then I'll see you tomorrow.

RACHEL: Yeah, around seven.

CAROLYN: Call Marcy as soon as you get home.

(THEY GO TO WHERE CAROLYN HUNG UP RACHEL'S COAT)

RACHEL: You going to give me a call in the morning?

CAROLYN: Alright.

RACHEL: Don't call too early now.....

CAROLYN: Noon?

RACHEL: Okay.....(SHE STARTS TO GO ..AFTER THOUGHT) Carolyn? You're nice people...you know that?

CAROLYN: Get outta here....(SHE SHOVE HER OUT OF THE DOOR)
RACHEL: Bye.....

(CAROLYN CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND CROSSES -
HER CIGARETTES ARE AND LIGHTS ONE...SHE TAKES A PUFF
AND THEN FROM THE OTHER ROOM WE HEAR)

JO: Carolyn?

CAROLYN: Yeah....

JO: Can I come out now?

CAROLYN: If you like....(JO APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND CROSSES -
CAROLYN AS SHE TALKS)

JO: Is she gone?

CAROLYN: You mean Rachel?

JO: Yes....is she gone?

CAROLYN: Yeah....

JO: I don't like her very much...

CAROLYN: Well that's too bad...because you're going to be seeing
a lot of her whether you like her or not....

JO: What do you mean?

CAROLYN: You want to stay here for a while, don't you?

JO: Oh, yes...I like it here.

CAROLYN: Well, Rachel and I talked it over and we decided we want
chip in and sort of take care of you...That is the time
of us....

JO: Three of us?

CAROLYN: Yeah...you see, we have a friend of ours...her name is
Marcy...and the three of us are going to share the expense
of taking care of you.

JO: Can't I just stay with you?...I'll do whatever you want
and I won't cost much.....

CAROLYN: Even a little money is too much...Sometimes I can't afford
to take care of myself...let alone you...You can't do
of anything, except house-cleaning so it seems...so you
will clean our apartments....Marcy two days..Rachel two
days...and of course here.....

JO: You didn't even ask me.

CAROLYN: Look....do you want to go?

Jo: No...I want to stay with you.....

Carolyn: Well, then, you will have to do as we say.

Jo: Yes, Ma'am....

Carolyn: And I wish you wouldn't say "yes Ma'am" to me like that...
It makes me feel funny...

Jo: Funny?

Carolyn: It makes me feel like your mother...or something....

Jo: You are like my mother.

Carolyn: Well, forget all that shit...Okay?

Jo: Okay.

Carolyn: It's settled then...You'll do as we say...and anytime you want to go...you can.

Jo: Where would I go?

Carolyn: I'm just telling you.

Jo: Carolyn?

Carolyn: Yeah?

Jo: Thank you...(SHE IMPULSIVELY GRABS CAROLYN'S HAND AND START KISSING IT)

Carolyn: (PULLING IT AWAY) And cut out that shit!

Jo: Yes, Ma'am....

Carolyn: Jo, I want to ask you a question...and I want an honest answer from you...because if you don't ...and I find out, you'll be out on your fuckin' ass tomorrow....

Jo: You shouldn't swear like that...mama always says that a lady never swears...she says....

Carolyn: Will you shut up about your fuckin' mother?

Jo: Yes, Ma'am....Please don't yell at me...Please....

Carolyn: Are you queer?

Jo: Mama always said I'm a little strange....

Carolyn: I don't mean that kind of queer...Jesus Christ...You don't even know what....Do you like girls?

Jo: Girls?

Carolyn: Yeah, girls...you know..do you like to go to bed with girls/

JO: That's not very nice.

CAROLYN: Well, answer me.

JO: That's not a very nice thing to say.

CAROLYN: Well?

JO: No.....and, it's a very disgusting thing to talk about. My mama always said that the human body was something God gave us...and that we should never think about sex except when we want to have children...and she said that men and woman shouldn't even be together...That they don't like each other and that the only reason that they do have....do those things ..is because God made men with evil minds and he made them want to have....do those things is because they were really animals and that they preyed upon the beautiful and innocent nature of woman and she

CAROLYN: You're mother is full of shit...Boy, has she fucked you. Now you have me talking as if she were alive...You're mother is dead, Jo, and you had best forget all about the things she told you.

JO: (GETTING READY TO CRY) My mother is not dead...My mother is with me all the time....Everywhere I go my mother is with me...She's here..(POINTING TO HER HEART) She's here in my heart and no one can take her away from me.....(SOBBING)

CAROLYN: Jo.....

JO: I love my mama.....

CAROLYN: Jo.....

JO: My mama and me....(SHE CATCHES HERSELF JUST IN TIME)

CAROLYN: Your mama and you what....Jo?

JO: I love my mama....

CAROLYN: How did your mother die?

JO: It ate her all up....

CAROLYN: What did?

JO: She just sat there...Throwing up everything...and then it just ate her up...

CAROLYN: Cancer?

JO: Yes.....

CAROLYN: How long did she have it?

JO: A year...maybe?

Where did you live?

We had an apartment...it was rent controlled...We only had to pay forty dollars a month...

Where?

The Bronx.

Did you always live there?

Ever since...Ever since he died....Eighteen years ago...

Who died?

Him.

Your father?

Mama's husband...

You mean your father?

I hate him...Mama always said that...I hate him..I hate him.

But if he died when you were young...How come you remember him so well...

I don't remember him...mama told me all about him..how he use to...at night...he would...I'm hungry, do you think we could have something to eat?

You didn't finish what you were telling me...

Would you like me to make you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich?

Jo.....

Would you like a glass of milk with it or would you like me to make you some tea?

No...you go ahead and have some if you want...I'm not hungry Maybe I'll have some tea though.....

I'll make you the best cup of tea you ever had...My mama showed me how to make wonderful tea....You'll like it...I know you will...(AS SHE EXITS)

Yeah.....You do that, Jo.....

(BLACK FRAMES.....FOUR SECONDS)

(CUT TO: RACHEL'S OFFICE)

(LYNN DANVERS IS ON THE PHONE...SHE IS A SMARTLY DRESS
WOMAN...ABOUT TWENTY SEVEN)

LYNN:

Tri-state Employment....No, she's not in at the moment...
she should be back any minute from lunch..I'll have to
call you the minute she gets back...(SHE STARTS TO HANG
UP) No..I'm Miss Danvers....That's right....What?..I
awful short notice...I'll tell her....We'll see what
do...Bye. (SHE HANGS UP PHONE) (GOES TO DOOR) (CALLS
Veronica.....(FROM OFF: SCREEN WE HEAR) "Yes, Miss
Danvers" Get me the Chase Manhattan account....(SHE
"Yes, Miss Danvers" (RACHEL ENTERS) Phone hasn't
since you went to lunch.....

RACHEL:

Who all called?

LYNN:

Here's a list...Chase Manhattan just called...They need
Tems by tomorrow....

RACHEL:

If the cheap bastards paid more they wouldn't have such
turn-over....What did you tell 'em?

LYNN:

I said we'd do the best we could.....

RACHEL:

Who we got?

LYNN:

That actress...What's her name...Sings telegrams on the
side.

RACHEL:

Rosemary...Rosemary...Quinn...Yeah...who else?

LYNN:

Martha Cummings.....

RACHEL:

She's blind as a bat...well...Shit...Chase can't expect
on such short notice...Why the hell they don't plan ahead
more is beyond me....

LYNN:

Banks think the world revolves around them....

RACHEL:

At the rate their merging and closing...they won't for long

LYNN:

New girl is working out well...She's a fabulous typist...

RACHEL:

(LOOKING AT LIST OF CALLS) When did Marcy call?

LYNN:

About twenty minutes ago...She was surprised you went out
for lunch...

RACHEL:

I gotta eat....

LYNN:

We thought you were going to start a diet...this week...

RACHEL:

When did I say that?

LYNN:

Last week....You asked me how I kept my figure and I said
starvation...You said you might try to diet this week...
Short memory...Huh?

THW

No...Short on masochism....I said I would last week..Huh?
I didn't take you seriouslyeither.

Get the hell out of here...(LYNN LAUGHS AND STARTS TO GO)
(AT THE DOOR) Call Martha and Rosemary...Right?

Right...oh...and bill Chase immediately...They give short
notice...we give same...The way the rates keep skyrocketing
They might be outta business by next month....(LYNN EXITS)
(RACHEL STARTS TO GO THROUGH SOME PAPERS ON HER DESK AND
THE PHONE RINGS) Tri-State-Temp....Marcy..Listen Hon.....

(MARCY'S APARTMENT)

(CLOSE UP FROM LAST SCENE ON RACHEL....JUMPS TO CLOSE UP
ON RACHEL IN MARCY'S APARTMENT)

Ten to....

What time is it?

Ten to....

I don't know why I let you two talk me into it...I don't
even know this girl....

It wasn't my idea...You know Carolyn talked me into it too.

Well, why did you let her?

Have you ever tried to say "no" to Carolyn...It isn't easy.

Well when she told me about it...I didn't even think...The
first thing I knew, I was saying "Yes" to it...You know..
I haven't told Tony about it.

That was smart....wasn't it?

I'm afraid to tell him.....

Where is he anyway?

Out....

Out...you mean you don't even know?

No...he never tells me....

That would drive me up a wall.

Can you just see me asking Tony where he is going each time
he goes out?

No.

So why did you ask?...You want some more coffee?

RACHEL: No....(DOORBELL RINGS) That's them..(THEY BOTH BRUSH BY)
(RACHEL GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT...IT IS CAROLYN WHO
CAROLYN STARTS TO COME INTO THE APARTMENT...BUT SHE
STANDS THERE....FROZEN)

CAROLYN: Come on, Jo....(SHE STILL DOESN'T MOVE) Don't stand
in the hall....(JO RELUCTANTLY ENTERS TO JUST INSIDE
DOOR)

RACHEL: Jo, this is Marcy...(INDICATING HER)

MARCY: (PUTTING OUT HER HAND TO JO...JO DOESN'T ACCEPT IT...
CLOSER TO CAROLYN) Rachel's been telling me all about you.

RACHEL: I told Marcy that you were a great house-keeper....

CAROLYN: Well,Jo, aren't you at least going to say hello?
talking to you.

JO: Hello....(SHE QUICKLY CUPS HER HAND TO CAROLYN'S EAR
WHISPERS)

CAROLYN: Can she use the bathroom...she has to take a leak.

MARCY: Sure...it's right there...(POINTS)

JO: Excuse me...(SHE SIDLES INTO THE JOHN)

MARCY: She's a little weird...isn't she?

RACHEL: I told you she was.

MARCY: I hope she's a good housekeeper.

CAROLYN: She is...She spent all morning scrubbing the kitchen
hands and knees...I couldn't get her out of there...She
on humming away...scrubbing,

RACHEL: God knows...it needed it.

CAROLYN: People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

RACHEL: What's that supposed to mean?

CAROLYN: Guess....(TO MARCY) Have you told Tony?

MARCY: No...not yet.

CAROLYN: Don't you think you should of?

RACHEL: That's what I said...

MARCY: Look...I pay half the rent...I'll tell him when it's the
right time to.

RACHEL: When's that?

MARCY: Look...I know Tony a lot better than you do...I know how

(CONT.) handle him the right way at the right time...You two may be afraid of him, but I'm not.

MARCY: I'm not afraid of Tony...I'm not afraid of any mother fucker.....

CAROLYN: Spoken like a true lady....

MARCY: Well, I'm not.....

CAROLYN: You know, Carolyn, it wouldn't hurt if you tried to restrain your vile language a bit....

MARCY: I could tell you a few things about yourself that I don't think you'd like.

CAROLYN: Alright you two...come on...cut it out...so it's settled then?

RACHEL: What?

CAROLYN: About little orphan Annie in there.

RACHEL: Well I said I would, didn't I?

MARCY: You know I had to hold her hand all the way over here?

CAROLYN: You're kidding...

RACHEL: No, I'm not...She was absolutely terrified of coming over here...She stood there in the doorway of my building and refused to budge until I agreed to take her by the hand...

CAROLYN: You don't think we're going to hold her hand bringing her from one apartment to another...Do you?

RACHEL: She promised me that she wouldn't do that again.

CAROLYN: What the hell am I going to tell Tony?

MARCY: You mean you haven't told him about our deal?

CAROLYN: Not yet.

MARCY: What's he going to say when he gets home and finds her here?

CAROLYN: I'll have to take my chances.

(THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS AND JO COMES OUT)

JO: (ROLLING UP HER SLEEVES) Where do you want me to start?

MARCY: Well, you don't have to start right this minute.

JO: I said I would and I will....Where do you want me to start?

MARCY: I guess you had better start in the kitchen...I'm afraid I'm not a very good house-keeper.

JO: Where's that?

MARCY: (POINTING) In there....(JO EXITS IN THAT DIRECTION)
she certainly doesn't waste any time, does she?

CAROLYN: As soon as she's through give me a call and I....(DOOR
RINGS)

MARCY: That's Tony.....Oh boy...now what?

RACHEL: I'm getting the hell out of here. (SHE GOES FOR HER THING)

MARCY: Don't leave me here alone...Carolyn, you tell him.

CAROLYN: That's your job, honey.....

MARCY: Well, at least you can stay for a couple of minutes while
tell him about her...(POINTS TOWARD KITCHEN)

CAROLYN: Okay, but you tell him about her right away..now...I don't
want to satnd around here all night while you try to get
your courage.

(DOOR OPENS ...TONY ENTERS)

TONY: I hope you two are going pretty soon....Cause I'm hungry
and there's a show I want to see on TV.(TAKING HIS SHOES
OFF) I don't want you three fucking it up with your talk-
ing...(TAKES MARCY'S HAND AS HE PASSES HER...JUST BEFORE
STRETCHES OUT ON THE SOFA) Get me a beer will ya hon?

MARCY: Sure, babe....(SHE STARTS TOWARD KITCHEN...AS SOON AS SHE
GETS OUT OF HIS SIGHT, SHE INDICATES FOR THEM TO TELL HIM
ABOUT JO)

TONY: What's with you two?....Ya goin' or aren't ya?

RACHEL: Carolyn has something to tell you...Go on, Carolyn.

CAROLYN: (TO RACHEL) You fuck....

(JUST THEN, MARCY COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN WITH A BOTTLE
OF BEER IN ONE HAND AND JO IN THE OTHER)

JO: Here's your beer, hon...and this is Jo....(SHE HANDS HIM
THE BEER AND AT THE SAME TIME STANDS JO IN FRONT OF HIM)

TONY: Who the hell's this?

MARCY: Her name is Jo...

TONY: What the fuck's she doing here?

MARCY: She's going to be doing some housework for us....

RACHEL: Yeah....twice a week.

TONY: Good....maybe I won't have to look at this pig-sty anymore.

(CROSSES TO TONY) Ya know, non, ya might be a good fuck...but I'm
certainly not the best housekeeper... (SHE TAKES A TV SET UP
BEHIND AS JO BURSTS INTO TEARS AND RUNS INTO THE KITCHEN)
What the hell's wrong with her?

Well, we're going Marcy...You see, everything turned out
alright.....

Give me a call tomorrow at work, will you?

I asked you what the hell is wrong with her?

I'll talk to you tomorrow....Send her back when you're
through with her....

God damn it...I asked you a question, Marcy...

Bye.....(CAROLYN AND RACHEL EXIT)

Goddammit....I asked you a question.

(CROSSES TO TONY...PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIM) Don't yell..
I can't take it when you yell at me....

How the hell did you get into this? Every time I turn a-
round, ya get us mixed up with something. Those two are
double trouble. Don't you ever learn?

I love you.

Jesus!! Last time those two talked ya into something, we
babysat two hamsters, a goldfish bowl and a terminal dog.

I took care of them, didn't I?

For two days...Then ya ended up with the flu...So who play-
ed nurse? Me....Two hamsters, a goldfish bowl, a dog and
one dumb broad.

Don't call me that.

Dumb or broad? (PLACES HIS HANDS ON HER ASS) I'm hungry..
I've been horny as hell all day...(STARTS TO UNBUTTON HER
BLOUSE)

Jo.....(POINTS TOWARDS KITCHEN)

Who? (MARCY POINTS AGAIN) Fuck her!! (CONTINUES UNDER
HER BLOUSE ...AS SHE PULLS AWAY) It's a figure of speech,
Babe.....

(BUTTONING HER BLOUSE) Later.....

We got any cheese-its?

(POINTS) Kitchen.... (TONY EXITS TOWARDS KITCHEN)

(WE CUT TO: KITCHEN....JO IS WASHING OUT THE SINK AND TONY

(HAS TO GET BY HER TO GET TO THE CUPBOARD...IN A
HE HAS TO TAKE HER BY THE WAIST TO GET BY...HE
AND STAYS THERE MOTIONLESS...HE REACHES FOR THE
CHEESE THINGS AND CLOSER THE CUPBOARD DOOR)

TONY:

Thought they were there....(HE SMILES AT JO
WORK AND SAYS) Hey..It looks great...Excuse me
HE HAS TO GET BY HER, SO HE HOLDS HER BY THE WAIST
TO DO SO...SUDDENLY, JO ATTACKS TONY...STRIKING
AND SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS...MARCY (APPROACHES
THE DOORWAY)

MARCY:

What did you do to her, for Christ's sake?

TONY:

(TRYING TO WARD OFF BLOWS) I didn't do nuthin'.....
(BLACK FRAMES)

(CAROLYN'S APARTMENT....JO IS IN KITCHEN DOING DISHES
CAROLYN IS GETTING INTO A DRESS AND COMBING HER HAIR)

CAROLYN:

You still won't tell me what happened at Marcy's last night?

JO:

No.....

CAROLYN:

Tony told me his side of it...I'd like to hear your side
of it....Won't you tell me?

JO:

No.....

CAROLYN:

Well, I don't have any more time to talk to you...I wish
you would scrub down the living room floor today....It
certainly needs it...(EXITS INTO LIVING ROOM)

(CUT TO: LIVING ROOM...CAROLYN GIVES HERSELF ONE LAST
GLANCE IN THE MIRROR AND IS PUTTING ON HER COAT WHEN JO COMES
OUT OF THE KITCHEN WITH A DOG COLLAR AND LEASH SHE HAS FOUND)

JO:

What's this? (HOLDING THEM UP)

CAROLYN:

Where did you find them?

JO:

They were in the bottom of the closet under some old rag.
I was cleaning it out.and....They were there.....

CAROLYN:

I had wondered what happened to them.

JO:

They're for a dog, aren't they?

CAROLYN:

They were...Why?

JO:

Did you have a dog?

CAROLYN:

I used to have....A year ago...she got run over one day
crossing third avenue...I let her off the leash and she
ran out into the street....and a taxi hit her....

What was her name?

Mary Poppins.

I never had a dog...My mama never would let me have a pet of any kind...She let me have a rabbit when I was very very small and she said I drowned it in the bath-tub...I don't remember...But she says I did...Mama was always right.....

Yeah...well look, Jo...I have to get to the printers or I'll be late....(SHE STARTS OUT DOOR) I should be back by five thirty or so, then I'll take you over to Rachel's Okay?

That's today?

Yeah, Jo...You remembered this morning...How come you don't remember now?

No, I didn't.....

I don't have time to argue with you.....I'll see you later (SHE STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS)....(JO STANDS LOOKING AFTER HER FOR A MOMENT AND THEN GOES BACK INTO THE APARTMENT...

(SCENE WITH MARCY....OR RACHEL)

(CUT TO: INTERIOR CAROLYN'S....JO IS SITTING IN ARM CHAIR SHE STARTS HUMMING TO HERSELF....GETS BORED AND TURNS ON THE RADIO....SHE STARTS DANCING TO THE MUSIC...SHE GOES OVER AND TURNS UP THE MUSIC VERY LOUD...SHE IS DANCING.. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS THERE IS A LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR.... SHE GOES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT)

Yes?

JO:

MR. GOLDBERG: Is Miss Prentiss at home?

JO:

No, she left some time ago....

MR. GOLDBERG:

Would you please turn down that radio...It's much too loud....

JO:

I like it loud...

MR. GOLDBERG:

I don't care whether you like it loud or not...turn it down.

(JO GOES OVER AND TURNS IT OFF)

JO:

Who are you?

MR. GOLDBERG:

I'm Mr. Goldberg...I own this building and Miss Prentiss is late again on her rent.....What time are you expecting her back?

JO:

I don't know....

MR. GOLDBERG: And who are you?

JO: I'm Carolyn's room-mate.

MR. GOLDBERG: When I rented it to her, I told her there were to be no room-mates...How long have you been living here?

JO: Six months....It'll be six months on Thursday....

MR. GOLDBERG: How much rent does she charge you for staying here?

JO: Oh, I have to pay all the bills and the rent....

MR. GOLDBERG: I can throw her out for that....She isn't supposed to have anyone here....It's a loft...you know....

JO: She didn't tell me that....

MR. GOLDBERG: You tell her when she gets home...to give me a call.
(STARTS TO GO)

JO: (CALLS) Mr. Goldberg.....

MR. GOLDBERG: What?

JO: What are you doing tomorrow night?

MR. GOLDBERG: What?

JO: What are you doing tomorrow night?....We're having a party and all of our friends are coming.....

MR. GOLDBERG: A party?

JO: Yeah...about thirty-five people....most of them are my friends, I have more friends than Carolyn...I always did. Mother always said that Carolyn was jealous of my friends....See, I'm younger than she is....

MR. GOLDBERG: Carolyn's your sister?

JO: What?

MR. GOLDBERG: She's your sister?

JO: Oh..yeah, But I'm younger than she is. Mama always said I'm prettier.

MR. GOLDBERG: You tell Miss Prentiss to call me as soon as she gets home.

JO: You smoke?

MR. GOLDBERG: Smoke? What do you mean do I smoke?

JO: We're having marijauna...Oh, I don't smoke any of that stuff, ya know....I don't eat stuff like that...Oh, and

(CONT.) Add my friend Ruthie, she's a cousin ya know, she's bringing some heroin... Ya sniff, Mr. goldberg?

(FURIOUS) You tell Miss Prentiss...I want the rent... and I want it by tomorrow...And you tell Miss Prentiss to call m as soon as she gets home...Pronto!! No more Mr. nice guy....Why did I ever buy on the Bowery?... My brother David, says don't...Do I listen? No...You tell Miss Prentiss...You just tell her...(HE STARTS DOWN THE HALL AND STAIRS) Goddamn bunch of hippies... They have'nt even swept the halls...Son of a bitch... Why'd I ever leave Yonkers...David says don't...do I listen...Son of a bitch....I'm going to have a heart attack!!! (SLAM OF DOOR)

(CUT TO C.U. JO: SICK SMILE ON HER FACE...SHE TURNS AND ENTERS LOFT....SHE TRACES HER FINGERS ALONG THE TOPS OF OBJECTS.....SHE GOES TO RADIO AND TURNS IT UP...SHE STARTS TO DANCE AROUND THE ROOM...SHE CATCHES SIGHT OF HERSELF IN A MIRROR....SHE BRUSHES BACK HER HAIR...MOVES IN CLOSER FOR A BETTER LOOK AND NOTICES BLACKHEAD...SHE STARTS TO SQUEEZE IT...)

(SCENE WITH TONY AT THE TRUCKING PLACE WHERE HE WORKS)

(JO IS LOOKING THROUGH SOME OLD MAGAZINES SHE HAS FOUND....THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...SHE IMMEDIATELY TURNS OFF THE RADIO AND CROSSES OVER TO THE DOOR...SHE LISTENS...THE KNOCK AGAIN.....WE CUT TO: OTHER SIDE OF DOOR....IT IS MRS. G. A WOMAN ...MIDDLE AGED WITH TOO MUCH MAKE-UP, TOO MUCH JEWELRY, AND TOO MUCH COLOGNE... SHE HAS A PLANT IN HER HAND)

(JO, OPENS DOOR A SLIVER AND PEEKS THROUGH...SHE SEES AN EYE)

H1. Who are you?

Who are you?

I asked first.....

I'm not going to tell you first.

I'm Mrs. G., a friend of Carolyn's. I have the antique shop down the street...Mrs. G's Emporium....You like Antiques?

Sometimes....It depends....

Are you a friend of Carolyn's?

I'm her sister.

Carolyn didn't tell me she had a sister.

JO: Carolyn doesn't tell a lot of people....

MRS. G: What's your name?

JO: Marjorie.....

MRS. G: Marjorie...That's a lovely name..When I was a very young girl, my closest friend was called Marjorie. We used to make mud-pies together. I loved Marjorie...But she didn't like the name Marjorie...She liked to be called Marge.

JO: I don't like to be called Marge.

MRS. G: I don't like to be called Mrs. Gitkins...That's why I call myself Mrs. G.....See?

JO: Do you have jewelry?...I like jewelry.

MRS. G: Lots and lots...I have lots of things...My basement's full of stuff....I have a garage full of stuff in Bayonne, New Jersey. My brother, Wilfred, keeps it for me...He collects too.....

JO: Oh, I like you...We're going to be good friends..(KISSES HER)

MRS. G: Well.....I like you too.

JO: Friends talk a lot to each other..don't they?

MRS. G: When they're good friends....

JO: You're a good friend?

MRS. G: Well I hope so.....

JO: Maybe I shouldn't tell you this....

MRS. G: Tell me what?

JO: No...I'd better not.

MRS. G: What, my darling?

JO: If I tell you something...you promise you won't tell Carolyn?

MRS. G: (CROSSES HER HEART) Scout's honour!

JO: She's going to send me back....

MRS. G: Back where, my darling?

JO: Home...She wants to send me home.

don't you want to go?

No....(TEARS START TO WELL UP IN HER EYES)

Well....don't go...

I have to. You see, I'm not eighteen yet and I have to stay at the home till I come of age.

Home?

Well...I'ts not really a home...it's sort of a school...well it's really an Orphanage.

Why that's terrible...Carolyn could take care of you...

She doesn't want to.

I'm going to speak to Carolyn.

(CRYING) I can't take much more of it (JO CLOSES THE DOOR ON MRS. G.) (WE CUT TO: INTERIOR: JO LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR...WAITING FOR MRS. G'S FOOTSTEPS TO DEPART...WE CUT: TO: MRS. G: LISTENING AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...SHE WAITS AMOMENT...TAPS LIGHTLY..LISTENS AGAIN ...THEN START DOWN THE STAIRS....(CUT TO JO: HEARS MRS. G. LEAVE.. GOES OVER TO WHERE THE DOG COLLAR WAS LEFT ON TABLE AND SHE PICKS IT UP...SHE LOOKS AT IT FONDLY FOR A MOMENT THEN PUTS IT ON...SHE TIES THE LEASH TO A HEATING PIPE IN THE CORNER...THEN SHE GETS DOWN AND CURLS UP BY THE RADIATOR ON THE FLOOR...SHE PUTS HER THUMB IN HER MOUTH CLOSES HER EYES AND LOOKS AS IF SHE WERE GOING TO SLEEP)

(BLACK FRAMES)

(CUT TO RESTAURANT: SAME ONE RACHEL AND CAROLYN WERE IN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FILM....)

RACHEL: What did ya mean the other day when ya said I got too many things going against me...What do ya mean by that?

CAROLYN: You want me to be honest with you or do you want me to lie?

RACHEL: I'm always honest with you , so why shouldn't you be honest with me?

CAROLYN: You won't like what I'm going to say.

RACHEL: It won't be the first time....

CAROLYN: Okay...You eat far too much...You're way overweight..You can't get a man if your going to be fat...Well, maybe a spic....

RACHEL: I've always been overweight. It runs in my family... Everyone in my family is f..f... I can't say that word...

RACHEL: (CONT.) Zoftig....I can't change that...I enjoy eating
much. I couldn't change that.

CAROLYN: You mean you won't change that. When most people say
can't, they usually mean they won't.

RACHEL: What else is wrong with me?

CAROLYN: No, Babe, I don't want to tell you if you're going to be
upset.

RACHEL: Tell me...I asked you to, didn't I? I wouldn't have asked
you to if I didn't want you to, now would I? (SHE SLAPS
THE TABLE)

CAROLYN: Now, you're getting mad at me.

RACHEL: I'm not getting mad at you...now tell me, for Christ's
sake....

CAROLYN: Well, you're clothes are all wrong.

RACHEL: Wrong.....

CAROLYN: For someone your size.

RACHEL: What's wrong with my clothes? I pay a lot of money for
these clothes.

CAROLYN: Well, they're the wrong colour for one thing.

RACHEL: What's wrong with the colour?

CAROLYN: You should...wear dark colours...something more subtle.
You shouldn't wear loud prints like that. They sort of
scream at you....

RACHEL: But I like prints like this..I can't stand drab colours
drab colours depress me.

CAROLYN: I knew I shouldn't have told you.

RACHEL: I asked you to, didn't I? I wouldn't have asked you to
if I didn't want you to.

CAROLYN: I'm sorry....

RACHEL: What are you sorry about....Drink your coffee...(THEY
TAKE A SIP OF COFFEE....THEN SILENCE...THEN RACHEL BREAKS
INTO TEARS)

CAROLYN: Oh, Rachel. Don't do that. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have
said anything to you. (SHE REACHES OVER TO RACHEL WHO
AWAY)

RACHEL: I know i'm fat....I know I should go on a diet...I know
I wear loud clothes...But I like loud clothes....

please, Rachel, don't be mad at me...(ROBBIE ENTERS WITH POT OF COFFEE)

Lover's quarrel?

Shut up, Robbie....(HE POURS COFFEE FOR THE TWO OF THEM)

Hector's not here...Ya got yourself two free cups of coffee on the house....honest...(STARES AT THEM)

Thanks, Robbie.

Say....whatever happened to that girl ya picked up in here?

Shut up!!!!

(SCENE WITH CAROLYN AND HER PRINTER)

(CAROLYN'S APARTMENT...LATER..THE DOOR OPENS AND CAROLYN COMES IN...SHE PUTS DOWN SOME PACKAGES SHE IS CARRYING AND STARTS TOWARD THE LIVING ROOM...SHE SEES JO LYING ON THE FLOOR AND STOPS SHORT)

Jo, what the fuck you doing on the floor like that? Get up off of there...(SHE GOES OVER AND STARTS TO HELP JO UP) What's the matter with you..and what are you doing with that dog collar on? (SHE STARTS TO REMOVE IT)

I like it...Can I have it?...Please, Carolyn, can I have it? (JO IS HOLDING ON TO IT FOR DEAR LIFE)

What do you want it for?

Can I sleep with it...Please?

Why would you want to do that?

Sometimes when I was bad...my mama would put a chain on me and she would make me stay that way until I apologized to her for being bad...I'm sorry, Carolyn...I'm sorry...

Sorry for what, Jo?

For being bad...

What did you do that was bad?

(PAUSE) Nothing.....

Come on...Get your coat on...I have to take you over to Rachel's. Did anyone call today? (SHE CROSSES OVER TO WHERE JO'S COAT IS AND CROSSES OVER TO JO WITH IT...HELPING HER ON WITH IT AS THEY TALK)

No...No one called....

I bought you something today...

JO: (SQUEALING WITH DELIGHT) Oh, what, Carolyn?...What's the matter? get me?...(TAKING CAROLYN'S HANDS AND PULLING HER LIKE A CHILD) Tell me...tell me...Oh please tell me...

CAROLYN: I'll tell you what it is after you come back from Rachel's apartment...not until then...

JO: Why?

CAROLYN: Because I'm not going to give it to you unless you beg yourself.

JO: Oh, I will...I'll be very good..

CAROLYN: Come on, let's go. (SHE GUIDES JO OUT OF THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT)

(CUT TO: OUTSIDE DOOR)

CAROLYN: Here. (SHE HANDS JO A CANDY BAR)

JO: What is it?

CAROLYN: It's a candy bar...eat it... (THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY DOWN THE STAIRS AS THEY TALK) That'll tide you over til you get back from Rachel's. I bought some chopped steak for us later.

JO: (STUFFING HER FACE AS SHE TALKS...GETTING CHOCOLATE ALL OVER HER) Oh, goodie....I'll make some hamburgers for me. I love hamburgers more than anything else...(THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS AND ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT...CAROLYN OPENS THE DOOR AND JO PULLS BACK...FRIGHTENED)

CAROLYN: Well, come on,Jo....Come on, just don't stand there...I told you before, Jo, You're going to have to get around by yourself...I can't always hold your hand for you...

JO: Please, Carolyn, ...Just this once more...I won't ask you to again...I promise, cross my heart and hope to die.(SHE CROSSES HER HEART) Please, Carolyn.....

CAROLYN: Oh, for Christ's sake, come on....

(SHE GRABS JO BY THE HAND AND OFF THEY GO)

(SCENE BETWEEN MARCY AND HAROLD)

(CUT TO: ELEVATOR RACHEL'S BUILDING)

CAROLYN: Now you be good, you hear? I don't want you and Rachel fighting...If Rachel ever backs out on helping out on taking care of you, you'll end up back on the street...you understand?

JO: Yes, Carolyn.

Here we are... (ELEVATOR OPENS AND WE WALK TO RACHEL'S DOOR)
(CAROLYN RINGS THE DOORBELL AND RACHEL APPEARS)

Come on in.... (SHE USHERS THEM IN)

(CUT TO: INTERIOR RACHEL'S APARTMENT)

I just got home a few minutes ago... Ya want a coke?

Jo, you want a coke?

No, Ma'am.....

Give me your coats... I'll hang them up....

No, I'm not staying... I've got some writing to do tonight and I thought that I'd get right back.

Well, at least stay for a moment... you can do that.. can't you?

Alright, but just for a minute...

Give me your coat, Jo...

I'll just put it here on the chair... if you don't mind.. (SHE TAKES IT OFF AND PUTS IT ON THE CHAIR)

Suit yourself....

Where do you want me to start?

The bathroom... You'll find the things are already in there' on the floor.... (JO EXITS IN THE DIRECTION THAT RACHEL INDICATED) Have you had any trouble with her?

No more than usual.

What do you mean?

Sometimes she's worse than a child.. .. Other times she seems sort of normal...

Look, why don't we just try it for another week and then get rid of her...

I don't know what to do... Every day I'm beginning to feel more and more responsible for her...

Why the hell should ya? We're doing her a favor. She'd be out on the street, or in Bellevue, if it weren't for us....

I don't like this responsibility....

We'll get rid of her after this week....

Look, hon I have to go.. Got a lot of work to do.. I'll talk to you later... (SHE OPENS THE DOOR) Don't lose your temper

CAROLYN: (CONT) with her, okay?

RACHEL: I won't even talk to her, unless it's necessary.

CAROLYN: BYE....(SHE'S GONE. RACHEL GOES TO THE SOFA AND SITS. SHE TAKES A MAGAZINE AND STARTS READING IT...GETS AN IDEA AND GETS UP...GOES TO THE KITCHEN AND GETS A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS...COMES BACK WITH THEM AND SITS ON THE SOFA...EATING AND EATING)

(CUT TO: BATHROOM...JO, LISTENS FOR A SECOND, THEN OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK...PEEKS OUT AT RACHEL READING...JO LOOKS AROUND THE BATHROOM AND SEE'S RACHEL'S COLOGNE BOTTLES. SHE LOOKS THROUGH THEM UNTIL SHE FINDS THE MOST EXPENSIVE ONE THEN.... OPENS THE DOOR A LITTLE MORE AND DELIBERATELY SMASHES THE PERFUME BOTTLE ON THE FLOOR)

(CUT TO: RACHEL SITTING, HEARS CRASH, GETS UP)

RACHEL: What the fuck's going on in there? (SHE CROSSES TO THE BATHROOM)

(CUT TO: INTERIOR BATHROOM....JO IS ON HER HANDS AND KNEES PICKING UP THE PIECES)

RACHEL: What the fuck's the matter with you? Can't you watch what you're doing?...That's my favorite perfume...Shit!! (SHE GETS DOWN TO PICK IT UP, SHOVING JO OUT OF THE WAY) Get out of the way....That's forty-five bucks an ounce. Goddammit...(CUTS HERSELF) Shit!! Cut myself!! (SHE GETS UP AND PUSHES JO OUT OF THE WAY) Get out of the way...Why don't you go in the other room and clean? (TURNS ON FAUCET, WASHING BLOOD OFF FINGER) Ought to have my head examined...

JO: Here, let me....(STARTS TO HELP)

RACHEL: Ow!! That hurts!

JO: My mother always said to squeeze it out....

RACHEL: Jo, just go in the other room, will ya?

JO: You're fat...

RACHEL: Get the fuck outta here....

JO: You go sit down and I'll fix that cut. Go on, now. (GLIDES RACHEL OUT OF THE DOOR) I know what to do now...

(JO TURNS BACK TO MIRROR., DABS HER FINGER IN BLOOD AND WRITES "BITCH" ACROSS THE MIRROR....SHE THEN STARTS HUMMING TO HERSELF...OPENS THE CABINET DOOR ...LOOKS FOR SOMETHING...DOESN'T FIND IT...CLOSES THE DOOR ...TAKES TOILET PAPER ROLL AND EXITS BATHROOM)

(CUT TO: LIVING ROOM: JO TOSSES THE TOILET PAPER ROLL ACROSS THE ROOM SO THAT IT UNFURLS)

Whereeeeeeee!!! (CONTINUES TO PICK IT UP, THROW IT AND
TOSS IT, SQUEALING AS SHE DOES)

God damnit. Stop it. What the fuck's wrong with you?

(SCREAMS) I've been bad! You should punish me! I've been
bad!!!

Jesus Christ!!!

(RECITING FAST) My name is Josephine Wacowski. I'm six
years old. I go to P.S. 32 and my mama's name is Josephine
just like mine...Don't you call me Josephine...My name is Jo.
My mama's name is Josephine. Shit! Fuck! Cunt! Piss!..Shit!
Don't you use those dirty words. Go stand in the corner....
I'm going to tell your mother on you, Josephine Wacowski....
This is the last time, you hear?...The last time...(CRYING)
But mama...mama...I didn't use those words...Sister Veronica
just doesn't like me. She hates me!! Everybody hates me!
Mama.....I didn't say those words.....

(GRABBING JO BY THE SHOULDERS, SHAKING HER) Stop it! Stop
it! (SLAPS HER....JO FREEZES) (QUIETLY) Jo, I'm going to get
you your coat, I'm going to put it on ya, and you're gonna
go back to Carolyn's....

JO: I didn't finish yet...

RACHEL: You finish cleaning some other time...

JO: I didn't finish yet...

RACHEL: Honey, you're finished.

JO: I've been bad....Mama..I've been bad.....

RACHEL: Jo....

JO: Mama...Mama...don't hurt me...I'm sorry mama....

RACHEL: What are you talking about?

JO: I've been bad, mama, and you should spank me...I'll go get
the belt....Where is it?

RACHEL: Where's what?

JO: The belt...You said that you would punish me for being bad
and I want to know where you put the belt....

RACHEL: Jo, I don't want you around here...Now you put your coat on
and get out of here...(SHE STARTS FOR JO'S COAT, BUT JO GETS
THERE FIRST...SHE SNATCHES THE COAT AWAY FROM RACHEL AND BACK
AWAY FROM HER, CRYING)

JO: I'm not going til you spank me for being bad...you said you
would, mama.....

RACHEL: Give me that coat, Jo....(REACHING FOR IT)

JO: No.....

RACHEL: Jo, I'm warning ya, if you don't put on your coat and get the hell out of here, I'm calling the police and having you thrown out...

JO: I'll tell them that you....(PAUSE)

RACHEL: You'll tell them what?

RACHEL: You won't like what I'm going to tell them...

RACHEL: God Dammit...You asked for it..(SHE LUNGES FOR JO AND GRABS HER...THEY START STRUGGLING AND THEY TRIP AND FALL...RACHEL GRABS HER KNEE IN PAIN) Son-of-a-bitch....

JO: (SCRAMBLING TO HER FEET QUICKLY) Fatty..Fatty...two by four...can't get through the kitchen door...You're big and fat and ugly...(SHE SPITS ON RACHEL)

RACHEL: Why you little Bitch..(GETS TO HER FEET) (RACHEL LUNGES AT JO BUT SHE IS TOO QUICK FOR RACHEL AND SHE LANDS ON THE SOFA)

JO: I hate you....I hate you...(JO GRABS A LAMP AND SMASHES IT TO THE FLOOR) (RACHEL LOSES HER TEMPER AND LUNGES FOR JO...THIS TIME GRABBING HER....SHE STARTS SLAPPING JO AROUND THE ROOMJO FALLS..RACHEL ON TOP OF HER...RACHEL HAS LOST CONTROL OF HERSELF AND IS SLAPPING THE HELL OUT OF JO)

JO: No mama....Please don't hit me....Please mama...mama...mama...
(BLACK FRAMES)

(A BAR: RACHEL, CAROLYN AND MARCY, HAVING DRINKS...MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND)

RACHEL: We should have gotten rid of her the same day ..

CAROLYN: For God' sake, Rachel...You know we couldn't ...

RACHEL: Couldn't Hell...All we had to do is open the door and shove her out....

MARCY: So what are we going to do?

RACHEL: Let's get rid of her tonight...We'll go back with you, Carolyn, and we'll make sure she goes....

CAROLYN: Yean....just like that.....I can't do it that way Rachel

RACHEL: Oh, shit....

CAROLYN: It's easy for you...She isn't around you all the time... The girl needs help....

I think she needs a head shrinker...They ought to put her away....

I know she's sick....Look, I'll let her stay just through tonight, then, tomorrow out she goes....

Yeah...I'll bet....

No, I promise...tomorrow out.....

When?

Tomorrow night....

Tony's furious about what happened....He doesn't want her to even come near the apartment...He doesn't care what I promised you two about taking care of her, he says.....

Oh, shut up, Marcy....I said I was getting rid of her tomorrow, and I will...so just shut up about Jo....

Well I was just telling you what he said....

Yeah...Yeah.. Yeah...Christ.....

Did you call your landlord?

I have to see him the first of the week....

What are you going to do about her all day tomorrow while you're gone? I wouldn't trust her alone there, after what she did....

You got any suggestions?

Why don't you lock her up?

Now how the hell am I going to do that?

Just take a key and lock her up....

And where do you suggest that I do that?

Yeah....You could lock her in the apartment. Listen, Carolyn, That girl adores ya.. She'll do anything ya ask her to do....

We're talking like a bunch of nuts...Here we are talking about locking up a girl like an animal...

A very sick animal....

I can't...I just can't.....

Okay then, ...Lets go over there right now and throw her out....

No, I couldn't do that..I have to at least find a room

CAROLYN: (CONT.) for her first.

MARCY: Why don't you lock her up, like we say? She'll do anything you tell her to....You know she will...

CAROLYN: I don't know.....(PAUSE) Boy has her mother fucked her up....

RACHEL: New York's full of girls fucked up by their mothers.

MARCY: Not only girls, Rachel...The boys are just as bad....

RACHEL: And I thought I had a dominant mother...Ya know, the day I got on the subway and this woman got on...She acted just like my mother...She was holding hands with a girl that looked jus like her...It had to be her daughter. This girl had to be at least twenty-four...Well, they both had on the same coats...The same hair-dos...They even both had a little bow in their hair...Ya know, that I could have been me if I hadn't gotten away from my clutches.....

CAROLYN: Everybody blames it on the mother. You know, if the father in America was a little stronger about what went on in his family, the relationships would be a hell of a whole lot better...But he just sits there ...Letting her fuck everything up....

RACHEL: Since when did you start sticking up for the male? I thought you were against them....

CAROLYN: I'm not against them as men...Just the positions they put us in in society...If more American men had balls, there would be less fucked up families....

MARCY: You know, you're right about them bows....

RACHEL: What are you talking about?

MARCY: The bows....You know, those bows that some of those women wear...Everyone I ever met who had a bow or ribbon in her hair was usually pretending to be very sweet and feminine but boy, just watch them for a while and they are the most coniving cunts....Every one of them....

CAROLYN: Did you hear what I heard?...Marcy, you've had too much to drink...I think it's time you went...Come on....

MARCY: What did I say?...What did I do?...I didn't say anything.

CAROLYN: Come on...I think you've had enough...(THEY START TO GET HER UP)

(CUT TO: CAROLYN'S: IT IS THE NEXT DAY: CAROLYN IS WITH JO)

JO: I promise I won't, Carolyn.....

Your promise is not enough....

But what will I do all day?

Put the radio on....There's plenty of food for you to eat.
When will you be back?

I'll only be gone a couple of hours...I promise...
Scout's honour?

Scout's honour....

Where will you be....suppose I need you?

I have to see my printer for a few moments and then I'll
be at Marcy's.....

Okay...

Okay what?

You can lock me in the kitchen....

Thanks, Jo.....I want to have a long talk with you when I
get back...

What about?

We'll talk when I get back...

Okay....

(CAROLYN WALKS JO INTO THE KITCHEN AND SETS HER DOWN ON A
CHAIR...SHE TURNS ON RADIO LOW AND SETS IT NEXT TO HER...
SHE GOES TO DOOR AND CLOSSES IT...PUTTING PADLOCK ON....
SHE CROSSES TO WHERE HER SHOULDER PURSE IS AND PUTS IT
OVER HER SHOULDER AND EXITS OUT FRONT DOOR ..LOCKING IT...)

(WE CUT: KITCHEN AND JO: SHE SITS FOR A MOMENT STARING
STIFFLY AT THE WALL...THEN SHE LOOKS AT THE WASTE BASKET..
SHE LOOKS TO THE DOOR...CROSSES OVER TO IT AND LISTENS)..

Carolyn?.....Carolyn?.....(SHE LISTENS AT DOOR AND THEN
STARTS TO WHIMPER...SHE GRABS DOOR AND STARTS TO SHAKE IT
HER WHIMPERING INCREASES AND SHE YELLS) Carolyn? (SHE STOPS
ABRUPTLY AND GOES TO WASTE BASKET...SHE FINDS MATCHES IN
DRAWER AND GOES TO BASKET AND LIGHTS THE PAPER IN IT...SHE
WAITS TIL THE FLAMES GET RATHER HIGH...THEN SHE GETS KIT-
CHEN KNIFE AND STARTS TO BREAK OPEN THE DOOR....)

(WE CUT TO: OTHER SIDE OF DOOR AND AFTER A FEW SHOVELS ON IT
IT GIVES AND JO APPEARS...SHE LOOKS BACK AT WASTE BASKET
AND BY NOW IT HAS DIED DOWN ON THE FLAMES....SHE STANDS
THERE WITH THE KNIFE IN HER HAND ROCKING.....THERE IS A KNOCK

(JO THE DOOR...JO STARTLED HIDES THE KNIFE UNDER HER COAT
SHE GOES TO THE DOOR)

(WE CUT TO: HALLWAY: MARVIN BLOOM IS LEANING AGAINST THE
DOORFRAME ...HE HAS A SMALL PACKAGE...GIFT WRAPPED...JO
OPENS)

MARVIN: Hi.....

JO: Hi.....

MARVIN: Carolyn home?

JO: Nope.

MARVIN: Know what time she'll be back?

JO: Nope.

MARVIN: Oh.....

JO: My name's Jo....

MARVIN: Mine's Marvin....

JO: I'm Carolyn's sister.

MARVIN: Didn't know she had a sister.

JO: You're sweating....

MARVIN: Yeah.....(TAKES OUT HANDKERCHIEF, WIPES BROW) It's kinda
hot....I hate wearing a suit....

JO: You wanta coke?

MARVIN: Naw....That's alright.

JO: It's good and cold....come on in. (THEY ENTER APARTMENT)
(CUT TO: INTERIOR: ...JO CROSSES TO REFRIGERATOR)

JO: There's nothing like a coke on a hot day...Want a Pepsi or
a Cola?

MARVIN: Coke's fine.

JO: (SLAMMING REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSED) Good...because we
got no Pepsi...(HANDS COKE TO MARVIN) Here.....

MARVIN: (TOASTS) Here's to.....(AWKWARD PAUSE...DRINKS) You do
know what time Carolyn will be back?

JO: She doesn't tell me anything.

MARVIN: Well....I'm supposed to meet her Thursday evening...Usual
every Thursday about six...But there's a convention on Th
sday...I tried to get out of it ...but I can't. So I was

(JOEY.) to make it for another night. She has my number.. ask her to give me a call if it's alright with her. Can you remember that?

No.

Oh.....

Why don't you write it down? I'll get you a pencil and a piece of paper. (SHE GOES)

Do you mind if I ask you a question?

No.

How old are you?

You shouldn't ask personal questions like that?

Sorry....

Eighteen.

Eighteen?

Oh,....I know I look older...But when my hair's fixed, I don't look older...See. (SHE PULLS BACK HER HAIR)

I'm not a very good judge of age. Excuse me, I'd better write this down... (STARTS WRITING....JO STANDS THERE WITH THE COKE IN HER HANDS....WATCHING HIM....SHE SLOWLY CIRCLES HIM...EYEING HIM UP AND DOWN...SHE ENDS UP IN FRONT OF HIM STARING AT HIS GROIN)

(FINISHES WRITING NOTE TO CAROLYN) (HANDS JO THE PAPER AND PENCIL) Here...I wrote down my number again...Just in case..

Want another Coke?

No thanks...Dying to go to the john though...Would you mind?

John?

The toilet.

Oh,,yeah...sure..It's over there (POINTS..MARVIN CROSSES TO THE TOILET AND ENTERS....JO SLOWLY CROSSES TO WHERE MARVIN PUT HIS COKE DOWN...PICKS IT UP...TASTES THE HEAD OF HIS BOTTLE...SHE PUTS THE TWO BOTTLES TOGETHER AND HUGS THEM TO HER BREAST...AND SLOWLY WALKS OVER TO THE TOILET.. WITH ONE HAND SHE SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR...WE HEAR MARVIN TAKING A LEAK...JO STARTS TO GO IN)

Hey....Come on get outta here....What the hell ya doing? Hey come on now...(HE ZIPS HIS PANTS UP AND EXITS THE BATH ROOM.....JO FOLLOWS HIM QUICKLY AND MARVIN IS PUTTING ON JACKET HE TOOK OFF AND PUT ON CHAIR WHEN HE WENT INTO TOILET SHE REACHES FOR THE KNIFE SHE HAD UNDER HER COAT AND STARTS TOWARD MARVIN WITH IT.....HE TERRIFIED EXITS OUT FRONT DOOR

AT DOWN THE STAIRS...JO FOLLOWS WITH THE KNIFE RAISED...
MARVIN QUICKLY EXITS FRONT DOOR OF BUILDING...JO STOPS WHEN
SHE GETS TO THE DOORSHE WHIMPERS ..)

Carolyn.....Carolyn?....Marcy....(SHE BOLTS OUT THE FRONT
DOOR AND ONTO THE STREET)

JO:

(CUT TO MARCY'S APARTMENT...THE RADIO IS ON LOW...WE HEAR
TONY HUMMING....HE CROSSES THROUGH LIVING ROOM TO BATHROOM
HE HAS A TOWEL WRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST...WE CUT TO: INTERIOR
BATHROOM...HE TURNS ON SHOWER AND THEN GETS OUT TOOTH PASTE
FROM CABINET AND BRUSHES TEETH....WE CUT TO: OUTSIDE MARCY'S
FRONT DOOR AND JO IS STANDING THERE...SHE KNOCKS LIGHTLY AND
LISTENS...WE CUT TO: INTERIOR: RADIO PLAYING... WE CUT BACK
TO JO:... SHE KNOCKS AGAIN...LISTENS...WE CUT TO INTERIOR BATH-
ROOM...TONY DROPS TOWEL AND STEPS INTO SHOWER AND LATHERS SOAP
WE CUT TO: OUTSIDE DOOR...JO TAKES KNIFE AND USES BLADE TO
RELEASE LOCK ON DOOR AND SHE PUSHES HER WAY INTO APARTMENT...
SHE CALLS:

JO:

Carolyn?.....(SHE LOOKS AROUND ROOM AND HEARS SOMEONE IN THE
BATHROOM...SHE GOES TO DOOR AND LISTENS...WE CUT TO INTERIOR
BATHROOM...TONY IS SINGING AND SCRUBBING AWAY LOOKING LIKE A
LIFEBUOY COMMERCIAL...AS JO OPENS THE BATHROOM DOOR THE CUR-
TAIN ON THE SHOWER MOVES...

TONY:

Hi,babe...gonna wash my back?...Get your clothes off...come
on...Get in....Fucky, fuck, fuck, fuck...(HE CONTINUES HUM-
MING....NO ANSWER HE STOPS) Marcy?

(JO PULLS OUT THE KITCHEN KNIFE AND PLUNGES IT INTO THE SHOWER
CURTAIN...)

TONY:

Oh shit!!! (HE IS HOLDING THE PLACE WHERE SHE STABBED HIM...
BLOOD....(EXTREME C.U.'S OF MORE STABS AND BLOOD...THEN)

(BLACK FRAMES)

(CUT TO MRS. G'S ANTIQUE SHOP...MRS. G. HAS HER GLASSES ON...
GOING OVER SOME ACCOUNTS...WE HEAR A RADIO IN THE BACKGROUND
...A FEW MOMENTS AND THE FRONT DOOR OPENS...JO ENTERS...SHE
HAS BLOOD ON HER HANDS...SHE STANDS THERE CRYING,,,))

MRS. G:

(RISES AND CROSSES OVER TO JO) Margery! ...What happened?

JO:

She hit me....

MRS. G:

Who?

JO:

Carolyn hit me....

MRS. G:

Why would Carolyn hit you?

JO:

Can I stay with you Mrs. G....Please...

MRS. G:

This is none of my business, Margery...I don't want to get
mixed up in it.

You don't know Carolyn...She beats me.. She hates me...Can I stay with you...Huh? Huh?

Look...I know Carolyn a long time and I trust her...I just don't know...

She always seems nice to everybody, But she's not..She just pretends to be....

Where did you get that blood on your hands?

(TRYING TO WIPE IT OFF) I don't know...It must have been when I fell down...Yes, when I fell down the stairs running away from her. (SHE STARTS CRYING AGAIN) Oh, God...What am I going to do?

Here....(GIVES HER A RAG) Clean your hands with this..I'll go make us a nice cup of tea...Then we'll decide what to do...Would you like that?..Hmmm?

Alright.....

I'll put the kettle on. (SHE EXITS INTO THE BACK OF THE STORE...JO LOOKS AROUND FOR A SECOND THEN SEES MRS. G'S PURSE...SHE GOES TO IT AND TAKES OUT THE MONEY IN IT AND PUTS IT IN HER COAT POCKET...THEN GOES BACK TO WHERE SHE WAS WHEN MRS. G. LEFT THE ROOM....MRS. G. ENTERS:)

It'll only take a moment for the water to boil and then we'll have some nice tea.

Can I stay with you?...Oh, please.. Can I stay with you....

Well, I don't know about that....(PHONE RINGS)

What's that?

It's only the phone, my darling.. Excuse me...(SHE GOES TO PHONE) Hello.....

(CUT TO: CAROLYN ..PHONE BOOTH ON STREET)

Mrs. G.This is Carolyn...Don't let Jo know that I'm talking to you...I just want you to listen...I've been looking all over for her...She just stabbed a friend of mine...I want you to keep talking to her until I come in.... I'm in the phone booth down the block...I knew she would come back ..I kept looking for her and I saw her sitting in your shop....How come she knows you?

(CUT TO:) I met her at your place....

Who's that?

(COVERING MOUTHPIECE WITH HER HAND, LIGHTLY..SO THAT CAROLYN CAN STILL HEAR) It's just a friend....

(CUT TO:) You'd better not talk... I'll be there in a minute (SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE)

(JOY TO MRS. G:)

- MRS. G: Alright, Darling...Bye...(HANGS UP PHONE) That was an old friend of mine...She wants me to go shopping with her tomorrow...She can't get around much anymore...arthritis....
- JO: I think I'd better go....(SHE GETS UP AND STARTS TO PUT HER COAT ON)
- MRS. G: Oh, don't go...How would you like a nice piece of chocolate cake? I made it myself.. You feeling better now? Tea will be ready in a minute....
- JO: I feel fine now,,,I don't want any cake...Chocolate cake makes me throw up.. (SHE STARTS BACKING TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR) Thank you for letting me come in...I really have to go...I'll tell Carolyn I was here....
- (SHE TURNS TO LEAVE BUT STOPS SHORT...CAROLYN IS STANDING THERE...JO FREEZES FOR A MINUTE AND THEN STARTS TO GO FOR THE DOOR BUT CAROLYN GETS JO BY THE WRIST)
- CAROLYN: No, Jo...You're not going anywhere.. You're going back to my place with me...
- JO: I don't want to go back there....
- CAROLYN: We have a few things to settle....
- MRS. G: What's going on?...Is there any thing I can do to help?
- CAROLYN: No, Mrs. G....You've been more than kind.. Thank you...Come Jo...
- JO: I don't want to go with you...I want to stay here...
- MRS. G: You do what Carolyn says...I don't want to get mixed up in anything...
- CAROLYN: Come on...(SHE STARTS TO TAKE JO OUT BY THE ARM)
- MRS. G: Oh, Carolyn, one minute...I owe you five dollars for the time you took care of the shop ...(SHE GOES TO HER PURSE AND OPENS IT...A STRANGE LOOK COMES OVER HER FACE...SHE RUMAGES IN HER PURSE FOR A MOMENT...THEN...) Jo, I want to talk to you for a moment...(SHE SNAPS SHUT HER PURSE)
- JO: I don't want to talk to you....
- MRS. G: Carolyn...Would you wait there by the front door for a moment? I want to talk to Jo...alone...
- CAROLYN: Alright...If you want...(SHE GOES TO DOOR AND STANDS THERE LOOKING OUT AT STREET)
- MRS. G: (CROSSES TO JO...WHISPERS) Where's my money?
- JO: What money?

The money that you took out of my purse when I was in the other room.

I don't know what you are talking about....

Don't you lie to me...(SHE GRABS JO BY THE ARM)

Let go of my arm..

(TWISTING IT MORE) Not 'til you give me the money you stole....

Let go...or I'll tell....

Tell what?

I'll tell Carolyn that you fooled around with me...down ther...(INDICATES GROIN) You did.. you know....

You little bitch!!! (LETS HER GO)

You wouldn't want me to do that ...Would you?

You keep the money....But God will punish you..You may need it wherever you're going...God will take care of you (CALLING) Carolyn....(CAROLYN CROSSES OVER TO HER) I'm sorry, Carolyn...(RUMAGING THROUGH HER PURSE) But I don't seem to have a five...Could you trust me until tomorrow?

Forget it, Mrs. G. I'll get it the next time I see you... Come on Jo...(THEY START OUT)

(SMILING) Goodbye Mrs. G....and thank you (THEY EXIT)

(CUT TO INTERIOR OF CAROLYN'S ...MARCY IS PACING AND RACHEL IS SITTING) (THE DOOR OPENS AND CAROLYN PUSHES JO INSIDE.. MARCY IS FURIOUS AT THE SIGHT OF JO AND LUNGES FOR HER.. SCREAMING OBSENITIES...RACHEL AND CAROLYN PULL MARCY OFF OF JO)

MARCY: I could kill you for what you did to Tony.....

RACHEL: Come on, Marcy..cool it...Come on babe, sit down..(RACHEL IS PUSHING MARCY INTO A CHAIR)

CAROLYN: How is he?

RACHEL: The doctor at St. Vincent's had to take eighteen stitches in his arm...She got him in the back and side...half inch over and she'd have gotten a main artery...

MARCY: Fucking Bitch!!! (STARTS FOR HER BUT RACHEL IS QUICKER)

JO: I'm not going to stay here and have her call me names.. (SHE STARTS TO CROSS THE ROOM FOR THE FRONT DOOR)

RACHEL: (GRABBING HER BY THE ARM) You're not going anywher...You

RACHEL: (CONT) stay right there,...(SHE THROWS HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL)

CAROLYN: Why did you do it, Jo?

JO: What?...What did I do?

CAROLYN: (LOSING HER TEMPER) God dammit...don't play games with me

JO: (PUTTING HANDS OVER HER EARS) Don't shout at me...Please, Carolyn.....

RACHEL: You're a liar and a troublemaker and after all Carolyn did for you...Do you know that if it weren't for her you would probably be in Bellevue right now! She gave you a place and this is how you repay her...

CAROLYN: Come on, Rachel...forget it...

RACHEL: Like hell I will...I don't care if she's sick in the head or not...She knows what she is doing...She's just a coniving little, fucked up mama's girl....

JO: Don't you talk that way about my mama...You leave my mama alone.

RACHEL: Jo....You're a very sick girl...You shouldn't be roaming around like this...you should be in a hospital for the insane....

JO: You go to hell (SHE SPITS IN RACHEL'S FACE...RACHEL SLAPS HER SO HARD ACROSS THE MOUTH THAT IT SENDS HER AGAINST THE WALL)

RACHEL: Don't you ever do that again!!!

JO: (CRYING HYSTERICALLY) Mama....mama...I want my mama.....

CAROLYN: Your mama's dead, Jo....Remember...you told me she died of cancer...she can't help you now...

JO: She's not dead...My mama's not dead...My mama is always with me all the time...She told me that I would always think of her...That she is part of me...I love my mama...My mama and I would sleep together...when it was real cold we would hug each other real tight...and we would giggle...And mama would kiss me...mama...mama...kiss me on the mouth...Please mama...Please.....Mama was always right...She said "You'll never have to worry about anything, Jo...I'll protect you from that world".....I never went out...ever...mama would do all the shopping and when she would come home...I'd take off her shoes and rub her feet...sometimes her feet were all swollen up and I would kiss them and she would say "Ohhhh...that feels nice...Ohhhhhh" Mama was very fat.. She said it ran in her family...I wanted to get her from eating too much all the time...But she'd always sneak something when I wasn't looking

(CUT) I use to give mama her bath...We always had our bath on Monday because all the hot water would be used up from the week-end....I would scrub mama all over...She would say "Here Jo...Here...you forgot a place"...I got all tingly when I gave her a bath...Then it would be my time...and she would scrub me all over.....
I miss mama....I miss my mama....Sometimes I wish I could be with my mama...She's in Heaven now....She said that she would be in Heaven if I ever need her...She said that God gave her cancer so that she go and help him...That he needed her help more than anything else...That he couldn't do it without her. I'm very lucky to have a mama like my mama.....

JO.....

You know mama said something funny on that last day before she died...She said that I would be right behind her...That I wouldn't be long after her...What did she mean by that? Carolyn,...what did she mean by that?

Oh...God...I think I'm going to be sick...(SHE STARTS HEAVING AND HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM AND THROWS UP)

It's time to go Jo...Come on....(SHE GOES FOR HER GENTLY AND TAKES HER ARM)

Where are we going?

I'll tell you when we get downstairs...come on, now....(SHE STARTS TO LEAD HER TO THE DOOR)

I can't got out there...mama says it's a jungle out there...She says that people don't care for each other...That they only care about themselves...She says I'll die if I go out there...Please let me stay Carolyn...Please I'll be good....

I can't trust you any more Jo...I did and you let me down...Rachel...get the door...(RACHEL OPENS THE DOOR) Jo....Every one must grow up sooner or later...I guess, some never do.. (THEY ARE IN HALL NOW)

(CUT TO:) (HALLWAY) (CAROLYN HEADS DOWN THE STAIRS AND IS HALFWAY DOWN WHEN JO CATCHES UP WITH HER)

Will you walk me to the corner?...Please, Carolyn...Just to the corner?

(CONTINUING DOWN STAIRS AS SHE TALKS...JO FOLLOWING) No, Jo.. I can't...That would be cheating and you wouldn't want me to do that, would you?

No.....(THEY ARE HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS BY NOW...CAROLYN LEADING AND RACHEL AND JO FOLLOWING....MARCY BEHIND THEM)

Life is very difficult, Jo...But it's that way for everyone.. The only thing you can do is to make the best out of life.. You can't go around doing mean things to people that try to be nice to you...You see, Jo, you get in return only what you give.....

I'm sorry....I'm sorry about what I did...

JO:
CAROLYN:

It's too late now to be sorry... (THEY ARE AT THE DOOR OF THE STAIRS...JUST INSIDE THE STREET DOOR) Rachel... Go on...shake hands Jo....I want you and Rachel to be friends before you go. (RACHEL LOOKS AT CAROLYN WHO CAROLYN WINKS FOR RACHEL TO SHAKE HANDS WITH JO AND RUN)

Bye, Rachel....

JO:
RACHEL:

Bye, Jo.....

CAROLYN:

Look at me, Jo...(SHE DOES) I want you to take this ten dollars...(SHE GIVES IT TO JO) You're going to need it when you're going...and when you get there...you can give it to your mama.....

JO:

Mama?

CAROLYN:

Yes, Jo....Your mama...You're going to see your mama.....

JO:

I love my mama.....

CAROLYN:

No you don't, Jo....

JO:

(GETTING ANGRY) I do to....

CAROLYN:

Your mother's no good....

JO:

(STARTING TO CRY) Don't you say that about my mama....

CAROLYN:

She's a Bitch!!!

JO:

(SCREAMING) Don't you say that!!!!

CAROLYN:

Your maothor's a no good Bitch!!!!

JO:

(COVERING HER EARS) You shut up about my mama...Mama! Mama!

CAROLYN:

(PULLS JO'S HANDS FROM HER EARS) Your mama's a Bitch...no good....She's a liar...a Bitch.....

JO:

(ATTACKING CAROLYN VIOLENTLY) You shut up about her...SHUT UP!! Don't you say that....My mama's good. I love my ma. My mama...Mama...Mama....

CAROLYN:

(BREAKS JO'S HOLD...GRABS HER BY THE SHOULDERS AND SLAM HER AGAINST THE WALL) Jo..Listen!!! There she is!! Your mama out there! That's your mama calling you.

JO:

(SCREAMS) MAMA.....MAMA.....MAMA.....

(CAROLYN THROWS OPEN THE DOOR)

CAROLYN:

Go on, Jo...Go and get your mama...There she is....THERE!!.....

(JO DASHES OUT REPEATEDLY SCREAMING "MAMA...MAMA"....THE SOUND OF TRAFFIC FROM THE STREET BLASTS...WE HEAR HER VOICE)

TRAIL OFF AND MIX WITH THE TRAFFIC....A SCREECH OF CAR
BRAKES...A THUD....A CRASH AND A HORN BLARING FROM A CAR...
THE HORN CONTINUES AS IF IT WERE STUCK....CAROLYN SLAMS THE
WALL DOOR SHUT ...STARTS UP THE STAIRS ...RACHEL COLLAPSES
(IS SHOCK ON THE STAIRS)

Oh my God....Oh, God....(COVERS HER HEAD WITH HER HANDS
AS IF BURIED IN THE WALL)

(NANCY, STANDING TURNS INTO THE WALL...SHE COVERS HER EARS
FROM THE SOUND OF DEATH) (WE STAY ON RACHEL AND NANCY AS
LONG AS POSSIBLE....THEN CUT TO:)

(CAROLYN APARTMENT...DOOR FLINGS OPEN ...CAMERA PANS WITH
CAROLYN AS SHE CROSSES TO PHONE...HORN IS NOT AS LOUD NOW..
SHE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER....DIALS 911....WE HEAR PHONE
RING OTHER END...THREE TIMES....

(IN PHONE) 911.....

I want to report an accident.....

(FREEZE PICTURE.....ROLL CREDITS)

SECTION EIGHT

RON

CAST:

HAROLD KOVNER
MARSHALL CONROY
WILLY WILLIAMS
DOUGLAS BARRELL

TIME:

THE SUMMER OF 1945

PLACE:

A NAVY BARRACKS IN SAN DIEGO

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, THE STAGE IS DIMLY LIT...THERE IS A DOOR,
CENTER OF THE BACK WALL...THERE IS A DOUBLE BUNK ON STAGE RIGHT
AND ALSO ONE ON STAGE LEFT. A FOOT LOCKER IS AT THE FOOT OF EACH
DOUBLE BUNK. ON THE WALLS ARE THE USUAL PINUPS. A BULLETIN BOARD
IS SEEN NEXT TO THE DOOR. A SMALL DESK AND CHAIR ARE UPSTAGE LEFT.
A TOILET STAGE RIGHT.

DOUGLAS BARNELL IS IN THE UPPER BUNK ON STAGE LEFT. HE IS DIMLY
LIT. HE IS BREATHING HARD AND WE SEE THAT HE IS MASTURBATING.
HE REACHES A PITCH AND HAS HIS ORGASM. HE TURNS TO THE WALL AS
HE COMES. A MOMENT AND HE PULLS OFF HIS T-SHIRT AND WIPES UP THE
MESS WITH IT. HE THROWS HIS LEGS OVER THE EDGE OF THE BUNK AND
SITS FOR A MOMENT. HE JUMPS FROM THE BUNK AND STANDS FOR A MOMENT.
HE THROWS HIS DIRTY T-SHIRT INTO THE FOOTLOCKER AT THE END OF HIS
BUNK. HE CROSSES OVER TO A SECTION OF THE ROOM WHERE THE HEAD IS,
STAGE RIGHT. WE CAN ONLY SEE BELOW IT ABOUT TWO FEET, AND ABOVE IT
TO THE HEAD OF ITS OCCUPANT. WE HEAR HIM TAKE A PISS, AND AT THAT
MOMENT HAROLD ENTERS AND REACHES FOR THE LIGHT ON THE WALL BESIDE
THE DOOR. THE LIGHTS GO ON AND HE ENTERS. HE HAS A BROWN PAPER
PACKAGE WITH HIM. HE CROSSES TO THE LOWER BUNK ON STAGE RIGHT AND
PUTS DOWN THE PACKAGE ON IT. HE STARTS TO UNWRAP THE PACKAGE AND
DOUGLAS COMES OUT OF THE TOILET.

DOUG: What time is it?

HAL: About seven, I think.

DOUG: Shit...(HE GOES TO FOOTLOCKER AT END OF HIS BUNK, AND
TAKES OUT A PAIR OF CLEAN SHORTS TO PUT ON.)

HAL: What's the matter?

DOUG: I don't feel like getting dressed and going into town.

HAL: Then don't.

DOUG: If I've got a pass, I might as well use it, right?

HAL: I would.

DOUG: What have you got?


HAL: I don't know yet.

DOUG: Well, where did you get it?

HAL: My mother sent it. (HE HAS FINISHED UNWRAPPING THE PACKAGE.)
Oh, shit.

DOUG: What's the matter? (HE IS STARTING TO DRESS IN HIS WHITES.)

HAL: Another fruitcake.


You aren't finished with the last one she sent you. 


Yeah, I know...You want a piece?

I don't like fruit cake.

Neither do I.

Then why does she send them to you?


She knows I don't like fruit cake...I told her last Christmas that if there's one thing that I hate..It's fruit cake. 

Obviously she doesn't listen to you. 

Do you know any mother that really does?


Why don't you give it to some one?

Who?

Anyone. 

I wish it were that easy. (HE WRAPS IT BACK UP AND CROSSES TO THE FOOTLOCKER AT THE END OF HIS BUNK AND PUTS IT THERE)

You going in to town?

I might as well...if I don't go in, I'll kick myself later for not going in. 

Mind if I go with you?


If you want to...You better hurry though...I'm not waiting around for you.

Think I need a shave?

It depends on where you're going.

I want to go to that book-store...You know that one, near that drugstore...There's supposed to be a new story on Bette Davis in this week's issue of Screen Guide...

Bette Davis?


Yeah, she's great ain't she? 

I suppose...Yeah...If you like Bette Davis. *Screen*

I think she's the greatest star Warner Brothers has got, don't you?

You going to finish getting dressed or you want to go in by yourself?

I'll only be a moment.(HE STARTS FOR THE HEAD) I'll throw on some cologne, and I'll be ready in no time. (HE HAS DISAPPEARED INTO THE HEAD)

You use too much of that shit. 

3.

HAL: Too much of what?

DOUG: Too much of that cologne you wear.

HAL: You don't like it?...It's expensive...It's called "Hombre."

DOUG: "Hombre?"

HAL: Yeah, that means man in Spanish. (HE HAS FINISHED COMBING HIS HAIR AND ENTERS THE ROOM.)

DOUG: Yeah I know...I've been to Tijuana. *for the*

HAL: You want some? (HE TRIES TO PUT SOME OF THE COLOGNE ON DOUG, WHO BACKS AWAY.)

DOUG: I don't want any of that shit on me.

HAL: Come on, put a little of it on...It won't hurt you.

DOUG: Men don't go around putting on a lot of cologne.

HAL: I'm sorry. (HE IMMEDIATELY PUTS THE COLOGNE AWAY.)

DOUG: No..It's true...you use too much of it.

HAL: Well I like it. It sure beats the usual smell around here.

DOUG: What's that supposed to mean?

HAL: Take it for what it's worth.

DOUG: You trying to tell me something?

HAL: (GETTING DRESSED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE DURING THE SPEECH)
A lot of guys don't take as many showers as they should..
A lot of guys around here don't smell as good as they should. A lot of guys....

DOUG: A lot of guys around here should mind their own god-damn business. You know it isn't so easy standing around this place waiting for a chance to use the shower.

HAL: Well, then. Get up early in the morning...or take one late at night. I don't have any trouble getting the shower.

DOUG: Then when you do, all the hot water is gone. I'm not going to take a cold shower. It's bad enough being cooped up with a bunch of guys, without getting up in the middle of the night just to use the bathroom.

HAL: You know what, Doug? You love to make excuses. You never like to face up to things.

DOUG: Are you about ready or not?

[Handwritten marks: A box with an arrow pointing right, a box with an arrow pointing left, and a box with an arrow pointing up and right.]

Put my tie on, and I'm all set. (HE IS DOING JUST THIS)
 Could I borrow your comb?

That's another thing. You're always borrowing my comb.
 They're only a dime. They sell them at the drugstores.
 They're very easy to buy-you just walk up to the man
 behind the counter and say, "May I have a comb, please?"
 (HE HANDS DOUG HIS COMB.)

You know...you're worse than living with a cunt.

That's not a very nice thing to say.

Well you are you know. You're always bitching about
 something.

Are you ready to go, or not? (HE IS STANDING AT THE DOOR
 WITH HIS ARM UP.)

All right. All right. come on, let's go. We can catch
 the eight o'clock bus. (HE STARTS OUT)

My comb, if you don't mind. (HE HAS HIS HAND OUT FOR IT)

Boy, you are something else.

Yeah, I know.

(THEY ARE ABOUT TO EXIT. WILLY WILLIAMS ENTERS. HE HAS HIS HAND
 UP TO HIS MOUTH.)

WILLY: Son of a bitch. Mother fucking bastard. (HE HEADS FOR
 THE TOILET.)

HAL: Willy, what's wrong? (HE FOLLOWS TO THE DOOR OF TOILET.)

WILLY: That bastard over in "B" Company. Every time I see that
 bastard he has to make some fucking remark. (HE COMES
 BACK INTO ROOM WITH A TOWEL TO HIS MOUTH.)

HAL: You've been fighting again...Oh, Willy, why can't you
 just ignore what someone says?

WILLY: You can't ignore someone like that. We been itching for
 a fight for a long time.

HAL: You just won't learn, will you?

WILLY: Hal, I tried. Believe me, I tried. Is it bad? (HE LIFTS
 THE TOWEL TO SHOW HAL.)

HAL: I don't think so, hold still. (USES TOWEL TO WIPE MOUTH.)
 DOUG: We're going to miss the eight o'clock bus.

5.

HAL: You go on, Doug. I'm going to stay for a while.

DOUG: Aw, for Christ's sake. (HE EXITS IN A HUFF)

WILLY: Go on, Hal. You'll miss your bus.

HAL: I'll put some cold towels on it. The swelling will go down then. (GOES INTO THE TOILET TO WET THE TOWEL.)

WILLY: I wish you'd go on. You'll miss your bus.

HAL: There's always another bus. (COMING BACK ON STAGE.) Not like friends, you know. They're not so easy to catch. (HE PUTS THE WET TOWEL TO WILLY'S MOUTH) Now, lie down there and shut up.

WILLY: I wish you'd go. (SITS ON LOWER BUNK, STAGE LEFT.)

HAL: Shut up and lie back. (PUSHES WILLY BACK ONTO PILLOW, HE HAS A STYPTIC PENCIL WITH HIM AND GETS ON HIS KNEES BY THE SIDE OF WILLY'S BUNK)

WILLY: You are you know...

HAL: I are you know, what? Now this is going to hurt a little. (PUTS THE STYPTIC PENCIL TO WILLY'S MOUTH)

WILLY: A friend. I ain't got many, you know...except you.

HAL: You got lots of friends.

WILLY: Not here. Not in camp anyway.

HAL: Well, you know what they say, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." There, that's better. You want me to put a bandage on it?

WILLY: And let that bastard point me out as the one he did it to? Uh, uh. Not on your life. Why the fuck they don't have colored adhesive tape for negroes?

HAL: How did it start?

WILLY: What?

HAL: The fight.

WILLY: I was coming across the compound and out of the blue, I hears this voice, "Hey you, You there, nigger boy." Well, I turns around and it's this son of a bitch from "B" Company. He's standing there with two of his friends. safety in numbers, you know-Well I turns around and I says, as I walk over to him, "You talking to me?" So he says,

"I ain't talking to the air, Sunshine." Well, I was pretty mad, but I kept him from seeing this. So I says, "What are you calling me names for? Come on, man, let's be friends." And I puts out my hand like this. (INDICATES) Well, I stand there for a few moments and he laughs in my face. "I ain't no nigger lover, boy. I don't shake hands with no nigger, besides, it might come off." And again he laughs at me. Well I had about all I could take from this mother-fucker, and I remembers what you always told me- to keep my temper and not get mad-so I turns and starts to walk away from him. He says, "Don't you turn away from me, black boy, until I'm through talking to you." Well I just keep on walking and the first thing I knows, he grabbed me from behind and swung me around. He hit me right on the mouth. Well, that did it. I hit that son of a bitch and knocked him down. We didn't get a chance to do much more because all of a sudden from out fo nowhere the place was swarming with swabbies, pulling us apart. I could of had that son of a bitch right then and there, if they hadn't of stopped us.

E.L: I bet he looks worse than you do.

WILLY: He better. (LAUGHS)

E.L: (LAUGHS TOO) There, you're feeling better now, aren't you?

WILLY: Yeah, yeah, I do. I think talking about it makes me feel better.

E.L: It always helps to talk about something right after it happens. My mother always taught me that. She says that ugliness can't survive in the sunshine...laugh at it and it will shrivel up and die.

WILLY: Yeah, she's right (LAUGHS)

E.L: You want a piece of fruit cake? (GETS UP FROM THE FLOOR)

WILLY: Oh, no-not again? She sent you another fruit cake?

E.L: Wouldn't you know? You want one?

WILLY: I hate fruit cake.

E.L: So do I, but I got to get rid of it. You sure you don't want a piece?

WILLY: No, thank you...You going home when you get leave next week?

HAL: I have to. If my mother found out that I had leave and didn't come home she'd have a shit hemorrhage.

WILLY: Why don't you spend a few days home and then come back early and then maybe you and I could maybe go on down to Tijuana for a day or so?

HAL: Hey, that's a great idea. I've got to write to her tomorrow and I'll tell her then.

WILLY: You still want to go in to town tonight? It's not too late, you know. We could maybe catch that last show at the Hollywood Burlesque?

HAL: Nah, I don't think so. I don't feel like it so much now.

WILLY: I wonder when we're going to get another swabbie for that bunk there (POINTING TO THE UPPER BUNK, STAGE RIGHT.)

HAL: I don't know. It's been a week since Walt transferred. I only hope he's not a prick like Walt was.

WILLY: You never did like him, did you?

HAL: He never did like me. It was instant hate the minute we met. You know how it is, with some people there is such a thing as a personality clash.

WILLY: I don't know why you two didn't hit it off.

HAL: I guess everyone has to have some one to pick on in this life, in order to feel superior.

WILLY: Try being black sometime.

HAL: Yeah, that would be a problem, wouldn't it? (LAUGHS)

WILLY: You got the funniest laugh. I like to hear you laugh.

HAL: My mother always says that laughter is the backbone of life. I don't know how she can say something like that when all her life she had a rough time of it. She was brought up in an orphanage, you know. One of those Catholic ones. You should hear some of the things that the nuns used to do to those kids. I guess that's one of the reasons I'm so very religious now. Hell, religion is all what you do to

one another, today, to be the best you can to one another on this big piece of dirt we live on. There ain't no hereafter to be rewarded in....Just do the best you can, ...now....today.

If my mother heard you say something like that she'd beat the shit out of you. Her Jesus means more to her than, well....than even her kids.

You come from a large family, don't you?

Eleven....Not counting two that died on her. If you think life is difficult, you should try sleeping four in a bed, and have to wear pants that have been so repaired that there's no room left on them for another patch.

Life's funny, isn't it?

If you look at it that way.....(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT AND THEN BURST OUT LAUGHING)

I like you Willy..You've got a soul.

Now what in the hell is a soul? You can't feel it... you can't see it...it's nothing you can pin down....it's like air.

It don't matter, you got it. You're a very rich man, Willy.

Well thank you, I think.

No, you are. And don't let anyone tell you different.

How come you never say anything to me that shows prejudice about me, I mean?

What the hell brought that up all of a sudden?

I don't know, I been thinking about it for a long time.

You shouldn't think about things like that. There are more Important things to think about than that.

No, really. You always talk to me as if there was no difference between us.

Is there? I hadn't noticed. You're American, aren't you?

Oh, come on now. You know what I mean. Just talking to me in front of the others makes it difficult on the base.

Things like that don't mean anything to me, Willy. I like you. You're my friend. That's all that counts.

Besides, prejudice is taught by people. Some people are

just lucky, like me, I guess. My mother was a good teacher. She never once, that I can remember, showed prejudice at home.

WILLY: You know, I never hear you say anything about your father. Don't you like him?

HAL: Well, why do you say that? Of course I do.

WILLY: You never talk about him. Why?

HAL: I've never thought why....

WILLY: Aren't you close to him?

HAL: No, not really. I've always had the impression that he never really liked me. I was a little different from most kids my age. When all the other little boys were out playing ball-shit like that-I was playing show, in the basement. Or helping my mother with something. Or playing house with the two girls that lived next door. He used to get upset with me all the time. She'd always stick up for me, though. Maybe she was wrong half the time.... I don't know....

WILLY: Maybe you should have had a brother.

HAL: It would have been nice to have a brother, or even a sister to play with. It's not easy being an only child. You do get everything you want, though.

WILLY: You think that's one of the reasons that you're queer?

HAL: I wish you wouldn't use that expression. That's an awful expression.

WILLY: Sorry.

HAL: Does it bother you that I'm gay?

WILLY: I never really thought about it one way or the other.

HAL: Most guys wouldn't have anything to do with someone that is.

WILLY: I used to know someone I grew up with, in Harlem, that used to blow me all the time. His name was Bobby...Bobby Bontel.

How old were you the first time you had sex?

About eight. There was this girl...Betty Jo. She was two years older than me. She was a cousin of mine. Boy, there wasn't nothing she didn't know about sex.

Did you fuck her?

She fucked me. One day I was out playing ball with some of the kids, and she was hanging around watching us all afternoon. I found out later that there wasn't any one in the neighborhood that she hadn't had. Well I was walking home and she says, "I want to show you something." So, I follows her in to this old building that was all closed up. We went down to the basement and there was a dirty old mattress there. I remember it smelled terrible of piss, old piss. Well, we no sooner gets down there and she takes off all her clothes. Well shit, I was scared. I'd never seen a girl naked before. Well not up close like that, any way. I'd seen my sisters once or twice. But never like that. Well I just stood there. She walked over and tood my cock in her hands and started playing with it. It got hard as a rock. She led me over to the mattress and told me to lie down, so I did. She laid down next to me and started kissing me all over. The next thing I know, she was blowing me. Damn, that was great. I was scared shitless, but I didn't dare let her know that. Then she lay on top of me and started pumping away on it. A few moments and I shot. I had never come before. At least not fucking like that. I jacked off a lot of times, but everyone did that.

HAL: Where did you know Bobbie from?

WILLY: He was a kid I knew from school. He was in the same class as I was. He was a white kid.

HAL: How did it happen, I mean with him?

WILLY: One day, after school, he and I was walking home and I told him about the basement where I had Betty Jo. He wanted to see it, and so I took him there. I told him all about what had happened with Betty Jo. I made it sound like it was all my doing. I guess at that age all boys have a terrific sense of ego. More than most parents realize. Anyway, I told him all about what happened and the first thing I knows he says he wants to see my pecker. I remember, he always called it that. So I took it out and he starts to play with it. He asks me what Betty Jo had done to it, and I told him. So he goes down on it. I sort of liked this, so I tells him that he can do it any time he wants to. We became very good friends after that. A couple more times and I was fucking him in the ass.

HAL: How lngg did you have sex like that?

WILLY: About two years. Then one day we was down in the cellar and we didn't know it but Betty Jo was watching us. Well she got furious and said she'd tell on us. I begged her not to. Well it didn't do no good, so she went and told ma. She beat the shit out of me. Two days later, Bobby left school. I never did find out where he had gone to.

HAL: Have you ever had sex with any man since then?

WILLY: No. I hadn't really even thought about it....until you.

HAL: Do you like having sex with me?

WILLY: It beats jerking off all the time.

HAL: That's all it means to you?

WILLY: I'm only kidding. No, I enjoy fucking you. It certainly makes it easier on your sex life being able to. You know it ain't easy to find a piece of ass. Not in San Diego anyway. It's easy as pie for the white guys to find it, buy not for me. You see the white girls don't dare go for a black guy, even if they want to because then the white swabbies won't fuck her if she does. I suppose if I really looked for a piece of ass in the black section, I

could find it. But I don't miss it. Not with you around anyway. Besides, it's awfully expensive. You want a cigarette?

What kind?

Camel.

Okay.

(GIVES WILLY A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT. HE SITS ON THE FOOT OF WILLY'S BUNK) You're quite a guy, Willy. (PUTS HIS HAND ON WILLY'S LEG.)

You know, this stretch in the navy would be pretty God awful if I didn't have you as a friend.

I feel the same way. It's a shame, isn't it...to have such things as wars. But then I guess if we didn't, people like you and me wouldn't meet like this.

What are you going to do after the war is over?

I hadn't really thought about it. I would like to go and live in New York, I think.

I guess New York is all right, down further, Not up in Harlem where I live.....You're from Kansas, aren't you?

The middle of nowhere.

You think you'll be able to leave your parents after you get out? It's not going to be as easy as you think.

Nothing in this life is as easy as you think. It's all a lot of hard work and planning. I think I'll be strong enough to tell them I want to leave home. All you do is open your mouth and say it....Right?

I hope you can...for your sake.

What do you mean by that?

You sound like a little bit of a mama's boy to me. If you don't make a break from her after you get out, you'll never break from her. She'll keep you there more and more each year, until you can't get out on your own. I've seen it happen too often to too many guys. You can't blame a mother for it though. It's their nature to hold on to their children as long as they can. But it's also nature for their children to want to go off and make a life of

- their own. I guess it all depends on who is the strongest.
- HAL: What do you want to do when you get out?
- WILLY: I don't know. I want to get out of Harlem if I can. Maybe go some place and open up a little business.
- HAL: Where would you go?
- WILLY: Anywhere. Just to get away from Harlem.
- HAL: You'd make a mistake to move from New York. The rest of the United States is too prejudiced for a negro to make out in. New York is still the best place for opportunity, for you anyway.
- WILLY: Maybe you're right....What are you going to do when you get out?
- HAL: I like your idea...about opening a little business. What kind of business would you try?
- WILLY: I kinda thought, maybe a restaurant.
- HAL: You're kidding. That's what I'd do if I wanted to do something like that. I'm a terrific cook. My mother taught me to. She always said that I might marry a woman that couldn't cook some day and that I should be able to take care of my self that way. Little did she know... (HAL LAUGHS)
- WILLY: I don't know if you'd like New York. It's a very fast city. It's very easy to become a bastard there.
- HAL: I know I'd like it if you were to show me around.
- WILLY: You're kidding.
- HAL: No I'm not. I mean it. If I had you there, nothing would keep me down.
- WILLY: Why don't we-when we get out-we can go there and see what we can work out. It shouldn't be too difficult to open a little restaurant....maybe in the Village.
- HAL: Village?
- WILLY: That's what they call Greenwich Village. That would be an ideal place to open one up.
- HAL: Okay, it's a deal. (PUTS OUT HIS HAND AND THEY SHAKE)

You want to go into town tomorrow?

Do you?

Yeah, why not?

I could pick up that new issue of Screen Guide.

I got to take a leak. (CROSSES TO TOILET. FROM TOILET)

You want to maybe have dinner in town tomorrow?

Okay, I'll take you to dinner. (LIES DOWN ON HIS BUNK)

No, you don't have to do that. We'll go Dutch.

I want to take you.

Okay, I'll tell you what...(HE ENTERS AND CROSSES TO HIS

BUNK) You take me tomorrow night, and I'll take you the

next night. How's that? (LIES DOWN ON BUNK)

It's a deal. (THEY LIE FOR A FEW MOMENTS) You ever think

this God damn war will be over?

It don't have much more to go now. I bet it's over

within the year. Wanta bet?

I guess in a way we were lucky. If we had been drafted a

couple of years ago, during the first part of the war, we

might not be alive today. We were sort of lucky, I guess.

I'm sort of glad I got drafted. It'll be so much easier

to leave home now and go on my own. Do you think maybe

Wars come along every so often just to make a lot of guys

grow up faster than they would of if there weren't a war?

Yeah, life's funny. You never know what's going to happen

next.

I guess that's the only thing that keeps it interesting

is the fact that you don't. (TURNS OVER AND IS LYING ON

HIS STOMACH)

Oh, I meant to ask you. Would you remind me tomorrow when

we go to the Exchange to try to get another pair of nylons

for my mother? She needs a pair. She could use anything

I can send her. She says she's used up all her ration

points already.

You could send her some of those Hershey bars they had on

sale.

HAL: Yeah, that's a good idea.

WILLY: I wonder what time it is?

HAL: About nine, I guess. Why?

WILLY: I was wondering what time Doug might be coming back.

HAL: He'll probably be getting back about twelve or one. Why?

WILLY: I'm getting Horny. (REACHES DOWN AND REARRANGES HIS COCK TO BE MORE COMFORTABLE.)

HAL: (AFTER A PAUSE) So am I. (RISES AND CROSSES TO WILLY'S BUNK AND GROPEs HIM.)

WILLY: You better lock that outside door.

(HAL GETS UP AND GOES TO LOCK OUTSIDE DOOR. WILLY GETS UP AND UNDRESSES. A MOMENT AND HAL REAPPEARS. HE ALSO STARTS TO UNDRESS.)

HAL: I got to take a leak.

(HAL GOES INTO TOILET. STANDS TAKING A PISS. A MOMENT AND WILLY CROSSES DOWNSTAGE TOWARD THE TOILET PLAYING WITH HIMSELF AS HE DOES. HE GOES IN AND HAL HAS FINISHED AND TURNS TO WILLY. THEY STAND FACING EACH OTHER A MOMENT, AND AS WE CAN'T SEE WHAT THEY ARE ACTUALLY DOING FROM THE KNEES UP, WE ASSUME THAT HAL IS PLAYING WITH WILLY. WILLY PUTS HIS HANDS TO HAL'S NECK AND PULLS HIM DOWN TO HIS KNEES. HAL'S HANDS ARE SEEN WRAPPED AROUND WILLY'S LEGS AND HE IS DOING HIM. A FEW MOMENTS AND WILLY'S HEAD GOES BACK IN ECSTASY AND HE SAYS:)

WILLY: Suck it, baby. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....Suck it.....

(THE LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(A FEW MOMENTS AND WE FADE IN. IT IS THE NEXT DAY. DOUG IS ALONE SHINING HIS SHOES. A FEW MOMENTS AND MARSHALL CONROY ENTERS. HE HAS A SEABAG OVER HIS SHOULDER AND STANDS FOR A MOMENT IN THE DOOR, LOOKING AROUND.

MARSH: Hi, I'm Marshall Conroy. (THROWS HIS SEABAG CENTER STAGE AND OFFERS HIS HAND TO DOUG)

DOUG: Hi. (SHAKING HANDS) I'm Douglas Barrell. You the new Swabbie?

MARSH: That's right. I was just transferred here from Houston, Texas. First time I've had a chance to put that God damn bag down. That thing's sure as hell a heavy son of a bitch. Which bunk is mine?

DOUG: Well, that one there is the only one that's not occupied.

MARSH: What time you got?

DOUG: I haven't got a watch. *on*

MARSH: Boy, You ain't much help, are you?

DOUG: It's probably about five, five-fifteen. You better hurry.

MARSH: Yeah. (HE STARTS TO GO) Watch my bag, will you? I'll be right back. (HE EXITS)

DOUG CROSSES TO THE WRITING TABLE AND OPENS A PERSONAL BAG OF HIS AND TAKES OUT SOME PAPER AND A PEN AND STARTS TO WRITE A LETTER. A FEW MOMENTS AND WILLY AND HAL ENTER. WILLY HAS A PIN-UP THAT IS ROLLED UP AND HAL HAS SOME MAGAZINES THAT HE HAS BOUGHT.

WILLY: Where should I put it? (HE UNROLLS THE NUDE AND SHOWS IT TO DOUG) Hey. You like it? Where should I put it?

DOUG: Hey, that's some piece. (GETS UP TO LOOK AT IT) Where you going to put it?

WILLY: I don't know. I asked you first. (TAKES IT FROM DOUG) Hey Hal, Where should we put it?

HAL: Right there (POINTING) Over the desk. Then we can all see it. (WINKS AT WILLY)

WILLY: Yeah, that's a good place for it. (HE STARTS TO HOLD IT UP THERE) Anyone got some tacks or something?

HAL: There should be some by the side of the bulletin board there. There was anyway some there last week after I took down that old dance poster the U.S.O. had there.

WILLY: Yeah, here they are. (HE IS PUTTING IT UP NOW) How's that? (HE STANDS BACK TO LOOK AT IT AND THEY ALL STAND LOOKING) Like it?

DOUG: That's jack-off stuff. \

WILLY: Shit.....

HAL: Really! (HE STARTS TOWARD HIS BUNK AND HE SEES THE SEABAG) What's this? (INDICATING)

DOUG: We got a new room-mate.

When was this?

A little while before you came in.

(READING THE STENCILING ON THE BAG) Marshall Conroy.

That's his name. (RESUMES HIS WRITING)

What's he like?

You'll find out soon enough.

What do you mean by that?

Not a thing.

It didn't sound that way.

Well, where is he?

Out.

Yeah, we know that. But where?

He's gone to the Exchange.

What's he like?

(AT THIS MOMENT MARSH ENTERS. AT THE SIGHT OF WILLY HE STOPS COLD.)

MARSH: What the fuck is going on here?

(THEY ALL LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER IN WONDER)

MARSH: (GRABS DOUG BY THE JUMPER AND PULLS HIM TO HIM.) I said what the fuck's that nigger doing here? (POINTING)

WILLY: (AFTER A PAUSE) I live here.

MARSH: You What?

HAL: You heard him. He said he lives here. What's your excuse?

MARSH: Mind your own fucking business, shithead. I ain't talking to you.

WILLY: What's the matter with you, man?

MARSH: (TO DOUG) Why didn't you tell me there was a nigger here?

DOUG: Just leave me out of this. (HE BACKS AWAY)

MARSH: Son of a bitch. God damn mother fucking son of a bitch. Just my luck. They try to put me with a fucking jig.

(GOES TO HIS SEABAG. PULLS IT DOWN FROM BUNK.) Well, I ain't staying in no room with no nigger. (THROWS BAG OVER SHOULDER)

WILLY: You ain't got much choice. I don't see why we can't be friends. (GOES TOWARD MARSH WITH HIS HAND OUT)

MARSH: (THROWING DOWN HIS BAG.) Don't you come near me you son of a bitch. (HIS FISTS ARE UP FOR A FIGHT) Don't you talk to me, you cocksucker. Where I come from we burn bastards like you on weekends just for the hell of it.

HAL: And where would that be?

MARSH: Nobody's talking to you.

HAL: Well, you're going to have to eventually; whether you like it or not.

MARSH: Like hell I am.

HAL: Where you from?

MARSH: Texas.

WILLY: It figures. Of all the places to be from we got to get one from there.

MARSH: You shut up.

WILLY: No. You shut up.

HAL: He's been here a lot longer than you, and he'll probably be here a lot longer after you're gone.

MARSH: (TO HAL) Where do you sleep?

HAL: Are you talking to me?

MARSH: That's right, Buster, and you answer. Where do you sleep?

HAL: (POINTING) Right there.

MARSH: (THROWS HIS SEABAG ON HAL'S BUNK) Well, this bunk's going to be mine. (STARTS TO THROW HAL'S BEDDING ON THE FLOOR)

HAL: What do you think you're doing? (CROSSES TO STOP HIM.)

MARSH: (THROWS HAL ACROSS THE ROOM) This one's mine.

WILLY: Like hell it is. (HE STEPS UP TO THE BUNK AND TURNS MARSH AROUND.)

MARSH: (PULLS OUT A KNIFE) You want something? Black boy? You just acheing for a fight. Come on then. Come on, boy. (HE LUNGES AT WILLY, JUST MISSING, AS WILLY IS PULLED AWAY) WILLY PULLS A BLANKET OFF OF DOUG'S BUNK AND QUICKLY WRAPS IT AROUND HIS ARM.)

WILLY: I'm ready for you, man. Come on. Come on, baby. I'm ready for you.

NO, Willy Don't. Stop it.

COME on, you two. Stop it.

MARSH LUNGES AT WILLY AND WILLY GRABS HIS ARM WITH THE KNIFE IN IT. THEY WRESTLE AND THE KNIFE IS FORCED OUT OF MARSH'S HAND AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR. HAL SCRAMBLES AND GETS IT. THE FIGHT HAS TURNED INTO A FIST FIGHT BETWEEN WILLY AND MARSH. CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE AS THE LIGHTS FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

FADDS IN. IT IS THE NEXT EVENING. DOUG AND HAL ARE ON STAGE. HAL IS WRITING SOME POST CARDS AND DOUG IS IN HIS BUNK.

HAL: Then what did he say?

DOUG: He's been telling everyone the same lie he told the C.O.

HAL: What's the matter with that idiot. How can he lie like that when all three of us told the C.O. that he started it.

DOUG: Well there's one thing for certain. He isn't going to be transferred like he thought he'd be. Boy, they certainly read the book to him about it.

HAL: Well, he's going to have to adjust to the situation whether he likes it or not.

DOUG: I never knew Willy was such a fighter. He certainly beat the shit out of him, didn't he?

HAL: Willy's no one to cross. He's a great guy, but just don't cross him.

DOUG: I don't intend to. You through with that magazine?

HAL: Screen Guide? Yeah, here. (THROWS IT TO HIM) You going in to town tonight?

DOUG: Naw. I thought I'd catch up on some shut eye. You?

HAL: I was going to go in with Willy, but he hasn't come back yet.

DOUG: Where is he?

HAL: He said he was going to get a haircut. That was over an hour ago.

DOUG: Will you do me a favor when you get into town?

HAL: It depends on what it is....

DOUG: Would you drop my watch off for me at that little watch shop there when you get off the bus?

HAL: Why didn't you do it when you went in last night?

DOUG: He was closed.

HAL: Whaat makes you think he'll be open tonight?

21.

ACT TWO

FADE IN. IT IS THE NEXT EVENING. DOUG AND HAL ARE ON STAGE. HAL IS WRITING SOME POST CARDS AND DOUG IS IN HIS BUNK.

HAL: Then what did he say?

DOUG: He's been telling everyone the same lie he told the C.O.

HAL: What's the matter with that idiot. How can he lie like that when all three of us told the C.O. that he started it.

DOUG: Well there's one thing for certain. He isn't going to be transferred like he thought he'd be. Boy, they certainly read the book to him about it.

HAL: Well, he's going to have to adjust to the situation whether he likes it or not.

DOUG: I never knew Willy was such a fighter. He certainly beat the shit out of him, didn't he?

HAL: Willy's no one to cross. He's a great guy, but just don't cross him.

DOUG: I don't intend to. You through with that magazine?

HAL: Screen Guide? Yeah, here. (THROWS IT TO HIM) You going in to town tonight?

DOUG: Naw. I thought I'd catch up on some shut eye. You?

HAL: I was going to go in with Willy, but he hasn't come back yet.

DOUG: Where is he?

HAL: He said he was going to get a haircut. That was over an hour ago.

DOUG: Will you do me a favor when you get into town?

HAL: It depends on what it is....

DOUG: Would you drop my watch off for me at that little watch shop there when you get off the bus?

HAL: Why didn't you do it when you went in last night?

DOUG: He was closed.

HAL: What makes you think he'll be open tonight?

It said so on his door. Would you, please? (HE JUMPS
DOWN AND TAKES OFF THE WATCH)

What's wrong with it? (TAKES THE WATCH)

I don't know. It hasn't worked right since we had that
fight.

Oh, all right. Nothing's gone right since that bastard
moved in.

Well we got to make the best of it, I guess.

How can you with a son of a bitch like that? You can't
even talk to him.

WILLY ENTERS.

WILLY: You about ready?

HE: Are you?

WILLY: I will be in about three minutes. I just want to change
my socks. (GOES TO HIS BUNK AND SITS AFTER GETTING A
CLEAN PAIR OF SOCKS) Where is he?

HE: You mean Cheerful Charlie? I haven't the faintest idea.
I thought he might be with you.

WILLY: Very funny.

DOUG: He's been going around the base telling everyone that you
pulled a knife on him. *Good to Bottom*

WILLY: And they probably believe it, too. Come on, Hal. Let's
get out of here before he comes back. The less I see of
that bastard, the better. (HE HAS FINISHED CHANGING AND
STANDS UP TO TIE HIS SHOE LACES.)

HE: All through. I just wrote my mother telling her that we're
going down to Tijuana after I get back from my furlough.
(PUTS HIS WRITING THINGS AWAY IN HIS FOOT LOCKER.)

WILLY: We'd better hurry if we're going to catch the next bus.
You ready?

HE: Okay. (THEY START TO EXIT AND AS THEY DO, MARSH ARRIVES.
THEY ALL STOP. A MOMENT AND MARSH CROSSES TO HIS BUNK.
HAL AND WILLY EXIT MARSH STILL HAS A BLACK EYE FROM THE
FIGHT. A FEW MOMENTS AND DOUG SAYS. *Now Bottom down*)

DOUG: You want some gum? ^{pull, and} (OFFERS SOME TO MARSH...SILENCE..)
Marsh?

MARSH: What?

DOUG: You want some gum?

MARSH: (AFTER A PAUSE TAKES A STICK FROM DOUG) God damn nigger lover.

DOUG: You mean Hal?

MARSH: Yeah. What the fuck's he run around with him for? Can't he find one of his own kind?

DOUG: They've always been friends.

MARSH: How come? From what I heard, that jig ain't got no friends except him. How come?

DOUG: Beats me.

MARSH: It ain't natural.

DOUG: What isn't?

MARSH: For a white guy to run around with a jig. Ain't he got no white friends he can run around with?

DOUG: I figure it isn't any of our business.

MARSH: I make it my business.

DOUG: Why don't you try and make the best of it?

MARSH: Boy, you trying to tell me what to do? No body tells me what to do, let alone you.

DOUG: I was just trying to be helpful.

MARSH: Well dont. If I want your help, I'll ask for it. How long you been here in this place?

DOUG: Few months. Why?

MARSH: How long they been here?

DOUG: I really don't know. They were here before I came.

MARSH: Where is he from?

DOUG: Who?

MARSH: The Nigger.

DOUG: New York.

I might of known. Most of those bastards come from New York. They wouldn't dare to live down where I come from. They wouldn't last very long.

AW, come on now.

Come on, what?

Nothing. (AGAIN STARTS READING AT HIS BUNK.)

(A LONG PAUSE) Ain't you going in tonight?

KAK. I was in last night. I thought I might catch up on some sleep for a change. How come you're not going in? I gotta get rid of this first. (TOUCHES HIS EYE)

It isn't that bad. You could always say you ran into a door or something like that.

Yeah, sure. That line's so old, it stinks.

You shouldn't let your ego get the best of you.

My what?

Ego. Your image. About how you see yourself. You know what I mean?

What are you, one of those college boys?

Nope, just high school.

Well you sure talk like one. Where did you get an accent like that?

Like what?

The way you talk. You sound like one of those limeys.

Oh, that. I was brought up in England until a couple of years ago.

How come?

My father is American and my mother was English. I spent most of my time over there. We lived there in fact until the war started. Then, my father thought that it would be better to live over here. I'm an American citizen. Then I was drafted.

Yeah, you and me and a million others. Fucking war. God damn Japs and Krauts. We should wipe those bastards off the face of the earth.

Where you from?

MARSH: A place called Bandera, Texas. Ever hear of it?

DOUG: Nope, can't say I have.

MARSH: It's down near the Mexican border. It's one of the last real towns left in Texas. Shit, they still tote their guns on weekends. That's how old it is. Down there they couldn't care less about this fucking war. You know, every family has their own steps they dance, when we have our square dances. That's mostly ever weekend. Yeah, ever family has their own steps they dance and no other man does them or he'll end up ten feet under.

DOUG: Sounds charming;

MARSH: What do you mean by that?

DOUG: Just what I said, It sounds like a nice place.

MARSH: It is, and don't you forget it.

DOUG: Don't you miss it?

MARSH: I'll tell you one thing; we ain't got no God damn niggers ~~GETS UP ON CUNK~~ running around down there. Oh, we got niggers, but they is all working for someone. They get out of line and that's the last you ever hear of them.

DOUG: What do you mean?

MARSH: Hell, boy. I remember one time ther was this nigger that spoke to Betty Sue-she was this here gal we all knowed. She'd put out for us all, if you knows what I mean. Well, there was this big buck nigger, Sam. He worked out at the Dunhill Ranch, and he was in town one night to get some things for old man dunhill. Well, Betty Sue was just walking along the main street a-rinding her own business, when she says that Sam came up to her and propositioned her. Well, she come and told Billy-he was a friend of mine-and we and some more friends of ours got in Billy's car and we found that son of a bitch on his way back to the ranch. Boy, I wish you could have seen the face on that coon when we all pulled him out of

that pick-up truck. He'd a like to shit green peas. Well, he swore up and down that he hadn't talked to Betty Sue, in fact, he said that she was after him. Well, we grabbed that fucking bastard out of the truck and we tied him to the back bumper of the truck. We took off and musta pulled him a couple of miles. When we took a look at him, he was moaning and screaming with pain. Man, he looked like raw hamburger. Well, we couldn't leave him around like that for no one to find, so we gets an idea. Billy siphons out some of the gas out of the truck and we pours it all over him. Billy says, "Stand back," and he tosses a match. Well, you should have seen that mother-fucker burn. He lit up the sky for miles around. Did you know that niggers have a sweet smell when they burn? Almost like horse meat smells when it burns. Well, we couldn't leave him there for no one to find, so we digs him a hole and throws what was left of him in it and covers it over. Well, you know? To this day, people still say, "I wonder whatever happened to Sam White?" (HE LAUGHS)

DOUG: You're some guy, Marsh.

MARSH: Shit. You know if some of the boys back in Bandera were to know I was rooming with a nigger, they'd never speak to me again.

DOUG: That'd be awful, wouldn't it?

MARSH: You're damned right. I wish I was home again. My ma would be making ham for me tonight for dinner. We always has ham on Monday nights.

DOUG: I wish you were, too.

MARSH: Well, thanks. That's mighty white of you. You know, you ain't half as bad once I get to knows you.

9.

DOUG: Aren't you going in to town tonight? *Just down*

MARSH: What time is it?

DOUG: My watch is broken. I guess maybe it's about seven, thirty or thereabouts.

MARSH: " I guess maybe I will after all. I'd better hurry if I want to catch the eight o'clock bus. (GOES TO TOILET TO PISS) Where's the best place to get a piece of ass around here?

DOUG: About the best place is to just walk along the main drag, they're thicker than flies along there.

MARSH: I ain't had a piece since I left Housaton. I had this regular down there. Boy, she'd do anything for me. I guess the meaner you are with them, the better they like it. (HE COMES BACK INTO THE ROOM) They very expensive?

DOUG: It depends upon what you like. If you want an all night piece, they cost a little more, what with hotel and all. They all have their favorite places and by the time you buy them a bottle for the room, and the price of the room and tips and all.....They all work with the bell boys-- he always tells you that the stuff is hard to come by at that time of night. You maybe end up by spending maybe fifty to seventy-five bucks. That's if you don't wake up in the morning and find you've been rolled for everything.

MARSH: Shit, I just want a quick piece of ass...Get my rocks off and that's it.

DOUG: Probably ten, maybe fifteen.

MARSH: Shit, that's more like it.

DOUG: You'd better hurry if you're going to catch that eight o'clock bus.

...and from there. I ain't got the time. I've given
myself a pass, whisker burna, then I care to tell.
...ive to eat pussy?
...and only.

...good for you. Lottsa protein. I had one gal that
...taste kinda bitter on me, I couldn't understand
... Well, one day, we was in this hotel room and she was
... sitting there in the head a takin' a shit, and I noticed
... that she had a habit of wiping her ass from the back to
... the front-you know, like this-(HE INDICATES) and I says,
... "so that's what it is. All this time you been wiping your
... ass the wrong way." (HE LAUGHS)

You'd better hurry or you'll miss your bus.

Yeah. (STARTS TO EXIT) You know what?

What's that?

I been thinking, and I come to the conclusion that
they're queer.

Who?

This Hal creep, and that nigger. I'll see you 1-ter.
(HE EXITS)

Hey Marsh.

Yeah?

Wait a minute, I'll go into town with you.

SCENE FADE TO BLACK.

A FEW MOMENTS AND THE LIGHTS COME UP DIM. IT IS LATER THAT EVENING. WE HEAR HAL LAUGHING FROM OFF STAGE. A MOMENT AND HE HOPS INTO VIEW. WILLY APPEARS AND IS JUMPING AFTER HIM. SORT OF A CHICKEN GAME. A FEW MOMENTS OF THIS AND HAL STUMBLES AND ALMOST FALLS. HE GRABS THE END OF THE BUNK AND SWINGS ONTO IT. IT IS MARSH'S A SECOND, AND HE REALIZES THAT. HE IMMEDIATELY STANDS UP AND STRAIGHTENS THE BLANKET.

HAL: Oooooops. Musn't touch. (OBVIOUSLY DRUNK) That's Marsh's. I wouldn't want to get it dirty. (GIGGLES) You know that's Marsh's bunk?

WILLY: (ALSO OBVIOUSLY DRUNK) So what? (FLOPS ONTO HIS BUNK) I don't give a shit if you shit on it.

HAL: That's not a nice thing to say.

WILLY: He's not a very nice person.

HAL: You know what?

WILLY: What?

HAL: I agree with you. (PRETENDS TO SPIT ON MARSH'S BUNK) Hey. Where is everybody? (LOUD. TO THE ROOM) Yoo-Hoo! Anybody home?

WILLY: Hey. Cut it out. You want to wake everybody up?

HAL: Nobody here. Can't. All out. We're all alone. (HAL FLOPS DOWN FLAT ON THE FLOOR)

WILLY: Hey. (JUMPS DOWN FROM HIS BUNK TO PULL HAL UP FROM FLOOR) Come on now. Get up from there. What's the matter with you?

HAL: (FLOPS AROUND MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR WILLY TO LIFT HIM) I like it down here. World looks wonderful from here. (STARTS TO SING 1940'S UP TUNE) (GRABS WILLY BY THE NECK AND PULLS HIM OFF BALANCE.)

WILLY: (LAUGHS) You nut. (STAYS ON FLOOR) What's the matter with you.

HAL: I'm drunk...I'm drunk...Don't you know a drunk when you see one?

HAL: No, but I know a nut when I see one.

WILLY: (GETS UP QUICKLY AND STARTS TO DANCE LIKE CARMEN MIRANDA.)
tico-tico-teck a-tico-tico-tock a-tico-tico-tico-time
to suck your cock! (ENDS UP WITH HIS HAND ON WILLY'S COCK)
(UPTIGHT) Hey, cut it out. (MOVES AWAY FROM HAL)

HAL: Someone might see you.

WILLY: What's the matter?

HAL: You shouldn't do that.

WILLY: There's no one here.

HAL: I don't care. Someday you're going to do something like
that and get us both in trouble.

WILLY: No I won't. (PAUSE) I'm sorry.

HAL: I think you'd better go to bed. You had too much to drink.
WILLY: I had a wonderful time tonight, Willy. Thank you very,
very, very, very much.

HAL: I think it's time for you to go to sleep.

WILLY: Don't make me go to bed yet. Please, Will. Don't make
HAL: me go to bed yet.

WILLY: Oh, all right. But, not too long now. I got to get up
fairly early tomorrow to go into town. Tomorrow is
Mother's Day and I want to send my ma some flowers and
a telegram. I think I oughta.

HAL: Tomorrow's Mother's Day? Already?

WILLY: Yep.

HAL: I guess I'd better send something to my mother too.
What time you getting up?

WILLY: About seven.

HAL: Seven? You're kidding.

WILLY: Nope.

HAL: I'm not getting up that early. Why are you getting up so early for?

WILLY: To go to church.

HAL: Church?

WILLY: Yep. . I promised my ma I'd go to Chapel at least once a month and I figured I might as well go tomorrow as it was Mother's Day, You know?

HAL: You don't mind if I don't join you, do you?

WILLY: I wouldn't expect you to.

HAL: Church. Wow. And on a Sunday, too.

WILLY: You're drunk.

HAL: Just a little bit.

WILLY: It don't take much to get you drunk, does it?

HAL: I had a wonderful time, a wonderful time.

WILLY: Yeah, I know. You said that.

HAL: And I mean it. I really mean it. (LONG PAUSE) Willy?

WILLY: What?

HAL: (A PAUSE) I love you.

WILLY: (PAUSE) Really.

HAL: I do. I really do.

WILLY: I don't know if a man can love another man.

HAL: A man can love anything. What's wrong with a man loving another man? He can love a dog. He can love a . . . a house, or an object, like a painting. He can love music and a whole lot of things. Why can't he love another man? Huh?

WILLY: You left one thing out.

HAL: What's that?

WILLY: A woman. What could be more important than for a man to love a woman?

I don't like women.

I do.

I know that, Don't you think I know that?

Well, then you know.

You don't hate me for that do you?

Course not. I've told you that before. But Hal, you should know one thing. I'm not queer. Not the way you might think. You fill a need I need some times, that's all. Don't go makin' a much bigger thing out of it than

it is.

You still want me to go to New York with you when we get out and all we talked about, don't you?

Nothing's changed in that way. I just want you to know that I will want to go my own way a lot of times and you will have to accept my wanting to. You know what I mean? You have a right to, I understand.

I just want you to know. I'm not queer. I think that's one thing I couldn't take....to have someone think I'm queer.

I don't think you're queer. You're not, Willy. I know that. But then, On the other hand, I couldn't ever change. I like the way I am.

WILLY: Have you ever tried?

E.L: No.

WILLY: You ever want to?

E.L: No.

WILLY: Then I guess the best thing for you , is to be happy at what you are and what you want. I guess when you come right down to it, the only thing there is in this life is to be the happiest you can, in your own way.

HAL: You're beautiful. You really are, Willy, I've been very lucky to know you.

WILLY: Yeah, sure.

HAL: I mean it. I've never been as happy with anyone in my life as I have with you.

WILLY: Don't bank so heavy, Hal.

HAL: What's that supposed to mean?

WILLY: Nothing.

HAL: Let's have sex.

WILLY: They'll be coming back any minute, now.

HAL: No they won't. They'll be out all night. Saturday? Are you kidding?

WILLY: You're too drunk. I wouldn't want to hurt you.

HAL: I'll be more relaxed. It'll be easier for you. I want you so much.

WILLY: You better lock the door on the hall entrance.

(HAL SMILES AND EXITS. WILLY STARTS TO UNDRESS AND HAL REENTERS. HE STARTS TO UNDRESS AND TURNS OUT THE LIGHT SWITCH. THE ROOM IS VERY DIMLY LIT NOW. WILLY LIES ON HIS BUNK NOW AND HAL LIES DOWN WITH HIM. THEY ARE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS FOR A MOMENT AND WILLY TURNS HAL OVER ON HIS STOMACH. HE SPITS ON HIS HAND AND WEBS HIS COCK WITH IT. HE LIES ON TOP OF HAL AND GENTLY STARTS TO UNDO HAL. HAL IS IN PAIN.

HAL: Easy. Take it easy. Oh, Willy. Owwww.

WILLY: You all right?

HAL: (PAUSE) Yeah. (THEY START AGAIN) (A FEW MOMENTS AND) Oh, shit.

WILLY: What's the matter?

HAL: I think I'm going to be sick. (HE THROWS WILLY OFF AND QUICKLY RUNS TO THE TOILET. HE IS THROWING UP AS THE LIGHTS GO TO BLACK.

LIGHTS COME UP FULL. HAL IS IN BED, SNORING.

HE IS SITTING IN HIS BUNK TRYING TO READ. HE IS ANNOYED AT

FINALLY HE GIVES UP READING AND JUMPS FROM HIS

HE IS ABOUT TO SHAKE HAL.

Hey...Prick...(HE GLANCES DOWN AND SEES HAL'S SHOES

HE SNICKERS AND LOOKS AROUND. HE HAS AN IDEA. HE STOOPS

AND TAKES HAL'S SHOES INTO THE HEAD. A MOMENT AND HE

PISSES INTO HAL'S SHOES. HE SNICKERS AGAIN AND COMES OUT

OF THE HEAD AND CROSSES BACK TO HAL'S BUNK AND PUTS HAL'S

SHOES BACK WHERE HE FOUND THEM. PUTS ON HIS UNDERSHIRT

AND JUMPER AND EXITS. A FEW MOMENTS AND DOUG ENTERS.

HE IS FULLY DRESSED AND WHISTLING. HAL TURNS IN HIS BUNK

WITH A SNORT AND LOOKS UP A SECOND. FALLS BACK ON HIS

PILLOW, FLAT ON HIS FACE.

Hey. You going to stay in the sack all day, or you going to get up?

Goes to ~~blank~~ Hall's Bunk.

Ohhhhhhh. (SAME BUSINESS)

What did you say?

Sheds into Hall.

Ohhhhhhh, Do you have to yell like that? (SAME BUSINESS)

Something tells me you have what is commonly called a good old fashioned hangover.

Goes to ~~blank~~ Hall.

Stands by Hal.

No kiddin! (RAISES HIS HEAD) Shit.

What's the matter?

Goes to ~~blank~~ Hall.

I feel like

DOUG: How much did you drink last night?

H.L: Not that much.

DOUG: Well, you shouldn't drink then.

H.L: Now he tells me.

DOUG: What time did you get in last night? *Goes to John.*

H.L: I haven't the faintest idea.

DOUG: Well, it's a nice day out.

HAL: For what?

DOUG: For anything... Why don't you get up and find out?

HAL: Why don't you go away?

DOUG: I'm going in to town in a little while. You want ^{to go to the mess hall} to get you anything? Some sense, maybe?

HAL: You're funny. You really are. Where's Willy?

DOUG: Why?

HAL: I was just wondering. Have you seen him?

DOUG: He went to Chapel this morning.

HAL: Well, what time is it now?

DOUG: I'm not his keeper. And there's something else I think you should know.

HAL: Yeah, what?

DOUG: I don't think you should worry about Willy all the time like you do.

HAL: (SITS UP) Oh?

DOUG: Yeah, Marsh made some sort of a remark a couple of days ago that I think you should know about.

HAL: What's that?

DOUG: He as much as called you both queers.

HAL: He what?

DOUG: Don't say I told you.

HAL: He can't go around saying things like that. (JUMPS FROM HIS BUNK) Who the hell does he think his is to say something like that? I can have him up before the board on slander charges, like that.

DOUG: I don't want to get involved. I shouldn't have told you about it. If you say anything about it to anyone, I'll deny I heard him say it. I don't want to get involved.

Yeah, sure. Thanks a lot.
 It's none of my business.

Yeah, Say, don't tell Willy what he said, Okay?
 If you say so.
 Don't.

Okay. I'm going. See you later. (HE EXITS)

STANDS THERE FOR A MOMENT. HE GOES TO THE JOHN AND TAKES A
 SHOWER AND GETS DRESSED. FEELS DIZZY AND GOES TO
 LOCKER AND GETS SOME ASPIRIN. BACK TO HEAD. GETS WATER AND
 TAKES THE ASPIRIN.

JOHN ENTERS.

JOHN: Oh, so you decided to get up. How do you feel?
 WILLY: Great, Oh, great. I don't know how I'll get through the
 day, but I feel great.

WILLY: Haven't got a hangover, have you?
 JOHN: Hangover? What's that?

JOHN: You certainly can't drink very much, can you?
 WILLY: No, Can't say I can.

JOHN: We going into town today?
 WILLY: You want me to?

JOHN: I think it would be a good idea if you went in. Might
 do you some good. There's a new Bette Davis movie
 opening today at the Warner. I thought maybe you'd like
 to see it?

JOHN: My hangover's gone. (HE IS MOVING FASTER TO GET DRESSED.)

WILLY: I just got to stop by the Western Union office first and
 send my ma that telegram and some flowers. Wouldn't
 hurt if you did the same.

JOHN: Okay. Anything you say. (HE IS READY TO PUT ON HIS SHOES.
 PICKS ONE UP AND LIQUID SPILLS OVER HIM) What the fuck!
 (PICKS UP OTHER SHOE AND POURS LIQUID OUT)

WILLY: What the hell is it?

JOHN: (SMELLING IT) Piss. Son of a bitch, it's piss.

WILLY: (LOOKING AT MARSH'S BUNK) Want to bet?

HAL: Now, why would he want to do something like that?
WILLY: Can you think of any other way it got there?
HAL: No.
WILLY: I'll get even with that bastard. (STARTS FOR MARSH'S BUTY
HAL: (GETTING THERE FIRST) No. Not now.
WILLY: What do you mean, not now. You can't let that prick
do something like that, or he'll get away with something
worse next time.
HAL: Will you let me handle it my own way, please?
WILLY: All right...Shit. What are you going to wear for shoes?
HAL: Christ....
WILLY: You can't go into town like that. You got another pair?
HAL: No.
WILLY: Neither do I.
HAL: I'll have to wash them out good and put them out to dry.
You go into town and I'll see you later, Okay?
WILLY: Shit, there goes the day.
HAL: I'm sorry.
WILLY: What for? It's not your fault. Well, I'll see you later.
(HE STARTS FOR DOOR THEN TURNS) What are you going to do?
HAL: I've got a lot of writing to do. I promised this old
friend of mine in Kansas that I'd return his letter.
He's gay. I'll see you later. Have a good time.
WILLY: Yeah, Bye. (WILLY EXITS.)

FOR A MOMENT AND CROSSES OVER TO WHERE HIS SHOES ARE
 TAKES THEM UP. HOLDS THEM AWAY FROM HIM AND GOES INTO HALL.
 TAKES THEM OUT AND THEN COMES BACK INTO ROOM. HE PUTS THE SHOES
 ON THE DOOR OF THE ROOM IN THE HALL AND THEN GOES TO
 AND GETS OUT HIS WRITING THINGS. GOES TO THE TABLE
 AND SITS. HE STARTS TO WRITE.

Dear Joey. Or should I say, Mrs. Vincent Ferrara?
 So, you've got yourself another husband?

STAGE LIGHTS ARE COMPLETELY OUT BY THIS TIME.

A FEW MOMENTS AND THE LIGHTS COME UP. IT IS LATER THAT AFTERNOON
 HAL IS LYING ASLEEP ON HIS BUNK. A FEW MOMENTS AND MARSH ENTERS
 SEES HAL ASLEEP AND GIVES HIM A FINGER SIGN. HE TAKES OUT HIS
 POLISH THINGS AND BEGINS TO TAKE OFF HIS SHOES. HE NOTICES
 THE WRITING THINGS ON THE TABLE AND GOES OVER TO LOOK AT THEM.
 SEES THE LETTER THAT IS NOT SEALED AND PICKES IT UP.

MARSH: Mr. Joseph Murphy. (LOOKS AT THE BUNK WHERE HAL IS SLEEPING
 AND THEN OPENS THE LETTER. SITS AND STARTS TO READ.
 READS FOR A MOMENT THEN RISES TO HIS FEET, SLOWLY.)
 Son of a bitch. I knew it. Why, you cocksucker.
 (HE FINISHES THE LETTER AND PUTS IT IN HIS JUMPER POCKET.
 STANDS FOR A MOMENT LEERING AT HAL, ASLEEP. SLOWLY WALKS
 OVER TO HIM AND SHAKES HIM GENTLY.) Hey, Hey, Hal. Wake
 up, Hal. It's me, Willy. (HAL STIRS AND REACHES OUT
 HIS HAND FROM UNDER HIM. HE IS TURNED TO THE WALL.)
 (HAL ASLEEP) You back already, Babe? (HE IS TOUCHING
 MARSH'S HAND BY NOW AND HAS TURNED TOWARD HIM...SEES WHO
 IT IS AND IMMEDIATELY SITS UP.) What do you want?
 Nothing that you can't fix.

HAL: look, why don't you just leave me alone? (GETS FROM HIS
BUNK AND GOES TO PUT ON HIS PANTS. MARSH YANKS THEM
AWAY FROM HIM.)

MARSH: where do you think you're going, bright eyes? (HAL REACHES
FOR HIS PANTS, BUT MARSH YANKS THEM BACK)

HAL: look, Marsh.. Just give me my pants. Please.

MARSH: say pretty please. You didn't say pretty please.

HAL: Give them to me. (HOLDS OUT HAND FOR THEM)

MARSH: You ain't going noplase, cocksucker.

HAL: All right, you want to play. (WALKS TO THE DOORWAY AND
PUTS HIS HAND UP TO A RED EMERGENCY SWITCH THAT IS ON THE
HALL WALL) If you don't give me those pants, I'll pull
this emergency switch and every swabbie within a mile will
be here. What's it going to be?

MARSH: Sure, you can have your panties. (PUTS THEM ON THE FLOOR,
CENTER AND MOVES DOWN STAGE RIGHT AND LEANS AGAINST THE
WALL WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED) Well, go get them. Go ahead.
(HAL STANDS FOR A MOMENT AND THEN GOES TO RETREIVE THEM.
JUST AS HE STARTS TO PICK THEM UP, MARSH TAKES A FLYING
LEAP AND THROWS HAL TO THE GROUND AND PINS HIM TO THE
FLOOR BY THE ARMS.)

HAL: Let me up. Come on Marsh. Let me go. (STRUGGLES)

MARSH: You ain't going nowhere, fag boy. You're staying right
where you are. (SPITS IN HAL'S FACE. HAL TRIES TO TURN
HIM OFF. MARSH IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM AND GETS HAL IN A GRIP
HOLD. HE RUBS THE SPIT IN HAL'S FACE. STARTS TO SLAP
HIM UNCONTROLLABLY. HAL HOLDS HIS ARMS OVER HIS HEAD
WITH FACE DOWN TRYING TO PROTECT HIM SELF. MARSH STARES
OVER HAL MENACINGLY. HAL STARTS TO GET UP AFTER A MOMENT.
Don't you move you cocksucker, or I'll kill you.
(KICKS HAL. HAL GRABS HIS GROIN IN PAIN. MARSH STRADDLES
HAL AND GRABS HIM BY THE HIAR.) I knew it. I knew you was
a cock sucker the minute I saw you. You and your jiss friends

leave me alone, Please, Marsh.

When I get through with you, you fucking queer, there won't be anything left to leave alone. (PULLS OUT THE LETTER) see this? (HAL MAKES A GRAB FOR IT) (MARSH HITS HIM IN THE MOUTH) Don't you move. I'm going to turn you and your buddy in. You want cock, Huh? (HE PULLS HIS OUT) I'll give you some cock, you bastard. (HAL MANAGES TO THROW HIM OVER AND SCRAMBLES TO DOWN STAGE. MARSH MOTIONS WITH HIS HAND.) Come on, baby. come on. I'm going to fix you good. (HAL TRIES TO DASH FOR THE DOOR. MARSH GRABS HIM AND SWINGS HIM AROUND DOWNSTAGE. HE HITS HAL TWICE IN THE FACE AND HAL LANDS AT THE DOOR OF THE JOHN. HE SCRAMBLES INTO THE HEAD AND IS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. HE TRIES TO GET UP. HE STANDS FOR A SECOND, LEANDING.) Come out of there, you cocksucker. On your hands and knees. And with your mouth open. (MARSH STANDS WITH HIS HAND ON HIS COCK AND HAL FALLS THROUGH THE HEAD DOOR. HE IS BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE AND MOUTH, HEAVILY. HE STARTS CRAWLING TOWARD MARSH WHO IS ADVANCING TOWARD HIM AS THE LIGHTS FADE.

LIGHTS UP ON HAL ON BUNK SITTING. WE HEAR THE DINNER CHOW CALL. HAL GETS UP AND GOES TO FOOT LOCKER. TAKES SEA BAG DOWN. DOES PACKING BUSINESS. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS DOUG ENTERS. CROSSES TO HIS BUNK, TAKES OFF SHOES AND LIES DOWN. HAL CONTINUES PACKING. HE IS UNCOMFORTABLE. FINALLY HE SAYS:

HAL: Doug?

DOUG: (A PAUSE) Yeah?

HAL: Want these old Screen Guides?

DOUG: No, I read most of them....Thanks anyway.

HAL: I'm sorry about.....you know.....

DOUG: Forget it.

HAL: I was hoping you wouldn't have to be brought into it.

DOUG: What time you supposed to be leaving?

HAL: They want us out by nine.

DOUG: Willy going with you?

HAL: I don't know.

DOUG: Where is he?

HAL: I don't know.

DOUG: I'm sorry.

HAL: No need for you to be sorry. It was all my fault. What a stupid son of a bitch. I wouldn't mind if it was only me, but to get Willy involved.....Shit.

DOUG: I can't understand why they wouldn't let him off.

HAL: You heard those lies Marsh told. Who do you think they're going to believe, him or me?

DOUG: Yeah.

HAL: (SITS DOWN) I feel sick. How the hell am I going to walk across that compound? I don't even want to go home. My dad will kill me if he finds out. What am I going to do, Doug?

DOUG: They don't have to find out. A section eight doesn't have to explain to much all the time. You can tell them you had a break-down. That might work.

HAL: With my dad? Uh-uh. Oh, shit. Why the fuck did I ever get into this?

DOUG: I don't think too many guys know yet.

HAL: Are you kidding? With that mouth Marsh has it's all over the base by now.....What time is it?

DOUG: I don't know. I haven't got the watch back yet. I meant to ask you; can I have the slip for it. I don't think you gave it to me. (HAS HIS HAND OUT)

Oh, I'm sorry. (RUMMAGES THROUGH BAG, COMES UP WITH SLIP)
Thanks.

DOUG ENTERS. STOPS AT SIGHT OF HAL, IS GOING TO LEAVE, BUT STOPS,
GOES BACK AND GOES TO HIS BUNK. HAL IS OBVIOUSLY UPSET. HAL
CONTINUES PACKING, BUT STOPS AND PUTS HIS HANDS TO HIS FACE.

I...I'll see you later. (DOUG EXITS)

(AFTER A LONG PAUSE) I'm leaving on the eight o'clock bus.
I don't think it's a good idea for us to be on the same bus.
Want me to help you pack?

No, thank you.

I don't know what to say.

Nothing has to be said.

I'm Sorry.

A lot of good that does.

What do you want me to say?

Nothing.....Well, I can't go home now, that's for sure.

Why don't you come back to Kansas with me?

(LAUGHS) Boy, you are something else. (CONTINUES PACKING)

I have to talk to you. I know you don't want me to, but
there are a few things I have to tell you. You don't have
to look at me if you don't want to. First of all, I'm very
very sorry for what happened. You're the last person in
the world I'd want something like this to happen to. It
was all my fault. You had absolutely nothing to do with
it. I'm in the wrong, not you. Always remember that.
Someday, many years from now, when you can think about
this day, just remember there were circumstances that
you had no control over. It was my fault. My fault entirely.
You didn't ask me to fool around with you that first time.
You were drunk and I took advantage of you. And it isn't
just sex, Willy. You mean a lot more to me than that.
You'll never know how much. Oh, God. I know you won't

believe me, but I do love you. Much more than you'll ever know. We'll probably never see each other again, after we're gone. I hope for your sake that you don't see me. I feel so dirty. So God damn cheap. I've never known before what it's like to be a queer.

(PAUSE) I'm sorry, Willy. (STARTS PACKING AGAIN)

WILLY WHO HAS BEEN STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO HAL, STARTS TO SLOWLY LEAVE. AS HE GETS TO DOOR.

HAL: Willy? (WILLY TURNS) Won't you at least say good-bye?
(HAL EXTENDS HAND)

WILLY: Sure. (STARTS TOWARD HAL WITH HAND OUT. THEY SHAKE, HOLD FOR A MOMENT. HAL MOVES TOWARD WILLY. WILLY QUICKLY SLAPS HAL.) Don't you ever touch me.
(WILLY TURNS AND EXITS.)

HAL STANDS FROZEN FOR A FEW MOMENTS. LOOKS SLOWLY AROUND ROOM. INNER TORMENT BUILDS. TURNS TO ANGER. STARTS TEARING PLACE APART. SHEETS AND BLANKETS, ETC. COLLAPSES IN DEBRIS. STARTS TO SOB. QUICKLY SITS UP WITH AN IDEA. / SCRAMBLES FOR HIS SHAVING KIT, HEADS FOR TOILET. LIGHTS FADE OUT.

LIGHTS UP ON SAME SCENE AS BEFORE, EXCEPT WE SEE HAL'S LEGS. HE IS SITTING ON TOILET. FEW MOMENTS, DOUG ENTERS. STOPS AT SIGHT OF MESS IN ROOM.

DOUG: What the fuck?

GOES TO BUNK, TRIES TO FIX IT UP. LOOKS AROUND ROOM, SEES HAL'S LEGS IN TOILET. CROSSES TO DOOR OF HEAD.

DOUG: What the fuck's going on Hal? Hey?

AT THIS MOMENT MARSH ENTERS THE ROOM AND ALSO STOPS AT THE SIGHT
OF THE BODIES.
MARSH: Jesus Christ, what happened?

WILLY: I don't know. When I came in the room was like this.
DOUG: I asked Hal. He won't answer me. I don't know what the
fuck's going on. Hal?

WILLY ENTERS. STOPS.

WILLY: What's wrong?

DOUG: Ah, fuck off. Ain't you gone yet?

WILLY: Shut up, Marsh.

DOUG: Where's Hal?

WILLY: (POINTING) He's in there. He won't talk to me.

DOUG STARES AT THE HEAD FOR A MOMENT, THEN WALKS SLOWLY TO IT.

WILLY: Hal? (OPENS THE DOOR) Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

(HE DRAGS HAL'S BODY OUT. IT IS BLOODY AT THE WRISTS
AND THROAT)

DOUG GOES TO THE EMERGENCY ALARM AND THROWS IT ON. WILLY AGAIN
MOANS, OH, MY GOD, ETC.

MARSH: Shit! There goes my liberty.

WILLY LOOKS UP, BECOMES ENRAGED AND LEAPS AT MARSH LIKE AN ANIMAL.
DOUG TRIES TO BREAK THEM UP AT THE EMERGENCY SIREN WAILS.

CURTAIN.

"COCTEAU"

BY

ANDY MILLIGAN

ANDY MILLIGAN
335 W. 39TH. ST.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

JEAN COCTEAU

EDUARD DE MAX

WILLIAM BORDEAUX

CREATURE

TIME: MARCH 1, 1908.

PLACE: PARIS.

SCENE I.

THE AUDIENCE IS ARRIVING...A DIRTY
AND UNKEMPT NAKED YOUNG MAN IS HUR-
DLED ON THE STAIRS THAT LEAD TO HUD-
STAGE...HE IS EATING AN APPLE...THE
HOUSE LIGHTS DIM AND THE CURTAIN...
OPENS ON A RATHER BARE ATTIC...MOON-
LIGHT IS STREAMING THROUGH THE OVER-
HEAD SKYLITE WINDOW ON STAGE RIGHT...
STAGE LEFT THERE ARE PACKING CRATES...
AND OTHER PIECES OF ODDS AND ENDS...
A STAIRWAY COMES UP FROM BELOW ON...
UPSTAGE LEFT...A FEW MOMENTS AND
THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND
THUNDER...JEAN COCTEAU APPEARS...THEN
BELOW ON THE STAIRS...HE HAS A CAN-
DLE IN ONE HAND AND A WHITE WOMAN'S
UMBRELLA IN THE OTHER...HE IS DRESS-
ED IN A WHITE SUIT, LAVENDER SHIRT,
AND WHITE SHOES...HIS TIE AND SUSPEN-
DERS ARE BLACK.

JEAN

Oh...I love it...I absolutely adore it..It shall be mine, all mine,
and no one elses...

(HE IS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS BY NOW AND
LOOKING AROUND)

You can see all of Paris...Look at the view..She is so beautiful
asleep...A window at Cartier's...Diamonds, Emeralds, Sapphires, and
Rubies...Every jewel imaginable is lying there before me...

(EDUARD DE MAX APPEARS FROM BELOW ON STAIRS...
HE IS IN GREY...A WHITE HAT MATCHES HIS WHITE
GLOVES...A LARGE RED FLOWER IN HIS BUTTONHOLE)

EDUARD

What are you spouting about, Jean? Chattering away up here like
some demented rooftop sparrow...These steps shall be the death of
me...Take the other rooms on the third floor...They overlook that
magnificent garden...Who would want to live up here?

JEAN

I would...Jean Cocteau...King of the Rooftops...Oh, Eduard, look...
look...all of Paris is sleeping...She is prostrate there at our feet...
It is heaven here on earth.

EDUARD

You do get carried away, my boy...It is a dismal garrett...A dismal
night...and the heavens are angry and shall piss on us at any moment...
And my feet are killing me.

(A CRACK OF THUNDER IS HEARD..EDUARD RAISES
HIS EYES HEAVENWARD)

Thank you, your Majesty, right on cue.

JEAN

Eduard...how could you...
 (HE SITS ON THE DOWNSTAGE STAIRS LEADING TO
 THE AUDITORIUM)
 You have destroyed my moment..A moment of beauty and you have taken
 it and crushed it like a tiny helpless bird in your dirty glove-cov-
 ered hands.

EDUARD

Youth doesn't give you the right to be rude...I have showered you
 with attention on one of my busiest days and this is how you repay
 me...Oh, youth...thy sting is heartlessness...thy bite, ingratitude.

JEAN

Oh, Eduard, that's terrible...You can do better than that.

EDUARD

And what is wrong with my gloves?

JEAN

They are dirty...and so is your shirt.

EDUARD

Sarah gave them to me....

JEAN

Probably found them in the Flea Market...knowing how cheap she is..
 Why don't you wash them?

EDUARD

You are extra rude tonight...Why?

JEAN

Do you like it? Seriously, do you like it, Eduard?
 (GRABS EDUARD'S HAND)

EDUARD

If you do.....

JEAN

I do.....

EDUARD

Then take it.

JEAN

Do you have any money?

EDUARD

Is yours gone already?

JEAN

Two nights ago.....

EDUARD

That young piece of baggage you met in the Cafe?

3.

JEAN

He wasn't baggage...He was of noble blood...

EDUARD

When one is very young...One is very gullible.

JEAN

You see too much....

EDUARD

I know too much.....And I know you too well..Quite a difference,

JEAN

Would you?

EDUARD

Jean.....

(GRABS HIM IMPULSIVELY AND KISSES HIM,
GROPES HIM)

JEAN

Eduard, not now.....
(DISENGAGES HIMSELF)

EDUARD

It's never now, is it?

JEAN

Last...week...

EDUARD

You were drunk.

JEAN

It was your moment.

EDUARD

Damn you....

JEAN

We are damned, you know...And you love it...

EDUARD

How much does he want?

(TAKING OUT HIS MONEY)

JEAN

Ask him...

(WALKS UPSTAGE AND POINTS DOWNSTAIRS)

He's down those stairs...

(EDUARD CROSSES TO STAIRS AND STARTS DOWN)

Eduard....

(EDUARD TURNS)

I do love you...What would I do without you?

EDUARD

Everyone in Paris...No doubt....

JEAN

(KISSES EDUARD)

(EDUARD CONTINUES DOWNSTAIRS)

(JEAN TURNS BACK...WALKS TO DOWNSTAGE CENTER...LOOKS AROUND THE GARRETT...A CRACK OF LIGHTNING...THUNDER...WE HEAR RAIN START TO FALL...JEAN LOOKS UP...A SIGH IS HEARD...)

(SILENCE...EXCEPT FOR THE RAIN...JEAN CROSSES TO THE PACKING CRATES AND DRAGS A PATHER LARGE CRATE TO CENTER STAGE...HE RUMAGES THROUGH THE ODDS AND ENDS AND COMES UP WITH A DUSTY OLD CURTAIN...HE LAYS IT ON THE PACKING CRATE CENTER STAGE...TAKES OFF HIS JACKET AND ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES...HE TAKES THE CURTAIN AND SHAKES IT OUT IN A CLOUD OF DUST...ANOTHER SIGH IS HEARD)

(A PAUSE...HE CONTINUES...HE DRAGS OUT TWO SMALLER PACKING CASES AND PLACES THEM AS CHAIRS TO EACH SIDE OF THE LARGE PACKING CRATE...HIS BACK IS TO THE AUDIENCE...THE NAKED YOUNG MAN COMES UP FROM THE AUDIENCE BEHIND JEAN...JEAN FREEZES...FEELING HIS PRESENCE...JEAN TURNS SLOWLY...A PAUSE)

(NO ANSWER FROM THE YOUNG MAN...JEAN OFFERS HIS HAND)

(THE YOUNG MAN RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE AUDIENCE)

(HE WALKS SLOWLY DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HAND OUTSTRETCHED...SUDDENLY THE YOUNG MAN RUSHES UP TO JEAN AND STARTS TO PUMP HIS HAND...PULLING JEAN FROM THE STAGE AT THE SAME TIME)

No, I can't...It's too dark out here...It might be dangerous...Let's go inside...

(HE GENTLY PULLS THE YOUNG MAN TOWARD THE STAGE...THEY GET TO THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS TO THE STAGE AND THE YOUNG MAN IMPULSIVELY KISSES JEAN ON THE MOUTH AND RUNS OFF INTO THE AISLES AND DARKNESS...JEAN, STUNNED, SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE STAIRS LEADING INTO THE AUDIENCE...EDUARD APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE UPSTAGE STAIRS WITH A TRAY COVERED WITH A HANDKERCHIEF)

EDUARD

It's all arranged...It's paid for the next six months...What are you doing way out there? You'll get wet...Look at what I brought..

(WHIPS OFF HANDKERCHIEF...REVEALING A TRAY OF FOOD...HE PALCES IT ON THE LARGE PACKING CRATE CENTER STAGE)

The Concierge gave it to me...She thought we might be hungry...It is late, you know...We forgot supper and you did say you were hungry.

JEAN

I don't want any.....

EDUARD

You were hungry an hour ago.....

JEAN

That was then...I'm not now.

EDUARD

It's very good...It's lamb...I nibbled some like a naughty child on the way up...

JEAN

Lamb?...On a night like that?...I want Pheasant under glass...Or I shant eat at all...
(STARTS TO PACE THE STAGE)

EDUARD

Sit down and eat.

JEAN

No.

EDUARD

Eat.

JEAN

No.

EDUARD

What is wrong with you tonight?

JEAN

I have growing pains.....

EDUARD

You can't grow much more, my dear, or you'll grow through that skylite....

(POINTING WITH FORK TO SKYLITE UPSTAGE)

JEAN

I don't mean that way...My soul is restless...My heart is beating much too fast...My mind is racing ahead of my thoughts...

(KNEELS AT EDUARD'S FEET)

Eduard.....Would you mind?

EDUARD

(FEEDING HIS FACE)

What?

JEAN

Would you mind going home?

EDUARD

Yes I would...The lamb is very good...Eat...

JEAN

You wouldn't want me to throw a tantrum...would you?

6.
EDUARD

seen one...seen them all.

JEAN

bastard.

EDUARD

at times, my dear...They are very easy to recognize...I run around with a lot of the young ones...They're easy to spot along the boulevard...They are usually too young..too tall..too rude...and often ungrateful...I wish you would eat something...You'll need the energy for that tantrum you were about to throw.

JEAN

What am I going to do with you?

EDUARD

Anything you would like.

JEAN

Dirty old man.

EDUARD

Snot nosed brat.

JEAN

Son-of-a-bitching Bastard.

EDUARD

You are repeating your nouns.

JEAN

They haven't written the noun that describes you.

EDUARD

Something tells me that something...something happened while I was up and down those God awful stairs paying your rent...

JEAN

Why do you say that?

EDUARD

Am I right?

JEAN

No.

EDUARD

You're lying....

(GRABS JEAN'S HAND)
Look at me....I can always tell when you are lying...You often forget how well I know you.

JEAN

Eduard...Please go home.

EDUARD

No...Not till I know why.

7.

JEAN

I want to be alone.

EDUARD

Now that I've paid your rent.

JEAN

That's not it...You know that's not it.

EDUARD

Yes.....Then what is it?

JEAN

I'll tell you tomorrow.

EDUARD

Alright.....You'll meet me at six?

JEAN

Too early.....

EDUARD

Meet me at nine?

JEAN

Day after tomorrow.

EDUARD

That's too late...We're meeting Rene' tomorrow...

JEAN

Rocher'?

EDUARD

Yes.....I told you he would read.

JEAN

It's all set then?

EDUARD

It will be tomorrow...If you tell me tonight, what time?

JEAN

How did you get him?

EDUARD

It wasn't easy.

JEAN

Didn't he like my poems?

EDUARD

He hasn't read them.

JEAN

Then how?

EDUARD

It was me, dear boy, me...It had nothing to do with your talent..

EDUARD (CONT)

I don't have my talent...
I can be cruel...You cut very deep.

JEAN

EDUARD

...With an ego such as yours...One needs a very sharp knife
to cut beneath the crust.

JEAN

I don't like my poems?

EDUARD

I adore them, dear boy...You have enormous talent...Someday you will
have all of Paris at your feet...The whole world and possibly others
will toast your talents someday...Jean dear..Come...
(TAKES HIM BY THE HAND DOWNSTAGE CENTER
AND POINTS OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE)

You see that?. You see her lying there? She is a very old woman,
Paris...Yet extremely young in her ideas and talent...She always
has room in her womb for young fledgelings such as yourself....
She'll open her legs and give birth to you...We are only beginning
a new century...Only eight years into the new-born century and look
around you...Look at what has already happened...Jean, you must make
this...

(POINTS TO JEAN'S HEAD)

Rule this.....

(POINTS TO JEAN'S HEART)

Take it from one who knows...The mind is supreme...The heart...
secondary...When one is young, such as you, two things run your
life...The heart and the groin...
(TOUCHES JEAN'S GROIN)

JEAN

Eduard.....

EDUARD

It's true...I mean it...The cock when one is young, always raises
his proud head...Wanting to be master and Lord of any given situation..
He struts and swaggers upon the bed of life...dominating..taking..
pushing ahead...In and out of situations...crevices..mountain tops..
valleys...causing streams of blood, and other dark substances..always
belligerent...and when he has finished...Thrown up his inner turmoil...
He falls back quiet and serene...Tired...and oh so tiny...And what's
left?...The mind...The mind is still supreme, my boy...You'll learn
all this as time takes it's toll on your youth.

JEAN

You talk too much.

EDUARD

Truth...Words of truth, dear boy...What time tomorrow?

JEAN

Right.

Where?

EDUARD

JEAN

Our Cafe.

EDUARD

Till then?

(CROSSES TO THE TOP OF UPSTAGE STAIRS)

Jean?

JEAN

Yes?

EDUARD

May I ask something of you?

JEAN

Yes.

EDUARD

You won't think ill of me?

JEAN

No, never...Friends can ask anything of each other...True friends,

EDUARD

Show it to me.

JEAN

This moment.....?

EDUARD

Please.....

JEAN

Very well.....

(TURNS HIS BACK TO AUDIENCE...UNBUTTONS FLY
AND TAKES IT OUT)

EDUARD

(STARING)

Beautiful.....

JEAN

Yes it is...Isn't it?

EDUARD

May I fondle it?

JEAN

No.

EDUARD

May I kiss it?

JEAN

No.

10.

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

(BLOWS A KISS TO IT AND STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS)

JEAN

(CROSSES TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS)

I do appreciate what you do for me...And I do love you in my own narrow and selfish way.

EDUARD

Don't be lazy, dear boy...Do some exquisite creating...Time is to be used, not spent...Don't forget, now, eight....

JEAN

Parting is such sweet sorrow...That we should say goodnight till it be morrow....Merd.....

(CROSSES DOWN CENTER AND GENTLY CALLS OUT INTO THE DARK NIGHT)

Le Biche?.....Le Biche?.....

(A PAUSE)

Le Biche?.....

(COMES DOWN FROM STAGE TO CENTER AISLE)

Where are you?

(A SIGH IS HEARD)

Are you alright?

(THE YOUNG MAN SUDDENLY APPEARS AND RUNS TO JEAN...TICKLING HIM AS A CHILD IN PLAY.. JEAN PICKS UP THE MOMENT AND THEY PLAY TAG THROUGH THE AUDIENCE..JEAN ENDS UP EXHAUSTED ON HIS BACK AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE...THE YOUNG MAN LIES NEXT TO HIM...A FEW MOMENTS AND THE YOUNG MAN SUDDENLY MOUNTS JEAN AS A DOG WOULD...JEAN, SHOCKED, TRIES TO PULL AWAY...THE YOUNG MAN OVERPOWERS JEAN AND TRIES TO PUT HIS COCK IN JEAN'S MOUTH... JEAN THROWS HIM OVER AND TURNS FACE DOWN)..

(THE YOUNG MAN SCRAMBLES TO THE EDGE OF THE PORTAL AND SITS HUDDLED AND REJECTED...A FEW MOMENTS AND JEAN CRAWLS OVER TO THE YOUNG MAN AND KNEELS IN FRONT OF HIM)

II.

JEAN (CONT.)

You mustn't do that...I don't even know you.

(THE YOUNG MAN SLOWLY EXTENDS HIS HAND AND STARTS TOUCHING JEAN'S MOUTH...JEAN TAKES THE YOUNG MAN'S HAND IN HIS)

You have beautiful hands...

(KISSES THEM)

Such a beautiful Creature of the Night...My little fount animal.
(HE KISSES THE YOUNG MAN'S HANDS AGAIN...IMPULSIVELY THE YOUNG MAN THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND JEAN'S NECK AND EMBRACES HIM...THE YOUNG MAN KISSES JEAN AND THEY SLOWLY SINK TO THE FLOOR...A MOMENT AND THE YOUNG MAN BREAKS FROM THEIR EMBRACE AND STARTS TO MASTURBATE)

No....don't do that...

(JEAN TAKES THE YOUNG MAN'S HANDS AND AND PULLS HIM TO HIS FEET)

A moment such as this is to be shared...

(JEAN TAKES THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE AND CUPS IT IN HIS HANDS)

Such a beautiful face...The lines of a Greek God...Skin.. the touch of warm velvet...muscles...hard as alabaster... Michelangelo would carve...Why?...Why....must I, on this cold damp March night...be a pawn of Love in the hands of Eros?...Why?...What have I done to deserve this Fawn of the Rooftops?....Beautiful...Absolutely beautiful...Come....

(JEAN TAKES THE YOUNG MAN TO CENTER STAGE WITH JEAN'S BACK TO THE AUDIENCE...A FEW MOMENTS AND JEAN STARTS TO UNBUTTON HIS SHIRT SLOWLY AS HE CIRCLES THE CREATURE..)

No...Don't move...

(JEAN PLACES THE CREATURE'S RIGHT ARM SLOWLY OUT FROM IT'S SIDE...THEN JEAN DOES THE SAME WITH THE CREATURE'S LEFT ARM)

I want to worship you...You are my God...

(JEAN RUNS HIS HANDS SENSUALLY ALONG THE FINGERS ...HANDS...THEN ARMS OF THE CREATURES.. JEAN THEN STARTS TO KISS CREATURE'S SHOULDERS.. -A CRACK OF LIGHTNING FOLLOWED BY THUNDER...THEN RAIN)

Hear them?...The Gods are watching us...They are jealous...

(JEAN FALLS TO HIS KNEES...HE KISSES THE CREATURES FEET...THEN HIS LEGS...THEN HIS THIGHS...JEAN KISSES AROUND THE GROIN... CREATURE SLOWLY TAKES JEAN'S HEAD IN HIS HANDS AND GUIDES IT....PASSION BUILDS AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK)

SCENE II.

LIGHTS COME UP ON A LATE AFTERNOON..
AMBER STREAMS THROUGH THE OVERHEAD
SKYLITE...THERE IS A LARGE PEALOCK
SHAPED WICKER ARM CHAIR CENTER STAGE.
JEAN IS IN A FULL-LENGHT PAISLEY ROBE.
EDUARD HAS A LARGE GIFT-WRAPPED BOX
IN HIS ARMS AND WILLIAM BOFLEAUX...A
TALL GENTLEMAN WITH BLACK MONSTACHE,
HANDSOME, IN BLACK CAPE, SUIT, WITH
ARTIST'S BOW TIED AT THE NECK OF HIS
WHITE SATIN SHIRT...IS STANDING NEXT
TO JEAN...ALL THREE ARE CENTER STAGE
NEAR THE CHAIR.

WILLIAM

JEAN

EDUARD

WILLIAM

EDUARD

WILLIAM

JEAN

Eduard...really...It was bought out of love...William's love
for me...And what did you bring?

EDUARD

It wasn't bought at the Flea Market...I paid much more for it
than that.

(POINTS WICKER CHAIR)

JEAN

Well...you proclaim to love me so much more than William.

WILLIAM

That's not so...Eduard can well afford more than I...The famous
Thespian, such as he, that appears nightly opposite the Theatrical
Toast of all of Paris...The Devine Sarah Bernhardt...Then he should
be made to pay more for your love...I don't measure my love in
francs...I measure it in the giving of my love for you in other ways..
Gifts are but an awkward, outward show of one's love...Hence, Eduard
can well afford to show his love that way...more than me.

JEAN

I adore having men fight for my attention...It makes me feel so im-
portant...but there's only enough for one you know...I can shower
my love on only one at a time...Let's draw straws...

JEAN (CONT.)

Who shall win?...My very old friend who thinks young...Or my handsome young friend who thinks ~~very~~ old....Who shall it be?

EDUARD

Lies...Lies...You're full of lies, Jean...Don't play young innocence with us...We are too wise...You spread your love around Paris as if it were horse-shit in the Garden of Eden...Any little flower you find in your path..you pluck and dethorn and then discard...Broken blossoms are strewn where 'ere you tread....Lies....You are all lies.

JEAN

Did you ever think of going on the stage, Eduard?...You really should: you know...No one can deliver a line quite like you.

EDUARD

You deserve a good thrashing.

JEAN

And who shall do it? You father?

EDUARD

That hurt...That really hurt....

JEAN

Don't play word games with me, Eduard, I'm a far better master at it than you...You learn your lines by rote...Written by some obscure geniussyou shall never meet...My lines come from here and here...

(INDICATES HEART AND MIND)

Don't try to compete, Eduard, you'll always lose.

EDUARD

(WITH A BOW)

I retreat....Temporarily.

JEAN

Don't go too far...I may need you.

EDUARD

(SMILING)

Bastard.

WILLIAM

(AFTER A MOMENT)

Do you like the chair?

JEAN

It's magnificent...It shall serve as the heart of my Garrett.....
Thank you, William.

(KISSES HIM)

WILLIAM

Have you missed me?

JEAN

You know the answer...How's your wife?

WILLIAM

Quite well, thank you.

PA.

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

WILLIAM

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

the children?
asked of you....
gave them....

off.....

your family...They are warm and understanding.

asked when you could come again.

soon.

is no answer...You did enjoy yourself the week we were there?

was devinely happy...I always am when I am near you.

Can I believe that?

I have many faults, but insincerity is not one of them...Don't I always show my love?

Would you like to go there again?

I would...but I can't...There's work to be done...

I thought I came before that.

I must do more writing...Eduard has...

You called? I heard my name.....

I was about to tell William the good news.

News?

About the reading...Tell him, Eduard.

15.

EDUARD

There's nothing much to tell...On April the fourth, at the Theatre
Ferien, I've arranged for a staged reading of Jean's poems.

JEAN

Rocher shall read.....

EDUARD

Among others.

JEAN

Rocher's delightful...I met him yesterday.

WILLIAM

Am I invited?

JEAN

But of course...You're one of the first to know.

EDUARD

They're quite good..you know.

WILLIAM

Some of them are.

JEAN

You don't like my poems?

WILLIAM

I didn't say that.....

JEAN

You implied as much.....

WILLIAM

I did not...I stated that some of them are not as good as they should
be...I find some of them infantile, over-sentimental, rather sixth
grade reader.

JEAN

I'm crushed.....

WILLIAM

Jean...look at me....

(JEAN LOOKS THE OTHER WAY)

I said look at me.....

(JEAN DOES)

You are so young and so very stupid to let anything I or anyone else
say...hurt you. You have your whole life before you and many, many
times there will be many, many people that will not fall madly in
love with some of your creations.....A true Artiste must look the
other way and continue creating anew...Always pushing forward...searching...
finding new ways of expressing his thoughts...desires...emotions...
If he listened to every negative thought and criticism that was thrown
on him, he could be destroyed...But an Artist must have an inner steel
door that he closes...This is his safety...This is his precaution
against a sometimes hostile world...There is one other arch enemy an
artist has...Repetition....Once an artist starts recreating and stops
procreating...he is doomed...A very slow but always fatal and inevitable

WILLIAM (CONT.)

...Always listen to your own thoughts...Your own mind is sometimes
 ...true friend you really have...A really great artist must a
 ...deal of his life be alone....Selfishness..is his constant com-
 ...His true lover.

JEAN

...picture you paint of an artist's life is not a pleasant one.

WILLIAM

...often a lonely one....Ask Eduard.

EDUARD

...can't find it so...I enjoy every moment I can squeeze out of life..
 ...isn't a moment of my waking hours that I don't embrace...

WILLIAM

...are different than Jean and I...We are the true artists...We
 ...ate anew...You only interpret some elses thoughts....

EDUARD

...moment ago you asked me as an artist my thoughts on your rather
 ...atic statement about a true artist's existence...I answer...Not
 ...agreement with you...and you in turn...turn around and attack
 ...for my answer...William...You call Jean immature...Have you looked
 ...at your image in a mirror?

WILLIAM

...made a mistake of addressing you in the first place...I should have
 ...own better...Your jealousy of my true love for Jean, clouds any
 ...clear thinking that you might have.

EDUARD

Bullshit.....You can't share anything with anyone...You are a very
 selfish and violent young man...Your talent as a writer is extremely
 mediocre...You have no discipline whatsoever...What have you ever done
 that is notable? Have you ever had any of your works published?.....
 You talk of art and artists and yet you do absolutely nothing about
 it...An Artist creates...Well then go out and create...Do something
 with your life, my boy...An actor is only an actor when he is acting...
 The rest of the time he is a bullshit artist...unless you have seen
 him act...A writer or any other artist is a bullshit artist unless you
 can read or see some of his work...So just keep that big mouth of yours
 shut...about art...Until you can show the world at least a speck of
 your talent.

WILLIAM

What do you know about art? A ham actor...Pacing the footlights.....
 tearing up scenery...Not relating to any of his fellow actors.....
 Working completely externally...There hasn't been one moment of truth
 in any of the characters that you have inflicted on your audience....
 At least Sarah has moments of truth in some of her performances.....
 but you...Not a chance.

EDUARD

You see, Jean...t is aging genius of yours is so insanely jealous of
 other's achievements that he can't even discuss...He must attack.....
 You really should try to grow up, William...A man pushing forty,
 doesn't have many years left when he can pull the artiste bit.....

EDUARD (CONT.)

Oh...and dearboy, I'd stay away from lights that are too bright...
 They may betray your age...And a change of costume might do you well...
 Black brings out the lines around your eyes and those nasty lines
 around your mouth that you overwork...Grow up, William...Go out and
 do something...Anything.....You really don't have much time.

WILLIAM

You know, Jean.....There is really nothing in life as disgusting
 as an old cocksucker.....

EDUARD

You Son-of-a-bitch.....
 (SLAPS WILLIAM)

WILLIAM

(SLAPS EDUARD)

EDUARD

(SLAPS WILLIAM)

WILLIAM

(SLAPS EDUARD)

JEAN

(STEPS BETWEEN THEM)

Stop it...Both of you....

WILLIAM

Probably the only real moment you have ever played in your life,

EDUARD

How would you know.

JEAN

I can see now that I can never have you both here at the same time.
 Why can't you two get along with each other.....

WILLIAM

Territorial rights.

EDUARD

You need'nt worry, Jean.....I'm leaving....
 (STARTS TO GO...SEES THE PACKAGE HE
 BROUGHT FOR JEAN)

I do hope you like the gift I brought you...It's your favorite...
 (STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS)

JEAN

Eduard.....Don't go...Please...A moment.
 (TO WILLIAM)

Would you mind, William?...A moment with Eduard, please.

WILLIAM

Perhaps I should go.

JEAN

No.....It's been too long...I only want a moment...Wait downstairs...
 Please.

13.

WILLIAM

(CROSSES TO THE STAIRS UPSTAGE AND EXITS)

JEAN

...for what William said...quite often he doesn't think before

EDUARD

...I have forgotten already...I understand him, dear boy...Probably more
...I have to deal with egos all my life...My profession
...full of them...A word of warning, Jean dear..You must always
...of crossing William...He is capable of dark deeds...You
...as well as I.....Remember what happened to his last...
.....

JEAN

...explained that all to me...It was not his fault.

EDUARD

...don't think your William always capable of telling the truth.

JEAN

...should he lie to me?

EDUARD

...your life you will have people telling you lies dressed up in the
...robes of truth...Truth is only in the eye of the beholder....
...not necessarily the teller.

JEAN

...I have had quite enough of truth...lies...art...and egos for one day...
...brighten my life, Eduard...Show me what you have brought me for my
...castle.

(CROSSES TO THE BOX EDUARD BROUGHT
AND CARRIES IT DOWNSTAGE CENTER..
JEAN PAUSES...LOOKING AT EDUARD)

EDUARD

...Will, open it.....

(JEAN, LIKE A CHILD AT CHRISTMAS
UNWRAPS THE BOX..TOSSING COLOURED
TISSUE AS HE DOES...JEAN LIFTS OUT
A LARGE BUDHA HEAD...)

...Do you like it?

JEAN

Oh, yes, Eduard.....Magnificent.....Thank you, kind sir.
(THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND EDUARD
AND KISSES HIM)

EDUARD

Easy now....You'll mess my make-up...I wouldn't to take to the streets
of Paris looking like an alley-cat...Being a whore and looking like
one are two quite different things.

JEAN

I love you Eduard....I really do....In my own way.

EDUARD

You love life...and anything that is alive...I don't think you could

EDUARD (CONT.)

love just one person at a time...More power to you, my dear Jean...
 Get all you can out of life...Enjoy every moment...Even the tragic
 ones...You never know when you may have to call upon them.....

(CROSSES TO THE TOP OF UPSTAGE
 STAIRS)

I will say one thing about these God Damned stairs...They are exco...
 for making an exit...
 (STARTS DOWN STAIRS...RECITING
 LEAR)

JEAN

(LAUGHS...LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM...
 GOES TO THE BUDHA HEAD AND RUNS HIS
 HAND OVER IT...A THOUGHT...HE RUNS
 HIS HAND OVER WILLIAM'S CHAIR...SMILES)

(WILLIAM APPEARS)

WILLIAM

Alone.....

JEAN

Yes.....

WILLIAM

Come here.....

JEAN

William.....

WILLIAM

I said.....come here.

(JEAN SLOWLY CROSSES UP TO WHERE WILLIAM
 IS STANDING...IT IS RATHER DARK BY NOW...
 BLUE-GREEN LIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE SKY-
 LIGHT...JEAN STANDS IN FRONT OF WILLIAM...
 WILLIAM MAKES A FIST AND SLOWLY RAISES IT
 OUTSTRETCHED TOWARD JEAN...A MOMENT...THEIR
 EYES MEETING...JEAN KISSES THE FIST.....
 WITHOUT WARNING...WILLIAM GRABS JEAN BY THE
 HAIR AND YANKS HIM TO HIS KNEES...WILLIAM
 MOVES VERY SLOWLY IN TO JEAN...PLACES LEGS
 WIDE APART AND JEAN OPENS HIS MOUTH.....
 WILLIAM SPITS SLOWLY INTO JEAN'S MOUTH....
 WILLIAM RELEASES HIS HOLD ON JEAN...HE THEN
 LOWERS BOTH HIS ARMS BY HIS SIDE AND SPEAKS)

You belong to me....and no one else.....

JEAN

Yes.....

WILLIAM

Your body and soul are mine to command.

JEAN

Yes.....

WILLIAM

...love me.....and only me.

JEAN

WILLIAM

...do you worship?

JEAN

WILLIAM

...is your master?

JEAN

WILLIAM

...what do you want?

JEAN

...you..... (KISSES WILLIAM'S HAND)

WILLIAM

Take it out.

(SLOWLY, JEAN UNBUTTONS WILLIAM'S TROUSERS WITH WILLIAM ADJUSTING SO THAT HIS BACK IS TO THE AUDIENCE...JEAN LOOKS UP AT WILLIAM..

Kiss it.....

(JEAN DOES)

Again.....

(JEAN DOES) (A ROCK IS THROWN FROM THE AUDIENCE BY THE CREATURE, HITTING WILLIAM ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD...WILLIAM GRABS AT HIS HEAD AND TURNS TO AUDIENCE)

Damn.....What was that?

(WALKS DOWNSTAGE...PEERS OUT INTO THE DARKNESS)

JEAN

Nothing...It was nothing...

(GOES TO WILLIAM AND PULLS HIM BACK TO CENTER STAGE)

WILLIAM

Something was thrown at me....

JEAN

It was nothing...Ignore it.

(SINKS TO HIS KNEES....A MOMENT AND JEAN LOOKS UP AT WILLIAM)

What is it?

WILLIAM

Nothing...Go ahead....

(JEAN CONTINUES...A FEW MOMENTS AND JEAN STANDS UP)

21.

JEAN

You've lost interest in me....

WILLIAM

No...Of course not...

JEAN

What is it then?

WILLIAM

I.....I'll come back.

(STARTS TO LEAVE)

JEAN

(STOPPING WILLIAM)

Not til you tell me why.....Is it someone else?

WILLIAM

No.

JEAN

You've been taking drugs again.

WILLIAM

No more than usual....

JEAN

I thought you loved me....Perhaps you had better go.

WILLIAM

I'm not a puppet...A robot that can turn it on or off at the snap of one's finger....I just haven't mentally arrived to the same height as you....This is the first time.

JEAN

It isn't the first time...It happened before...The night you told me of Mark's death.

WILLIAM

I was upset...Mark's death was a great trauma...Only now, a year after his death can I talk of it.

JEAN

You told the truth to me?...You did...didn't you?

WILLIAM

You ask too many questions.

JEAN

Perhaps you had better go....

(CROSSES TO DOWNSTAGE ARCH LEFT)

WILLIAM

Very well....

(CROSSES TO UPSTAGE STAIRS)

I'll be back in an hour or two...

JEAN

...you've not bother...Not if you plan to come back drunk such as the
 ...time...

WILLIAM

(CROSSES QUICKLY TO WHERE JEAN IS...
 GRABS HIM AND TURNS HIM AROUND TO FACE
 HIM)

...you ever tell me what to do...I'll tell you, you little cunt...
 ...let you damn well know when I am through with you...

(GRABS JEAN BY THE HAIR IN ONE HAND
 AND THE THROAT WITH THE OTHER..PUSHES
 JEAN AGAINST THE PORTAL)

...are many more heights to take you to, my love...Many more moments
 ...ecstasy for us to share...

(JEAN, CHOKING, TRIES TO GET BREATH)

...and I, my dear Jean, shall share sexual bliss...such as no other
 ...creatures have ever shared in this minute second we live our in-
 ...significant lives...Lost in this giant universe...

(JEAN, GASPS FOR BREATH AND HAS BEEN
 BROUGHT TO HIS KNEES)

...one would even know we were gone...No one would miss us...

(JEAN BREAKS FREE AND COLLAPSES ON THE
 FLOOR, GASPING FOR BREATH...WILLIAM STANDS
 OVER JEAN FOR A MOMENT...THEN USES A HAND
 TO PUSH DOWN THE ERECTION HE NOW HAS.....
 ADJUSTS HIS TROUSERS AS HE BACKS SLOWLY
 UPSTAGE)

See...See what you do to me...A moment ago nothing...and now...See.
 Wait...

(SLOWLY STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS)

You just wait for me...I'll be back.

(HE IS GONE)

JEAN

(LIES ON THE FLOOR...A MOMENT AND HE STARTS
 TO CRY SOFTLY...A MOMENT AND A HAND COMES UP
 FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE AUDITORIUM...IT IS
 THE CREATURE...JEAN IS STARTLED FOR A MOMENT..
 THE CREATURE JOINS JEAN...JEAN SCRAMBLES INTO
 THE CREATURE'S ARMS AND CRIES...THE CREATURE
 UNDERSTDS AND ROCKS THE YOUNG COCTEAU IN HIS
 ARMS...A FEW MOMENTS AND THEY SINK TO THE FLOOR.
 PETTING LEADS TO PASSION...CREATURE STARTS TO
 UNDRRESS JEAN...THE CREATURE TURNS JEAN OVER
 ON HIS STOMACH AND MOUNTS HIM...IT HAS GROWN
 VERY DARK BY NOW...THE PLEASURE AND PAINS OF
 THE TWO CREATURES ARE HEARD AS THE STAGE IS
 COMPLETELY ENGULFED IN DARKNESS.....

CURTAIN

ACT TWO:

CURTAIN RISES...IT IS LATE AFTERNOON
THERE ARE MORE OBJECTS IN THE STAGE
IT HAS BECOME MORE CLUTTERED...THERE
IS A PIPE ON BATTEN RUNNING ALONG
THE WIDTH OF THE STAGE...IT HAS BEEN
ATTACHED FOR RAISING...IT IS ABOUT
WAIST HEIGHT...RED DRAPE WITH WHITE
AND GOLD TASSLES ARE TACKED TO SCENES
ALSO JAPANESE LANTERNS...JEAN IS
IS TYING THE LAST OF THE LANTERNS TO
THE PIPE...EDUARD UPSTAGE, IN WHITE
SLEEVES, IS WAITING TO PULL UP THE
DISPLAY TO IT'S PLACE OF GLORY...
JEAN, IN A KAPTAN, IS BAREFOOT.....

EDUARD

Ready?

JEAN

Patience, Eduard.....Patience...

EDUARD

Jean....Really.....

JEAN

There...

(FINISHES WITH A FLOURISH AND STEPS
BACK TO LOOK AT HIS HANDIWORK)

Take it up, Eduard...

(EDUARD RAISES THE PIPE)

EDUARD

There isn't a day I have arrived at this Garrett of yours, Jean...
that you haven't put me to work...Friends are to be chatted with...
loved...cherished and enjoyed...They are not to be used as some
lackey to do their carrying...Do you realize how many trips we have
made up those God Damn stairs with shit that you have found in some
alleyway?

JEAN

I found you in some alleyway...and I wouldn't call you shit...Right
you?

EDUARD

It wasn't an alleyway...It was during intermission...I was introduced
to you by...what's his name?...At a performance of...of...Oh you know
What's it's...At that charming little experimental theatre.

JEAN

That is located in an alleyway...just around the corner from that
petite cafe where we had coffee after...Remember?

EDUARD

My God, Jean...You're right...You did find me in an alleyway...Right
you?

JEAN

EDUARD

...always right.
 ...I hope you'll outgrow some of that enormous ego you carry around
 ...you, my boy...Most people do as they get older...You, I'm not
 ...sure about.

JEAN

...not like most people, Eduard...I'm most extraordinary...You forget
 ...times...And getting back to shit that is found on the streets...
 ...thing that is found on the streets is of value...Things that one
 ...boy, are of no value whatsoever...because anyone can buy that...
 ...things that are found, including friends, are priceless...because they
 ...one of a kind...Yes definitely...Friends that one meets on the
 ...streets, alleyways...are always best. They are usually whores to
 ...their husband...life. While others one meets at cocktail parties...
 ...are usually prostitutes that are there to be
 ...to make an investment of their time and presence...Haven't you
 ...noticed that the second question they ask is always..."And what
 ...do you do?" Some, with a little more class, ask it as their fourth..
 ...those who have what is commonly called..Background..Breeding...ask
 ...it as their first...They are all whores...Now the ones you meet in
 ...doorways or alleys...always say "Let's Fuck", or something like that..
 ...It's the next morning that you are asked "And what do you do?".....
 ...So, Eduard, I am afraid that the only real people in this life are found
 ...in alleys.

EDUARD

...what a delightful thing to say...I wish I'd said that.

JEAN

...You will, some day...as Whistler once said to Wilde....Are you happy
 ...with the new poems I created for the reading?

EDUARD

...Yes, dear boy...They are delicious...The cast is so happy...They are
 ...all delighted with your works...We all feel that you shall be an
 ...artistic, if not financial success...If you don't become at least
 ...that, I shall give up acting and retreat from the world...I'll go and
 ...live in a Monastery.

JEAN

...Monastery...That'll be the day...Probably Morroco...And it won't be a
 ...Monastery...A peg-house is more like it...Third one from the end.....
 ...Those Morrocans are quite talented I am told...
 ... (HOLDS UP HANDS TO ILLUSTRATE)

EDUARD

...Nasty...Nasty...I'm getting hungry...All that work you made me do has
 ...enraged my appetite...Let's go out for a bite.

JEAN

...You are always hungry...You would do well to diet...It wouldn't hurt
 ...you know.

EDUARD

...What? And give up the second most important thing in my life?

JEAN

What's the first?

EDUARD

Boys....Young boys....All sizes shapes and colours...Just boys....
Hundreds and hundreds of young boys....

JEAN

If you lost some of that...

(PATS EDUARD'S STOMACH)

You might get more of this.

(TOUCHES HIMSELF) (A LAUGH IS HEARD
FROM THE AUDIENCE)

EDUARD

What was that?

(STEPS DOWNSTAGE TO LOOK)

JEAN

Nothing...You heard nothing.

EDUARD

I did so...My youth may be gone...but definitely not my hearing...I
distinctly heard a laugh...It came from out there.
(STARTS TOWARD AUDIENCE)

JEAN

(STARTS AFTER EDUARD)

Eduard.....

EDUARD

What's this?

(HAS SEEN THE CREATURE) (CREATURE IS
CROUCHED DOWN IN THE AISLE)

Where did you come from? My God.....He's naked...He's naked...Jean,
he's naked!!!

JEAN

Really, Eduard....Haven't you seen a body naked before?

(HAS GONE TO CREATURE AND HAS HIS ARM
AROUND HIM)

EDUARD

Yes, dear boy, thousands....but never one quite like this....and
never on a rooftop...naked, in front of God and everyone. Where did
he come from?

JEAN

A gift from the Gods...Whom you, just this moment blasphemed...He's
mine.

EDUARD

Well, bring him indoors...Feed him...Clothe him...He looks half star-
ved, poor thing.

JEAN

I feed him quite well.

EDUARD

Let you do.....

JEAN

Are a very dirty mind, Eduard.
(GUIDES CREATURE TO THE STAGE)
No, it's alright...He's a friend.
(CREATURE GOES WITH JEAN)

EDUARD

He's beautiful.....Absolutely beautiful...May I have him?

JEAN

He's mine...He belongs only to me.

EDUARD

What about William?

JEAN

What about William.....

EDUARD

Does he know?

JEAN

Of course not...It's none of his business.

EDUARD

What if he finds out?

JEAN

He shant.

EDUARD

Where does he live?

JEAN

Out there.

(POINTS AUDIENCE)

As far as I can make out...He just exists on the Rooftops of Paris.

EDUARD

And you feed him:.....

JEAN

I do.....

EDUARD

Who fed him before you?

JEAN

I'd rather not think about that.

EDUARD

When did you find him?

JEAN

That very same night I took this Garrett.

EDUARD

Just like that...

JEAN

Just like that...

EDUARD

You are one of the lucky ones, Jean...I suspect that you shall wander through life lucky....Some people get all the luck...Others must force theirs...I'm worried about William, though...He mustn't under any circumstances find out about it.....

JEAN

I shall be careful.....Eduard, would you mind?

EDUARD

You want me to go.

JEAN

Would you mind.....

EDUARD

Of course I mind....I mind terribly...But I'll go...
(RELUCTANTLY HE CROSSES TO THE STAIRS)
You don't think that possibly I could just stay and....

JEAN

No, Eduard.....

EDUARD

Damn.....Well, I'll see you probably.

JEAN

Later?

EDUARD

Oh, goody....Then you can tell me all about it...Ta Ta.....
(EXITS)

JEAN

(GUIDES CREATURE TO A CHAIR AND SITS HIM, GOES TO THE TABLE AND BRINGS A BASKET OF FRUIT TO THE CREATURE...CREATURE GRABS AN APPLE AND RAVENOUSLY BEGINS TO EAT IT.... JEAN SITS AT CREATURE'S FEET WATCHING.... A FEW MOMENTS AND CREATURE GETS UP AND STARTS TO WALK AROUND THE GARRETT, EATING...HE LOOKS AROUND AS IF TRYING TO FIND A PLACE FOR SOMETHING...HE SQUATS...HE IS ABOUT TO DEFECATE ON THE FLOOR...JEAN, HORRIFIED, RUNS TO STOP HIM)

No....No, you mustn't do that...Come...

(TAKES CREATURE TO A SCREEN AND POINTS BEHIND IT)

There...There...

(THE CREATURE UNDERSTANDS)

Here.....

(JEAN GIVES CREATURE SOME PAPER...THE CREATURE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...JEAN SHOWS CREATURE HOW

JEAN (CONT.)

TO WIPE...CREATURE UNDERSTANDS...GOES
BEHIND THE SCREEN...JEAN QUICKLY GOES
TO CORNER OF THE GARRETT WHERE HE HAS
CLOTHES AND CHANGES FROM HIS KAFTAN TO
A ROBE...CREATURE REAPPEARS AND JEAN
GETS A BOWL AND PITCHER AND WATER AND
PLACES THEM ON THE FLOOR...JEAN STANDS
CREATURE CENTER STAGE AND STARTS TO
BATHE HIM...IT IS SENSUAL...THIS LEADS
TO LOVE-PLAY...THE CREATURE IS ABOUT TO
MOUNT JEAN WHEN WILLIAM APPEARS AT THE
TOP OF THE UPSTAGE STAIRS.....)

WILLIAM

..... (JEAN AND CREATURE JUMP UP FROM FLOOR
AS JEAN COVERS HIMSELF WITH HIS ROBE.
WILLIAM STANDS CALM AND QUIET AT THE
TOP OF THE STAIRS)

Go ahead....Finish....I'll wait....
(CREATURE RUNS FROM THE STAGE INTO
AUDIENCE...INTO THE DARK...JEAN HAS
ROBE ON BY THIS TIME...WILLIAM CALMLY,
ALMOST CASUAL WALKS TO DOWNSTAGE PORTAL
AND PULLS CURTAIN CLOSE...A SECOND WITH
THE AUDIENCE CUT OFF...THEN WE HEAR..)

JEAN

No, William...Please....

(WE HEAR WILLIAM SLAPPING JEAN)

Stop it, William...Please....

WILLIAM

You Bastard....You cock-sucker.....You son-of-a-bitch....I'll kill
you.

(WILLIAM IS THRASHING JEAN...CREATURE
IS FRANTIC IN FRONT OF CURTAIN...PACING
BACK AND FORTH MAKING ANIMAL NOISES....
WHIMPERING....THE BEATING OF JEAN STOPS..
A MOMENT AND JEAN CRAWLS FROM UNDER THE
CURTAIN...HE CRAWLS TO CREATURE WHO IS
CRYING WITH HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED.....
CREATURE CRADLES JEAN IN HIS ARMS AND AS
JEAN'S MOUTH OPENS...BLOOD TRICKLES OUT..

FADE OUT: I

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE NEXT EVENING...MOONLIGHT
THROUGH THE OVERHEAD SHUTTERS
ARE HIT...JEAN AND WILLIAM
TEA...WILLIAM IS SEATED IN
AND JEAN, IN POSE, IS SEATED
OF THE SPATES.....

JEAN

Your tea..... (HANDS WILLIAM HIS CUP)

WILLIAM

Thank you.....

JEAN

I've finished another poem...May I read it to you?

WILLIAM

Please.....

JEAN

(GETS POEM FROM SIDE TABLE)

I do hope you like it...I'm dedicating it on the fourth...to you.

WILLIAM

That's kind of you, Jean...Read it to me.

JEAN

(READS APPROPRIATE POEM) (CHOICE OF ACTOR)

Do you like it?

WILLIAM

May I see it?

(HOLDS OUT HAND FOR THE PAPER..JEAN
GIVES IT TO WILLIAM...A MOMENT OF WILLIAM
READING...THEN WILLIAM TEARS UP THE SLIP
OF PAPER)

It's not very good...is it?

JEAN

Why did you do that?

(JEAN SCRAMBLES FOR THE PIECES)

WILLIAM

(GRABS JEAN BY THE SHOULDERS AND PULLS
HIM UP TO HIS FEET)

I don't want the world to share my poem...You wrote it for me and
only me...Then I shall be the only one to see it.

JEAN

You are too cruel....

WILLIAM

That is how I am able to keep you, dear Jean.Cruelty is remembered &
appreciated...History doesn't remember the good deeds one does...only
the bad...They are the history makers, those that do horrendous deeds.
They are the remembered ones...

JEAN

...I agree with you...Beauty is always remembered.

WILLIAM

...a word or less...Good, doesn't make good copy...Very dull
...consult your history books.
(CONSULTS HIS POCKET WATCH)
...going to be late, aren't you?

JEAN

...time is it?

WILLIAM

...at eight.

JEAN

...word.....

(QUICKLY GOES BEHIND SCREEN TO START
DRESSING)

...can't be late...It is our first rehearsal and I want to make a good
impression on everyone...I didn't realize how late it was...Time goes
so fast when I'm with you.

WILLIAM

...we should stand still when you are with me.

JEAN

(REAPPEARS FROM BEHIND SCREEN WITH
REMAINDER OF HIS CLOTHES IN HAND)

...I'll finish dressing on the way down stairs...

(KISSES WILLIAM)

...can't be late...Eduard would kill me...

(AT TOP OF THE STAIRS BY NOW)

WILLIAM

...It might do well to be late...Isn't it always Eduard that says 'Make
an entrance, my boy, always be at least a little late...It makes an
impression on one's admirers.'

JEAN

...Not tonight...It's Eduard's night...The shoes on the other foot to-
night...I shant be too long.....

WILLIAM

...How long?

JEAN

...I should be back by eleven.

WILLIAM

...I shall expect you then...I shall give you a treat, Jean..I'll have
supper for you when you return at eleven...It will be ready so don't
be late.

JEAN

...I shant.....Goodbye.....
(EXITS)

(A MOMENT...WILLIAM CROSSES TO THE DOWN-STAGE STAIRS AND PEEPS OUT INTO THE DARK.. A FEW MOMENTS THEN HE GETS WICKER CHAIR AND BRINGS IT DOWN TO CURTAIN LINE BY THE STAIRS LEADING TO AUDITORIUM...HE SITS.. HE STARTS TO DRUM HIS FINGERS ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR....THE LIGHTS FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK)

(A FEW MOMENTS AND THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP...WILLIAM IS ASLEEP...CREATURE IS STAPING AT WILLIAM FROM A SITTING POSITION IN FRONT OF WILLIAM...A TOWER BELL TOLLS IN THE DISTANCE AND WILLIAM AWAKES WITH A START.. WILLIAM SEES THE CREATURE AND STARES.... FOR A MOMENT OR TWO...THEN SLOWLY WILLIAM REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE CREATURE GENTLY.. CREATURE, FRIGHTENED, PULLS BACK...WILLIAM SMILES...CHARM...CREATURE TAKES WILLIAM'S HANDS AND TURNS THEM OVER LOOKING AT THEM.. HE THEN LOOKS INTO WILLIAM'S EYES...LOOKING FOR SOMETHING...WILLIAM RISES SLOWLY AND GENTLY TAKES CREATURE'S HAND AND GUIDES HIM UPSTAGE CENTER...WILLIAM GENTLY KISSES CREATURE REPEATEDLY...WILLIAM GENTLY TURNS CREATURE UPSTAGE AND DOWN TO HIS KNEES...WE SEE CREATURE'S HANDS AROUND WILLIAM'S WAIST... WILLIAM STANDS LOOKING TOWARD HEAVEN THEN WE SEE HIS HANDS MEET BEHIND HIS BACK.... WILLIAM SLOWLY TAKES OUT A KNIFE FROM HIS COAT SLEEVE AND RAISE IT ABOVE CREATURE... WILLIAM SMILES AND SAYS.....)

WILLIAM

Creature.....(CREATURE LOOKS UP AND WILLIAM PLUNGES HIS KNIFE OVER AND OVER AND OVER AS THE LIGHTS FADE QUICKLY TO BLACK)

CURTAIN

(THE TOWER BELL CHIMES ELEVEN IN THE DISTANCE AND THE CURTAIN RISES ON A DOMESTIC SCENE...CANDLES ARE LIT...FLOWERS ARE CENTER ON CRATE SERVING AS TABLE...WICKER CHAIR IS PLACED ONE SIDE OF TABLE AND CRATE ON THE OTHER...WILLIAM, HUMMING, IS PLACING A STEAMING BOWL ON THE TABLE...A FEW MOMENTS AND JEAN APPEARS AT THE TOP OF UPSTAGE STAIRS)

JEAN

It's lovely, William...You kept your word...You've made us supper...
How delightful...

(REMOVING HIS JACKET)

WILLIAM

Shall we eat?

JEAN

(CROSSES TO SIT ON PACKING CRATE)

WILLIAM

(GUIDING JEAN TO WICKER CHAIR)

I want you to sit here...Place of honour...

(SEATS JEAN)

JEAN

WILLIAM

I do hope you like it...

(REACHES FOR BOWL OF FOOD)

JEAN

WILLIAM

I know how well you like your beef stew.

JEAN

(TASTING)

WILLIAM

I thought you might...I'm quite a good cook you know
there are a lot of things about me that you don't know.

JEAN

I know you quite well.

(DURING CONVERSATION JEAN CONTINUES
TO EAT)

WILLIAM

Alright...Tell me about myself if you know so much.

JEAN

I know that you must love me very much to go to all the trouble to
make this fabulous meal for me.

WILLIAM

What the Hell do you know of real love...Love is very close
to hate...One can kill for love if one really loves.

JEAN

One can kill one's love also.

WILLIAM

Love and hate are one word sometimes...Sometimes they are very hard
to tell apart.

JEAN

(A PAUSE)

WILLIAM

JEAN

Tell me about Mark.....

WILLIAM

What do you want to know?

JEAN

How did he die?

WILLIAM

I killed him.

JEAN

(STOPS EATING)

You didn't.....

WILLIAM

Oh.....But I did.

(POKING AT FOOD ON HIS PLATE)

JEAN

You're joking.....

WILLIAM

Never about love, Jean....That's one thing I never joke about...I loved Mark very much...Even more than you.....He was very fond of Heroin....More so even than you are of Opium...I often helped him take it...I took great pleasure in this...Almost a ritual...I knew that the more he took.....The more he could take...See this.....

(SHOWS ARM WITH FIST)

He could take all of this...I took years to train him...I had him trained well...Our moments together, grew larger and larger.....More pleasantly obscene...Bigger than life...existence...You see, my dear Jean, the more you take...the more you will want out of life.....I needed only to glance at Mark, to become aroused...One day, there were no more heights to be reached...He wanted to go beyond...He pleaded with me to help him to get there...I gave him more than he needed....He wanted it so much and I would do anything for him.....You see, Jean, I loved him.....He Loved me.

JEAN

I'm ill.....

(GAGGING ON HIS FOOD)

WILLIAM

What?

JEAN

I don't feel well...

WILLIAM

I'd almost forgotten.....My surprise.

(CROSSES TO GET A COVERED TRAY)

I have a glorious surprise for you, my love.....

(PLACES THE TRAY ON TABLE AND LIFTS THE TOP.....WILLIAM'S HEAD IS ON THE TRAY)

Eat.....It's the rest of him.....

BLACKOUT:

ACT II. SCENE III.

LIGHTS COME UP AND SUNLIGHT IS
STREAMING THROUGH THE SCENES.
JEAN AND EDUARD ARE FORESTAGE
CENTER LOOKING OUT TOWARD AUDIENCE.
THEY ARE DRESSED AS IN ACT ONE.

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

JEAN

EDUARD

You really should, my boy...It will help.

JEAN

Will it?

EDUARD

It usually does.

JEAN

Oh, Eduard.....

(PUTS HIS HEAD ON EDUARD'S SHOULDER)

EDUARD

You must move forward...Life should never be looked back upon...There are too many things in store around each slippery corner...You must keep moving on, or life will tread you into the ground...As long as you keep marching she will march with you, proud to be your friend...But once you lose step and lag behind...she will disown you and crush you into the dust.....So keep your chin up, my dear...Hold your head high...and keep marching.....You may end up in front of life's parade.

JEAN

Is life always to be treacherous?

EDUARD

When one is young it's not too bad...As one gets older...The bad things in life have to be ignored....And eventually they go away.

JEAN

What will happen to William?

EDUARD

Possible treatment...Who knows? Problems of the mind...Distortions such as William's, start when one is quite young...I only hope for his sake, he will not have to spend all his life there.

JEAN

He did commit himself...You must give him credit for at least that.

EDUARD

Yes...I suppose...Perhaps he was sent into your life to make you grow a little faster...You never can trust the Gods.

JEAN

I shall never, again, let my heart rule my life...You were right when you told me that...The mind shall be supreme from this minute on.... My mind shall reign supreme.

EDUARD

I'm always right, dear boy.....

JEAN

That's my line.....

EDUARD

Not any more it isn't...It shall be mine from now on...You don't need your ego so much any more...You must replace it with Cocteau stardom.

JEAN

Why couldn't I have one lover with a little of the mind that I loved in William mixed with a little of the body I loved on my Creature of the Rooftops.....Why?

EDUARD

Do you remember weeks ago, you had just taken this garrett and I told you to get all you can out of life?....To enjoy the moments?...Even the tragic ones for you may need them?

JEAN

Yes.....

EDUARD

Well then, use them...Go out and write about them.

JEAN

I don't want to share them with anyone.

EDUARD

Nonsense.....You must....Make your living off them...Show the world you have lived...Show them your scars...Be proud of them...Exhibit yourself....And for God's sake...charge admission...You must always tuck something away for tomorrow...For tomorrow it may rain you know...

(FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER)

EDUARD (CONT.)

Fight on cue...Well we must be off...We have things to
 open tomorrow and we must be perfect...Ready?

JEAN

(PICKS UP PARASOL HE HAD IN ACT I.)

EDUARD

you want nothing from here.

JEAN

I couldn't...I couldn't bear to be near any of it after today.

EDUARD

The young artist will be quite fortunate when he engages this garrett.
 He will be all ready for him....It's really quite lovely.

JEAN

I thought you hated it.

EDUARD

No....But I find it Heaven on earth, now that you are leaving it.

JEAN

It's an ugly garrett...Quite ugly...

(CROSSES TO TOP OF THE STAIRS UPSTAGE
 AND LOOKS AROUND)

I shall be glad to leave it.

EDUARD

Beauty...is in the eye of the beholder, Jean.

JEAN

Are you ready?

EDUARD

Yes.....

JEAN

Let us go.....

EDUARD

Yes.....

JEAN

You first.....

EDUARD

So.....You first, Jean.....I wouldn't want you to look back...
 Remember Sodom and Gamorrah...Lot's wife.....

EDUARD GUIDES JEAN DOWN THE STAIRS..
 THEY DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.....
 A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND THEN THUNDER..
 THE LIGHTS HAVE GROWN DARK.....
 MOONLIGHT STREAMING THROUGH SKYLITE..
 A CURIOUS THING...THE BUDHA HEAD IS
 SMILING WITH AN AFTER GLOW OF LIGHT..

CAPTAIN:

* DRAFT * (SUPER COPY)

{ALMOST COMPLETED DRAFTING & IS
{SCRIPT INC.)

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1964

* SHANE * (SUPER COOL)

(ALMOST COMPLETED SHOOTING THIS . . .)

(SCRIPT INC.)

REPT. ON
REPT. ON

* SHANNON * (SUPER COOL)

{ALMOST COMPLETED SHOOTING THIS ..HACHTY FOR US
{SCRIPT INC.) HIGHWAY..}

" SHARON " (SUPER COOL)

{ ALMOST COMPLETED SHOOTING THIS ..EXCEPT FOR
{ SCRIPT INC..) MISHKIN..)

SCENE 1: BATHROOM

DOOR OPENS AND CANDY ENTERS .. SHE IS NUDE.. SHE GOES TO
SHOWER AND PULLS BACK THE CURTAIN ...SHE GETS A TOWEL AND THROWS IT
ON HER SHOULDER AND GOES BACK TO THE DOOR AND CALLS OUT...

How do you like it?

(OFFSCREEN) What?

How do you like your water...hot...medium...~~luk~~ warm...

(SARON) ~~blackhead~~

JOE..LOOKING AT HIS FACE IN THE MIRROR) Medium...not to hot...Shit..

HE STARTS TOWARD THE BATHROOM...

BATHROOM..CANDY IS TURNING ON THE WATER FOR HIS SHOWER...

Want me to scrub your back...I'm very good at it...

~~Joe~~ Your good at a lot of things(HE SLAPS HER ON THE ASS) Where's the

It's in the dish....(HE CLIMBS INTO THE SHOWER)

CLOSE UP..SANDY: You gotta go to work?

(OFFSCREEN) Yeah..Iv'e got a heavy day today

Couldn't you take the afternoon off...I could have some food sent in

JOE..SOME OTHER time,Candy...Rub my back will you?

TWO SHOT..CANDY CLIMBS INTO THE SHOWER AND JOE HANDS HER THE SOAP..

SHE RUBS HIS BACK WITH IT AND IS GIGGLING...HE TURNS AROUND AND HIS HAND
GOES DOWN OUT OF FRAME....

Hey ..come on now...that burns...now turn around(HE DOES) SHE KISSES
HIM ON THE NECK AND HER HANDS GO DOWN OUT OF FRAME...

Think you're smart don't ya...You want to play huh?...HE STARTS TO
ROUGH HOUSE WITH HER AND SHE SQUEALS WITH DELIGHT....SHE GETS AWAY FROM
HIM AND WE...

BEDROOM...SHE COMES IN AND GRABS A TOWEL OFF THE BED AND STARTS DRY-
ING HERSELF..

I wish you could stay for a while...We always have such fun...Why

don't you call miss Greene and tell her ya are'nt coming in...

CUT TO: TWO SHOT...

JOE: ^{ENTERING} What would Sharon say if we did that..Huh...Huh...

CANDY: She don't care..

JOE: Like hell she don't...She didn't let you out to go play house with me...she wants you back for the matinee.. you still got a lot of milage left in you

CUT TO: MED. CANDY: Is that all you care about?..

CUT TO: JOE: If I told you different..~~I~~ be lying wouldn't I...(HE STARTS TO GET DRESSED..HIS SHIRT FIRST)

CANDY: Yeah!...I guess so..

JOE: (CAMERA PANS AS HE WALKS PAST CANDY)You wouldn't want me to lie to ya would you(HE KISSES HER ON THE FOREHEAD)

CANDY: No.....

JOE: WELL THEN ..lets just keep it the way it's always been..Okay?...(HE CONTINUES OFF FRAME)

CUT TO:CANDY: Okay...(SHE PICKS AT HER NAILS)When am I gonna see you again?

JOE OFF SCREEN: Soon.

CANDY: That aint no answer...

CUT TO: TWO SHOT: JOE IS DRESSED AND IS PUTTING ON HIS TIE)

JOE: Look...Candy...How long have I known you?

CANDY: About two years...

JOE: And we always hit it off..Right?

CANDY: Joey...(PUTTING HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK)

CUT TO: CLOSE UP..TWO...

JOE: Things are good ...just the way they are....you're a great lay... wouldn't tell you that if it war'nt true....ould I?

CANDY: Nooo...

JOE: Well then what more do you want?(HE WALKS OUT OF FRAME)

...TWO SHOT...LONG...

Jay don't we go out once in a while...we could go to Jersey or some place like that...I don't mind...

Yeah sure...I can't go anywhere with any woman that isn't my wife...I'm too well known...

Why don't you get a divorce..You told me you two don't get along together...why don't you divorce her..

I've been married eighteen years to the same woman..I have three kids.

One of the reasons i've gotten to where I am today is because everyone thinks I'm happily married...^{J.C.U.} She and I don't see too much of each other ^{THOUGH}

she's a fantastic actress...You'd think our marriage ^{WAS} made in heaven the way she acts when we are out...She's a bitch...a cold calculating bitch...If I ever divorced her I lose everything I've ever worked for so just cut out all this shit about playing house...Okay?

JOE: (CLOSE UP) I'm sorry Joe...

JOE: (CLOSE UP) I know you are...

AT TWO: TWO SHOT:...

JOE: When ya want to see me?

JOE: Miss Greene will get in touch with you....Give my best to Sharon..Okay

JOE: Okay...(HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A MOMENT AND THEN KISSES HER)

AT TWO: STREET...MARVIN..(HIS CHAUFFER) IS LOOKING AT HIS WATCH...HE ADJUSTS HIS PANTS AS IF HE HAS BEEN SITTING TOO LONG AND JOE EXITS FROM A BUILDING

MARVIN: Where to boss?

(LIGHTING A CIGARETTE) City hall...(HE GETS IN AND THEY DRIVE OFF.

CUT TO MADISON AVENUE: L.S. BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BLACK GIRL...DRESSED IN A
 JALING SUIT WITH HAT GLOVES AND THE BEST OF ACCESSORIES S...IS COMING OUT OF
 A FASHIONABLE SHOP...SHE IS WITH AN ATTRACTIVE WHITE GIRL...
 (PEPPY) THEY WALK TOWARDS THE CURB AND STOP TO TALK...

M.S. PEPPY: Tuesday?

SHARON: Yeah...What time?

PEPPY: About noon...

SHARON: Let's make it eleven...That way we won't run into the luncheon lady.
 You know this area around noon...

PEPPY: I'm taking you now...

SHARON: Dutch...

PEPPY: I owe you lunch...You paid for the last time we had lunch...

SHARON: (LAUGHING) Okay...Darling...Pick me up at the house?

PEPPY: Eleven;...

SHARON: See you then (KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK) (PEPPY CONTINUES ON DOWN THE
 STREET...A MOMENT AND SHARON LOOKS IN HER PURSE)

L.S. A MAN IS WALKING PAST SHARON AND HE STOPS ...HE SEEMS TO RECOGNIZE HER.
 HE WALKS OVER TO HER AND SAYS:

M.S. MAN: Hi...

SHARON: I beg your pardon?

MAN: I said Hi...I know you...

SHARON: I think you have the wrong party...Excuse me...(SHE STARTS TO LEAVE)

MAN: (TAKES HER ARM) Don't go...Why don't we have a drink..

SHARON: Would you mind taking your hands away...Please...

MAN: I know you...you and I had some time together...Come on...(HE STARTS
 TO PULL HER TOWARDS A CAR) SHARON WITH A QUICK MOVE DISENGAGES HIMSELF

AND GIVES A JUDO CHOP TO THE NECK FLOORING HER (FRIEND) ...SHE STARTS TO
 THE CURB AND HAILS...

SHARON: Taxi.....

...TOWN HOUSE...BUTLER AND DIEDRE...

...IS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS IN THE MAIN HALL WITH A VASE OF YELLOW ROSES

Don't give me any of that shit, Butler...I saw you....

You didn't see nothing....You been screwing around so long

your minds goin'...

C.U. DIEDRE: Like hell I didn't...God damnit...what the fuck you

PUTS DOWN FLOWERS
take' money from her for...she pays you good...It isn't as if you needed

TWO SHOT:

You just keep your mouth shut...If you tell Sharon...So help me

I'll break your ass in two...You hear me(HE SWINGS DIEDRE AROUND)

Take your hands off me...(PAUSE) I said take your hands off me..(SHE
DO IT)If you ever lay a hand on me again....

Look...why don't you forget you saw me...I'll tell ya what...

suppose I work out a deal with you....

I'm not interested in any of your deals..(SHE EXITS INTO THE LIVING
ROOM)

LIVING ROOM..LONG SHOT: DIEDRE ENTERS AND STARTS STRAIGHTENING UP

BOOK:

(ENTERS) What ya want to get mad at me for?...

I don't like the way you do business...(SHE STOPS AND TURNS) Look

I won't say anything to Sharon...this time...But you have to promise

I won't catch you again....I don't understand you...After all she's

done to help you...If it weren't for her you'd probably be right back

where you came from..

BUTLER: I won't ever be back there again...I'd kill myself first...

DIEDRE: Oh come off that shit,man...You can't play on my sympathys...

I know every trick in the book...So don't give me any of that shit...

TWO SHOT..BUTLER: (MOVING TOWARDS HER)You won't tell?

DIEDRE: Not this time...but it had better be the last...

BUTLER: I've never done it before...

DIEDRE: You're not only a thief ...you're a liar as well...(SHE STARTS ON FRAME)

C.U. BUTLER: Who you calling a liar.

C.U. DIEDRE: Youyou prick...

M. S. TWO SHOT: DIEDRE: It isn't the first time ...I knew that something was funny for a long time ...But I had to ~~wait until~~ catch you ~~so~~.. so don't tell me this is the first time....

BUTLER: You're shit... ya know that

DIEDRE: Yeah I know that....but ^{AT LEAST} I admit it...I'm a fucking whore...But ~~that's~~ one thing I'm not ...and that's a ~~liar~~...fucking thief...

C.U. DIEDRE: Look Butler...I wont tell Sharon that you been skimming where ever you could...I happen to know that you been ^{even} taking it out of the kitchen money....

C.U. BUTLER: Like hell I have...How do you think that?

M.S. DIEDRE: I checked with the receipts from D'agostino..I went over there this morning...It don't jive ,baby...

BUTLER: Bitch...

DIEDRE: Yeah...That's right...It takes one to know one...Just stay out of the cookie jar... (SHE EXITS OUT OF FRAME)

L.S. BUTLER: You think you're smart..don't you?

DIEDRE: No...Wise...I've been around...

BUTLER: You look it too...

DIEDRE: Just don't...Dont...Okay?.... (SHE EXITS INTO THE HALL)

BUTLER: (CALLING AFTER HER) Fuck you..... (CAME HERE THE FIRST)

JOANNE SQUARS: JO-ANNE A PRETTY BLACK GIRL IS OBIOUSLY WORKING...SHE IS
 ST A DOORWAY MAKING REMARKS AS ANY MEN COME BY...A WHITE FERRARIS
 TOM STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE BACK ~~WIND~~ WINDOW...

JOANNE: Hey baby....what's happening....Come here....

JOANNE (FRIGHTENED) STARTS TO LOOK AROUND AS IF FOR THE BEST WAY TO GO..

JOANNE (TOM'S CHAUFFER) The man's talking to ya..Jo-Anne...Don't you
 want to him?

JOANNE (COMING OVER TO THE CAR) Oh Hi,Silly-bub...How are ya...

JOANNE SHOT FROM THRU CAR LOOKING TOWARD JO*ANNE

JOANNE: How ya doin'...

JOANNE: Fine Tom.....an'you?

JOANNE: I was doing fine til one of my best girls jes' up and quit...Jes'

JOANNE like that(SNAPS FINGERS)

JOANNE: I'm sorry Tom...

JOANNE: Are Ya now...get in...

JOANNE: I gotta meet some one...some other time...maybe..huh?

JOANNE: Get in....(PAUSE) Silly bub.....

JOANNE: (GETS OUT OF THE CAR)

JOANNE TO LEO.S. OTHER SIDE OF CAR...SILLY BUB COMES AROUND AND TAKES JO-ANNE

JOANNE THE ARM AND

JOANNE: I think you better do what Tom says....(HE OPENS THE DOOR AND
 PUSHES HER IN)

JOANNE TO other side of car;

JOANNE: Want ta talk to ya....You can spend some time ...can't ya?

JOANNE: I dont want to be late...

JOANNE: Honey...You were born late...Silly bub...Let's go for a ride...

JOANNE IMMEDIATELY SILLY BUB STEPS ON THE GAS AND HE SCREECHES OFF)

JOANNE TO: TOWN HOUSE: DODY AND DIEDRE: DODY IS IN THE HALLWAY IN HER PANTIES

JOANNE AND BRA: SHE HAS A DRESS, THAT SHE IS GETTING INTO, HELD IN FRONT OF HER..SHE

IS TRYING TO RUB A SPOT OFF OF IT...

DODY: Last time I'm going to buy a bargain at Ohrbachs....

DIEDRE: (WITH CLEANING FLUID) Dont you look before you buy...

DODY: Well I was in a hurry and I had just come from the hairdressers and do you know who I saw today?

DIEDRE: No.. But I'm sure you're about to tell me... (STILL RUBBING)

TWO SHOT...MED. OVER DIEDRE SHOULDER...

~~REMEMBER~~ DODY: Remember that girl that used to work for Sharon...The one with the body odor...

DIEDRE: Carol?

DODY: Yeah..That's the one...Well she got married...

REVERSE SHOT: OVER DODY'S SHOULDER: DIEDRE: Good for her...Come on Dody... we haven't got all day...(DODY STEPS INTO THE DRESS)

DODY: Yeah...She's pregnant...She's been married for a year now...Gee time flies...

DIEDRE: It's going to be a busy night tonight...A lot of buyers in from Miami...Got to look your best...(ZIPS HER DRESS UP AND WALKS OUT OF FRAME)

M.S. DODY: 9(FIXING HER HAIR)How do ya like my new hair do...

DIEDRE: It's too ethnic...

DODY: What?

DIEDRE: You look like a nigger...

DODY: That's a terrible thing to say...

DIEDRE: You know ^{How} Sharon likes you to look ...

DODY: Want me to change it?

L.S

DIEDRE: Not now...Maybe later...You want to work drinks tonight?

DODY: Do I have ta?

DIEDRE: Wish you would(SHE EXITS INTO THE OTHER ROOM)

DODY: (RUBBING SPOT AGAIN) Damn thing looks like a come spot...(EXITS INTO OTHER ROOM)

AN ABANDONED AREA IN STATEN ISLAND...THERE IS A ROAD THAT LEADS TO AN
 AREA HIS DERELICT BUSES DUMPED IN THE SAND...A BIRD LOOKING...~~THEY~~
 AN EYE FROM THE BUSES TO TOM'S CAR PULLING INTO VIEW....A SECOND AND
 THE BUB GETS OUT AND GOES AROUND AND OPENS THE DOOR FOR TOM...TOM GETS OUT
 STANDS THERE WAITING FOR JO ANNE TO GET OUT...

JO ANNE: Come on Jo Anne...I want to talk to you...

JO ANNE: Can't we sit in the car...

JO ANNE: Fresh air's good for you...Not like that ^{SUP}air you breathe around Times

Square...Come on....(HE EXTENDS HIS HAND AND SHE TAKES IT...HE PULLS HER

OUT OF THE CAR...SILLY BUB IS LEANING AGAINST THE HOOD PICKING AT HIS NAILS

JO ANNE: ^{JO ANNE!}Where are we?

WITH A POCKET
KNIFE.

JO ANNE: I told ya...Staten Island...

JO ANNE: ~~Where are we?~~ Where in Staten Island...

JO ANNE: Does it matter?

JO ANNE: No... I'm sorry Tom....

JO ANNE: About what?

JO ANNE: You know...

JO ANNE: No I don't know...suppose you tell me...

JO ANNE: About quitting....See Tom ...I'm going to get married in a few
 months and ..Well...With the pay you been giving me outta my earnings an
 with what I could make on my own I thought that maybe you wouldn't mind.

JO ANNE: Getting married...Now what's a whore like you getting married
 for....You think you can go straight after fucking everything in Times
 Square....

REACTION SHOT OF SILLY BUB LAUGHING:

REACTION SHOT: TOM AND JO ANNE: It's true Tom...I met someone...He wants to marry
 me....

JO ANNE: Shit...

JO ANNE: You want me to come back I will Tom...I'm sorry...

C.U. SILLY BUB: (SMILING) Too late to be sorry. ~~But~~....

M.S. TOM AND JO ANNE: What you gonna do Tom?

TOM: Silly Bub...you wanna piece?

JO ANNE: No Tom...

(SLAPS HER)

TOM: Shut up...(HE EXITS OUT OF FRAME)

TWO SHOT TOM AND SILLY BUB..TOM ENTERS FRAME...

TOM: You want her?

SILLY BUB: I've been dying for a piece all day...(HE CLOSES HIS KNIFE)

TOM: She's all yours....

L.S. JO ANNE STARTS TO RUN BUT SILLY BUB IS TOO QUICK...HE KEEPS HEADLINE
OFF...ALMOST LIKE A GAME...DIFFERENT SHOTS AS AVAILABLE...WE END UP WITH HER
CORNERED ^{HYSTERICAL} IN ONE OF THE BUSES...SILLY BUB MOVES IN AND JO ANNE TRIES TO RUN
HE SLAPS HER AND KEEPS SLUGGING HER UNTIL SHE FALLS....

CUT TO: SHOT OF TOM TAKING OUT A SHOVEL FROM THE CAR...

CUT TO: SILLY BUB ON TOP OF JO ANNE ...HE IS PULLING HER DRESS UP::

CUT TO: TOM AS HE WALKS OVER TO THE TWO OF THEM...

C.U. SILLY BUB SWEATING AND REACHING A CLIMAX.

C.U. TOM...SMILING..

C.U. SILLY BUB FINISHES...

TWO SHOT OF SILLY BUB TURNING JO ANNE'S FACE AWAY FROM CAMERA...TOM(S LEGS

AND CROTCH SHOWS HE IS PLAYING ROCKY POOL...

M.S. SILLY BUB GETS UP ^{AND EXITS} AS TOM RAISES THE SHOVEL ABOVE HIS HEAD...

CUT TO: SILLY BUB GETTING ANOTHER SHOVEL OUT OF CAR AS WE HEAR THE SHOVEL
SHACK ON THE GROUND SEVERAL TIMES

CUT BACK TO REVERSE SHOT ^{FROM BELOW} OF TOM AND SILLY BUB STARTING TO DIG...

HOUSE: LAST EIGHTIES...EXT. SAM AND FRED DRIVE UP IN SAM'S CAR
 AND GO UP THE STAIRS AND INTO THE VESTIBULE OF THE HOUSE....
 INTERIOR...DOORBELL IS RINGING AND AFTER A SECOND BUTLER IS SENT
 FROM ONE SIDE OF THE HALL TO ANOTHER WITH SOME UNOPENED BOTTLES;
 ...YELLS OUT..
 Somebody get the door...(HE EXITS)
 UP THE STAIRS COMES DIEDRE DRESSED IN A BEAUTIFUL LONG GOWN...
 I'll get it...(SHE REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS AND IS ALMOST
 BEING CHASED BY A BUYER (BUYER ONE) THEY CROSS OVER INTO
 DIEDRE CONTINUES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT...
 Oh for God's sake...Freddie..How are ya...(SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND
 HE LIKS HE WERE AN OLD FRIEND) What are you doing here? Come on in...
 (SHE USHERS THEM BOTH IN AND CLOSES THE DOOR)
 I came to see Sharon...She in?
 She's due here any minute...I thought maybe you'd come to see me...
 You look great..How's long it been?
 A least a year...
 It's been longer than that...
 Diedre ..this is Sam...Sam Malcolm...Diedre and I used to run around
 together...
 THAT's all it meant to you...I had a crush on you...You know that?
 Really?...You mean I missed my chance...You know I'm a born bachelor
 I got too many things going for me to settle down ..I told you that at the
 time...
 You still teach?
 Uh huh...In fact Sam here is one of my students...
 That right...COME ON ..LET ME MAKE YOU A DRINK..YOU LOOK AS IF YOU
 could use one... (SHE ESCORTS THEM THROUGH INTO THE LIVING ROOM)
 TO: LIVING ROOM: L.S.

~~Doody!~~

~~DOODY~~ IS FIGHTING OFF BUYER ONE WHO IS TRYING TO PULL UP HER DRESS..
BUTLER IS AT THE BAR IN THE CORNER OPENING UP BOTTLES...JANE..(WHITE) IS
ACROSS THE ROOM TALKING TO BUYER TWO...BUBBER..IS JALKING AROUND IN A WHITE
JACKET WITH CIGARETTES PORNOGRAPHY...ECT...HAWKING...BUYER THREE IS WITH SAM
A YOUNG BLACK BEAUTY..LOOKING AT PICTURES IN HIS BILFOLD...OTHER VARIOUS
PEOPLE ARE AROUND THE ROOM HAVING A GOOD TIME....

DIEDRE CROSSES OVER TO BUYER ONE AND SAYS:

DIEDRE: Come on Walt...That's enough of that now...If you want to play ~~around~~
you go into one of the rooms upstairs...Butler...(CALLS)

M.S. Butler: Yeah...

OFFSCREEN: DIEDRE: Take Walt to one of the rooms will you...

BUTLER: Yeah..Alright..One minute...(FINISHING OPENING OF A BOTTLE)

M.S. DIEDRE ~~DOODY~~ ~~DOODY~~ BUYER ONE...

DIEDRE: Excuse us Walt, but ~~DOODY~~ has to make a drink for our friends here,
you go with Butler ~~here~~ and she'll be up in a minute...Okay?

C.U. WALT: Why can't she come with me now...

C.U. DIEDRE: She has to make some drinks for our friends ~~DOODY~~...Now you
go upstairs and make yourself comfortable...

M.S. (BUTLER) (ENTERS FRAME) Come on Walt..Let's go upstairs.. ~~DOODY~~ will
be right up...(HE STARTS OFF WITH HIM)

ANOTHER ANGLE: DIEDRE: What do you want Sam?

SAM: ~~DOODY~~ Rum and coke...

DIEDRE: Fred?

~~DOODY~~ ~~DOODY~~ FRED: Same as I always have..Remember what it is?

DIEDRE: Course...Scotch and water..no ice...Right?

FRED: You do remember...

DIEDRE: A lot of things....

M.S. ~~DOODY~~ ~~DOODY~~ ...would you be kind enough..(~~DOODY~~ starts off) Thank you..

You look the same ...I don't think time will ever show on you...
 Still the one with the right words...~~maintain~~...Going with any-

regular?

How long you worked for Sharon?

It'll be three years next summer...

When do you think Sharon will be back?

Soon...

Think we have time?

It'll make time...SAM...would you excuse us for a moment?

We have some old times to talk over...

(ENTERS WITH DRINKS) Rum and coke ...scotch and water(exits)

No..go right ahead...(THEY EXIT AND SAM LOOKS AROUND AND TAKES A SIP

OF HIS DRINK AND STARTS OFF)

SAM FINDS A CORNER OVER BY THE FIRE PLACE AND SITS DOWN) A MOMENT AND

WHO IS STILL WITH BUYER TWO EXCUSES HERSELF AND HEADS OVER TO WHERE

HE IS SITTING)

JANE: Hi...

Hi...

Mind if I join you?

No...Come on...(HE INDICATES SEAT NEXT TO HIM)

JANE: I haven't seen you here before...

My first time...

Friend of Sharon's?

No...The friend I was just with.

Oh..Fred;...

Fred's a friend of Sharon's...

JANE: You seem a little uncomfortable...

OFF.S. Yeah?

JANE: Are you?

C.U. SAM: Yeah...

JANE: OFF.S. Shouldn't be...

SAM: (LAUGHS) You're wild...are you always so out going?

TWO SHOT: JANE: You think I'm bold?

SAM: Now...just ...comfortable...see I feel better already....(THROUGH BEING CHASED BY BUYER ONE) Always this much fun here?

JANE: Uh huh.....What's y our name?

SAM: Sam....Sam Malcolm.../hat's yours?

JANE: Jane...Jane Merridith...(FROM THE OTHER SIDE ~~REDACTED~~ RUNS THROUGH AGAIN WITH BUYER NUMBER ONE AND TWO CHASING HER)

SAM: Looks like she's picked up ~~two~~^{one}...

JANE: She can handle them... (HE FINISHES HIS DRINK)

JANE: C.U. YOU want me to make you another one?

SAM: OFF.S. I don't really drink..

JANE: I'll get you a plain coke if you like...

C.U. SAM: How do you know that was what I was drinking?

JANE: OFF S. I watched...

SAM: You always take such an interest in your...what should I say?

TJO SHOT:M. JANE: CUstomers?...Lets not play games... no I happened to notice
what you liked to drink...

SAM: YOU notice with everyone?

JANE: Just those that catch my attention...

SAM: I feel flattered...

JANE: It's not flattery...

C.U. JANE: May I ask you something?

C.U. SAM: YOU can ask me anything.

C.U. JANE: Have a lot of hair on your body?

C.V.
SAM: (LAUGHS) Yes...matter of fact I do....why?

W. SHOT: JANE: I dig hair...It drives me wild...(BUBBER)AP EARS...
JANE: Hi...WANT ANYTHING?...Joint?....Cigarettes?...Ponography?...Got any-
thing you might need...Tell him Jane...
JANE: This is Bubber...Sort of the mascot around here...He gets a little
pushy now and then...He gets a commission on anything he sells...
JANE: I'm not pushy...I'm charming...Cheerful...Handsome...How about some
Danish stuff...Good jerk off material...(STARTS TO SHOW THEM TO SAM)
JANE: Bubber....
JANE: Oh...all right....(ASIDE TO SAM) Best broad in the place...(EXITS)
JANE (TWO SHOT) He's crazy...
JANE: Yeah...Nice crazy...~~SHARON~~
JANE (BUTLER APPEARS) BUTLER: Where's Fred?
JANE: Upstairs with Diedre...
BUTLER: Get them will ya...Sharon's here.....

CUT TO MCQUIRE'S OFFICE: MISS GREENE IS SITTING AT A TYPEWRITER TYPING...
A FEW MOMENTS AND JOE BUSTS IN...HE IS PULLING OFF HIS TIE AS HE RUSHES TO-
WARD HIS INNER OFFICE..

L.S. GREENE: Well it's about time...Do you know what time it is?

JOE: Why...what's wrong?..(HE ENTERS HIS OFFICE)

M.S. GREENE: You were supposed to go to that ~~fundraising~~ ^{G.O. D.A.M.N.} Luncheon for the
milk fund...Do you realize that some poor unfortunate kids ^{Pharmacy} will not have
the country this summer because of you..

JOE: Cut out the shit...Who called?

C.U. (LOOKING AT HER NOTE BOOK SHE HAS CARRIED WITH HER SINCE SHE ENTERED)

GREENE: The mayor's office called and want you to be there on Thursday...
It's okay with your schedule..I already checked...Your wife called three
times and wants you not to forget to get Brady's birthday cake at Sutter's.

How was the piece of ass?

M.C.U. ^{Joe's} What do you mean? What makes you think I've been screwing around?

C.U. GREENE: Every time you come in here...Do a quick douche and change
your clothes ..I know you been screwing around...

M.S. ^{Joe's} Jesus...Your worse than a wife...

GREENE: Lister buster..after working for you for fifteen years I can tell
when you gotta go to the crapper...

JOE: (HAS CHANGED AND IS PUTTING ON A NEW TIE..HE HOLDS OUT THREE) Which
one should I wear? (WALKING TOWARDS GREENE)

C.U. GREENE:(OVER JOE'S SHOULDER) Where ya going now?

JOE: (OFF S.) Louie's office...

GREENE: ^{this one -} You gotta stop screwing around with that bastard...You want to get
caught?(SHE IS ADJUSTING HIS TIE)

M.S. JOE: I'm careful....

GREENE:: Yeah..but he's not....They're going to catch up with that prick one
of these days and you're going to get caught in the middle...

Louie's done a lot for me....

You've done more for him...

One hand washes the other..

One ass kisses another...

(WALKING OVER TO A MIRROR TO COMB HIS HAIR) I don't kiss his ass..

You don't need that bunch..You've got enough power on your own...

New York's full of pork barrels...And everybody's got their hand in...

~~Joe McGuire's no different~~ Joe McGuire's no different

You going to that teamsters dinner with Louie?

Yup...

Be careful of ^{SLIP} photograph ^{ED} with the wrong one...You don't want to

have to explain ~~it~~ to anyone...~~it~~

JOE: Why don't you get married again...Maybe then you would take care

of some other poor unfortunate ^{SLIP} ~~and~~ instead of me...

JOE: I've been married three times...McGuire...One died and the other

two I dumped...I'm not spending any more time being impaled on a mattress.

taking care of some guy who drinks too much...or is jealous..or is a...

fuck it baby..not me...un...un...You see...with you ^{+ ME} it's all over at five-

I pack my things and I can go home, or fuck around, or do what ever I want

to...no ties...You know I got enough stashed away to take care of me like

a queen for the rest of my life...I don't have to work...

JOE: Tell why don't you quit?

JOE: C.V. I've been working all my life...I had to support my mother at six-

teen...If I quit now..I'd go out of my mind...No time at all you'd prob-

ably see me going back and forth on the Staten Island ferry...Carrying

I don't buy Judy Bond Blouse' shopping bag...

JOE: Why don't you go home...

JOE: I got one letter to get out and then I'll take you up on that...

(JOE STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM)

3.

(18)

JOE: (CALLING AFTER HER) as soon as ~~you~~ you can, get me Sharon on the phone....

TO: HOUSE: HALLWAY... SHARON HAS PACKAGES THAT SHE IS HANDING TO BUTLER
 FROM: RAY: Bubber... Would you please take these up to my room for me...

TO: RAY: Any calls, Butler? (BUBBER EXITS UP THE STAIRS)

FROM: RAY: Peppy called and wants you to call her as soon as you get in...

TO: RAY: One by the name of ^{KENT} ~~Smith~~ left his number... A bunch of other calls...

FROM: RAY: More business... Fred's here... With Sam Malcolm...

TO: RAY: In the living room?

FROM: RAY: Upstairs... I sent Jane up for him... Malcolm's in the ~~study~~ living

room...

FROM: RAY: DIEDRE AND FRED FOLLOWED BY JANE ARE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS

TO: RAY: Hello Fred... (EXTENDING HER HAND) How are you?

FROM: RAY: I brought Malcolm with me... He's in the living room...

TO: RAY: Have you talked to him?

FROM: RAY: Not yet... Fix him up good will you?... He's a little green...

TO: RAY: How about Sarah...

FROM: RAY: Why not?

TO: RAY: Sharon: Butler... Would you go get Sarah for me?... Where is she?

FROM: RAY: She's busy in No. Six... She should be out in a few minutes... The
 guy from Boston... You know every other Thursday...

TO: RAY: We'll be in the Study... Send her in as soon as you can... (BUBBER IS

COMING DOWN THE STAIRS) Bubber.. Babe... Would you be so kind as to get your
 boss... a martini... a good strong one...

FROM: RAY: You want me to give you something... It'll pick you up... just like

that... (SHAPS HIS FINGERS DOING A LITTLE DANCE)

TO: RAY: You nut... No I don't want one of your pick me ups... Save that for

the customers... (BUBBER STARTS OFF) Oh and Bub... Send in Mr. Malcolm... He

will be in the study... (SHE AND FRED EXIT INTO THE STUDY)

TO: RAY: STUDY: SHARON AND FRED ENTER:

L.S. SHARON: How's everything coming along?

FRED: It all banks on ^{How} ~~the bank~~ I make ^{out} with Sam'...I don't think it will be easy....

SHARON: Why did you get mixed up with the ~~bank~~ deal in the first place...

FRED: I've got to do something to help...You know how I feel about this Rhodesia bit...

M.S.

SHARON: Fred!..I could give you good advice but it would go in one ear and out the other...~~It wouldn't~~ it wouldn't do any good to say...Stay out of politics..

FRED: YOU know me better than that... Politics are my whole life...

SHARON: I envy you a little...I wish I could feel for others the way you do I'm afraid I'm too selfish ~~and~~ I worry about one person in my life and that's Sharon...~~She's the only person I care about in the world.~~ More power to you

Babe...(SHE KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK)

L.S. SAM ENTERS WITH JANE...

SHARON: Enjoying yourself Mr.Malcolm?

SAM: Yes thank you...quite a place you have...You should have brought me sooner Fred...

FRED: You weren't ready...You're still wet behind the ears...Your old man has ~~been~~ ~~overprotecting~~ ~~you~~ It's time you had a couple lessons in the facts of life....(SARAH ENTERS) SHE IS DRESSED IN A BEAUTIFUL PINK FULL LENGTH GOWN...

M.S. SHARON: Sarah...this is Sam...Sam,Sarah....Why don't you show him around?

SARAH: (EXTENDING HER HAND) Pleased to meet you... Would you like a drink?

JANE: He doesn't drink much...maybe a little coke...

SHARON: Don't you have any bad habits?

FRED: Quite a few...But they're all minor....

SAM: Shut up.....

FRED: Go on Sam...Go with Sarah...(JANE AND SAM LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER FOR A

AND THEN JANE SHRUGS AND EXITS...

HE'LL SEE YOU IN A LITTLE WHILE... ~~PRGO~~ AND I have some business to talk over... so if you will excuse us... (SARAH LEADS SAM OUT)

What's his father like?

real old school...right wing...predjudiced, son-of-a-bitch...

with all that money...

War is always good profit...The old man's been making arms since the Spanish American war...He inherited it from his dad and ect.and ect. and

ect. And the kid's going to inherit it from him?

Not if ~~SAM~~ ^{SAM} can help it...He hates everything the old man stands for...He'll dump it all after the old guy kicks off...You don't know

how hard I worked on him when he was my student...He's a good person...

(DOOR OPENS AND IT IS BUBBLER) (HE BANGS HER A MARTINI)

Hey boss...It's McGuire...^{ON THE PHONE} He wants to talk to you...See if you can get a pass from him for that new porno show...I'm dying to see it...

Don't you get enough of that around here?

I'm tired of the real thing...I want to fantasize...fantasize...You know what I mean?

I'll see what I can do...I'll take it in here...(HE EXITS AND SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE)

OFFICE MCGUIRE: Sharon?...There's going to be another crackdown on massage parlors in the Times Square area....There'll be a lot of talent out of work in case you're looking for any....

SHARON: What makes you think I need talent....

I got a friend of mine...she runs a bunch of the parlors...Why don't you give her a call?...You two should get together...

I could use a new girl...I have one that's leaving in June....WHAT'S



her name?

C.U. ~~JOE~~ Tiny....Her number is 451-2306..Tell her I told you to call.
~~JOE~~ C.U. SHARON: When's the crackdown?

JOE: C.U. Monday it starts...I can't call her direct because of...well I
 just can't...I got the info from the Mayor's office...Tell her you heard
 through one of your friends....Oh ..and thanks again for Candy...I'll call
 you ~~soon~~ soon...(HANGS UP)

DAY CUT TO: MASSAGE PARLOR...L.S. A LONG ROOM WITH SOME SHEETS DIVIDING EACH
 TABLE AREA....A MAN IS ON THE FIRST TABLE WITH GLASSES ON, READING FORMO-
 GRAPHY...A GIRL IS JERKING HIM OFF UNDER THE SHEET....THE PHONE IS RINGING
 AND THE CAMERA PANS WITH TINY AS SHE ENTERS AFTER TWO RINGS....IS AT THE FIRST
 TABLE NUMBER TWO AND A GUY IS ~~LYING~~ ^{LYING} THERE WITH A SHEET PULLED UP AROUND HIS
 HEAD WITH ONLY HIS EYES LOOKING OUT...HIS SHOES ARE ON AND HIS PANTS ARE
 AROUND HIS ANKLES...A MASSEUSE HAS HER HEAD UNDER THE SHEET AND IT IS GOING
 UP AND DOWN A MILE A MINUTE...TINY GETS TO THE PHONE AND IS...

C.U. TINY: Tiny's massage parlor.... May I help you?

M.S. SHARON: May I speak with Tiny...please...

M.S. TINY: (IN THE BACKGROUND THERE IS A MAN READING THE RACING FORM...HE
 HAS ON A HAT...WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE BECAUSE OF THE PAPER...) This is Tiny

M.S. SHARON: A friend of mine told me to call...My name is Sharon Smith...

M.S. TINY: For Christ's sake...Sharon....How are ya...It's me ...Polly...Polly
 French...

C.U. SHARON: Polly? [?] ~~what~~ what's this Tiny bit?

C.U. TINY: I use Tiny for ~~illicit purposes~~ ^{illicit} purposes...I'm not hustling anymore...
 I got four parlors and I'm opening another one on the first of the month...
Now I met some three legged Greek and he put up the money...The only

Thing is I never took it Greek style before...Ia can get used to anything.
^{I GUES IN THIS LIFE}
 C.U. I've got it from a good source...There's going to be another crackdown

on the parlors in the Times square area...You know summer coming and all

little old ladies from Des Moines with their hubby's on their arm ...
 They got to make it look like "fun city" for the tour-
 It would be a good idea if you closed down ~~the place~~ ... Go to
 for a few weeks... If you got any girls... I'll take them
 off
 They have to be lookers... no addicts... no rip artists... I
 want only the best... I. clientele... They gotta be worth at least a
 hundred a night...
 I.S. I got one that you might like ... her name is Cindy... I got a
 friend of mine who (LOOKING AT TOM WHO HAS THE PAPER DOWN AND IS LISTENING
 FOR TINY NOT TO TELL SHARON THAT HE IS SITTING THERE) You want
 to meet Cindy?
 SHARON: Bring her by my place tomorrow... about noon... I'm at 523 east
 twenty fourth street....

~~SHARON: You know what? I'm not interested in the greatest thing
 in the world...~~

(10 min)

I.S. TINY: Okay... hon... I'll see you tomorrow... (HINGS UP) You
 know Sharon?

SH: Yeah... I know her... A real oreo cookie... She thinks her shit don't
 stink...

SH: She's an old friend of mine... she's a good kid... She's not an oreo..
 He's worked damd hard to get where she's at... She runs around with a lot
 of whites because that's where her business is... There's an awful lot of
 guys in this city that like dark meat...

SH: You one of them?

SH: C.U. Listen Tom .. I don't particularly like you... I don't like the
 way you go about your business... I think it would be a good Idea if you
~~take~~ me off your visiting list... Just don't come around any-
 more... friends like you I don't need... (STARTS TO GO)

I.S. (TOM GRABS HER BY THE WRIST) No cunt's going to talk to me that way...

TINY: Take your hands off me...(PRESS... AND TINY DISMISSES HER SELF) Get out of here...(TOM SLAPS HER) You son-of-a-bitch...(SHE STARTS FOR TOM AND GIVES HIM A RIGHT TO THE CHIN...HE FALLS BACK TOWARD TABLE...T.B.M. GOES OVER HIM OCCUPANTS SPRINGING FOR AN EXIT...ALL THE BR... LOOSE AND HE SHOOT AS AVAILABLE...TINY USES JUDO ON TOM AND HAS HIM DOWN IN NO TIME ...)

AS CUT TO SHOT FROM BELOW WITH TINY STANDING OVER TOM...

TINY: Now get out of here ..if you ever come near ~~me~~ me again... help me God ..I'll kill you...(TOM SCRAMBLES OUT AND AS)

DAY L.S.
CUT TO: TOM'S HOUSE: BEDROOM: SARAH AND SAM: (SARAH IS IN HER BATHING SUITS AND BRA....SHE IS SEDUCTIVELY TAKING OFF HER BRA...SAM IS STANDING THERE WITH SHIRT OFF....SARAH WALKS TO SAM AND STARTS TO UNDO HIS BELT SLOWLY...AND HE MOVES AWAY)

M.S. OVER SAM'S SHOULDER: SARAH: What's the matter?

M.S. OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER: SAM: I don't know...I'm sorry...

M.S. SARAH: Sorry?...What are you sorry about...Don't you want to?

M.S. SAM: Yeah...I just...a...I don't know...

C.U. SARAH: Are you queer?

C.U. SAM: Is that what you think?...No I'm not... I *SHE GRABES HIM AND HE PULLS AWAY SILENTLY.*

C.U. Sarah; Oh...I see....Maybe the wrong colour.... why didn't you say before we started...You know I could send someone else to you..(PUTS ON HER BRA)

SAM:
TWO SHOT: It's my first time here and I guess I feel uncomfortable...I think under different circumstances I'd react better to you...I'm sorry...

SARAH: No need to be...(SHE STARTS TO GET INTO HER DRESS) Maybe you'd like for me to just give you a blow job...Doesn't make any difference to me...

SAM: (TURNS AWAY) That would be worse...Oh God... *(HE PUTS HIS SHIRT ON)*

SARAH: I don't understand you...A man your age...You've been around... how old are you?

...SHOULDER) M.S. SARAH I'm just a little uncomfortable...I guess
...very outgoing...about sex anyway...

...SHOULDER) M.S. SARAH: I'll tell you what...Suppose ~~we~~ we go
and have a drink and maybe we can work something out..Okay? (~~we~~)

...LIVING ROOM: BUYERS AND SOME OF THE GIRLS ARE SITTING IN DIFFERENT
...THAT HAVE BEEN PUT AT ONE END OF THE ROOM...SOME ARE SITTING ON THE
...BUTLER IS STANDING, LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR AND THERE IS A SIXTEEN
...CAMCORDER GOING...WE DON'T SEE THE PICTURE BUT THE DIFFERENT CHANGES OF
...IT IS PORNOGRAPHY JUDGING BY THE WAY DIFFERENT COUPLES OR TRIOS ARE
... (SHOT AS AVAILABLE)

...HALLWAY SARAH AND SAM COME DOWN THE STAIRS...L.S. SARAH GOES
...BUTLER AND WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR...SAM STANDS AT THE OTHER
...WATCHING WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED AT THE PICTURE... BUTLER POINTS TOWARD THE
...AND SARAH EXITS INTO THE STUDY...

...STUDY: BUBBER AND SHARON ARE SEATED TALKING...SARAH CROSSES OVER TO
...AND SAYS:

SARAH: I can't make him out...

SHARON: Malcolm?

SARAH: Yeah...He doesn't want to play..I tried everything but no response..

I think he's got problems...

SHARON: Is he gay?

SARAH: Jaw...Just up tight ...I guess..I don't know...I think maybe you
ought to handle him...

SHARON: Some guys get up tight in a place like this...It's too mechanical
No romance...You know...The old fashioned type...Could be..

SHARON: Where's Fred?....

SHARON: He and Diedre are making out...anyway that's the way it looked the
last I saw of them...

SHARON: Got him for me would you Bubber...~~we~~

MARK: Where's Malcolm?

MARK: Left him in the hall...

MARK: Send him in.... (SARAH KIPS AND SARAH LIGHTS UP A CIGARETTE)
SARAH: I'll try for a moment and :::

L.S. SARAH KIPS AND SARAH LEAVES THE TWO OF THEM ALONE...

MARK: Having a good time?

SARAH: She tell you what happened?

MARK: Sarah?....Yeah...

SARAH: Sorry...

MARK: What for...You didn't do anything..

SARAH: I don't know what it is...

MARK: I do...I've been around a lot...I may not look it but I am
(LONG PAUSE)
every week in the book...My mother, was a whore...When I was three years
old... U.S.A. I ~~was~~ ^{remembered} in the same bed she did...I couldn't ever go

sleep even, with the bed shaking all the time...My father left us when I
born...My mother never really got over that...She just went downhill

from then on...She started picking up guys anywhere and ~~for~~ ^{for} giving
even give it away...I guess she would ~~be~~ rather have company of any kind
rather than be alone all the time...We lived in this one room apartment...

It had a hot plate that she used to cook on...I was lucky if I was out
of my kind to eat...She died of sclerosis of the liver when I was ten

I started selling it when I was nine...Crazy?...Not really...I grew
rather fast...I always looked older than what I really was...I've worked
very hard to get where I am today...But every bit of what I have...I can

mostly call my own...She I know all about someone like you...I know all
your problems are and I probably would know how to solve them...

MARK: You're something...You know that...

MARK: That so?...I only sometimes wish the inside of me was as strong
as the outside...

BUBBLER EXITS ...Where's Malcolm?

SARAH: Left him in the hall...

SHARON: Send him in....(SARAH EXITS AND SHARON LIGHTS UP A CIGARETTE) SHE
STANDS AT THE WINDOW FOR A MOMENT AND :::

L.S. SAM ENTERS AND SARAH LEAVES THE TWO OF THEM ALONE...

SHARON: Having a good time?

SAM: She tell you what happened?

SHARON: Sarah?....Yeah...

SAM: Sorry...

SHARON: What for...You didn't do anything..

SAM: I don't know what it is...

SHARON: I do...I've been around a lot...I may not look it Sam but I know
every trick in the book...^(LONG PAUSE)My mother, was a whore...When I was three years
old... M.C.U. I ~~remember sleeping~~ ^{REMEMBER SLEEPING} in the same bed she did...I couldn't ever get to
sleep even, with the bed shaking all the time...My father left us when I was
born...My mother never really got over that...She just went downhill
from then on...She started picking up guys anywhere and for any price...She
even give it away...I guess she would ~~rather~~ rather have company of any kind
rather than be alone all the time...We lived in this one room apartment...
It had a hot plate that she used to cook on...I was lucky if I saw meat
of any kind to eat...She died of sclerosis of the liver when I was twelve...
I ~~started~~ started selling it when I was nine...Crazy?...Not really...I grew up
rather fast..I always looked older than what I really was...I've worked
very hard to get where I am today...But every bit of what I have ..I can
honestly call my own...See I know all about someone like you...I know what

your problems are and I Probably would know how to solve them...

TWO SHOTS:

SOMETHING SPECIAL

SAM: You're something...You know that...

SHARON: Think so?...I only sometimes wish the inside of me was as attractive
as the outside...

I think it is...Honesty is always beautiful...(HE HEARS HER)
 I don't know why I told you all that...I very rarely do...Everyone
 in this life is only interested in one person..Themselves...Sound bitter?
 ...I don't think so...Even the best do-gooder is only doing it be-
 cause he gets his rocks off ^{WHILE HE'S} doing it...They don't think so...but if they
 looked deep enough into themselves, they would, nine times out of ten,
 agree...The other one per cent is what I call a freak of nature..
 There are a few that really think about everyone but themselves..but they
 are very rare...I'm talking too much...
 So you're not...

...A FIGHT IS HEARD IN THE OTHER ROOM...

BUBBER JONES RUSHING IN ...BUBBER: You better come in boss...One of
 the buyers I think has had too much to drink...(THEY ARE HEADING FOR THE
 LIVING ROOM ON THIS LINE)

LIVING ROOM:...BUTLER IS TRYING TO HOLD BUYER NUMBER ONE WHO IS TRYING
 TO GET BUYER NUMBER TWO:

BUYER ONE: Fuck you ..You prick...

(RUSHING TOWARD BUYER ONE) Fuck You...(HE IS INTERCEPTED BY BUBBER
 AND A COUPLE OF THE GIRLS BUT ONLY AFTER HE HAS LANDED ONE ON THE JAW OF
 BUYER ONE...SHARON HAS STEPPED INTO THE CENTER AND AS HE GET VARYING SHOTS
 FROM THE FIGHT...BUYER TWO IS GETTING AWAY FROM THE ONES HOLDING HIM AND
 RUNS FOR BUYER ONE...SHARON WITH A KARATE SHOT FLOORS HIM OUT...

SHARON: Take him out the back way...^{Dooy}~~anyone~~...you stay with him until
 he comes too. .I don't want him to accuse ~~me~~ ^{anyone} after ~~he~~ he wakes up that we
 killed him...(THEY (BUBBER AND BUTLER) CARRY THE BUYER OUT...^{Dooy}~~anyone~~ STARTS
 FOLLOWING ^{Dooy}~~anyone~~.....Why is it that every time you start playing tag with
 the customers we run into trouble...
 It wasn't my fault...Wait here...
 If This happens again you know what will happen..

0000

Si.307:

U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

Summary:

14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849.

SH 301:

BUYER OF

243 MS

CUT TO:

L.S. SA

SHARON:

3.11:

SHARON:

BUBER

3H2O4

322

MIX A MARTINI AND DIED E JOINS HIM...

DIEDRE: Watch Butler for me will you...I gotta go up to
 (SHE IS MIXING DRINKS AS SHE TALKS) I think he's using
 receipts of receipts...

How did he get a duplicate?
 I think he found out where ~~he~~ gets them and got some on his own..

SHARON,
 I think he found out where ~~he~~ gets them and got some on his own..
 to borrow his book and we'll compare the numbers...

That son-of-a-bitch...And after all she's done for him...
 He's smooth..It's going to be difficult catching him...

Leave it to old Bubber...I'll get the bastard...You told Sharon?
 My word against his...

Leave it to me...(BUBBER STARTS OFF IN OLD DIRECTION AND DIEDRE
 ANOTHER)

SHARON'S BEDROOM: SHARON: Where were we...Oh yes ...the story of my
 complete with vivid demonstration...

Never a dull moment... (BUBBER ENTERS WITH HIS DRINK FOR SHARON)

Need anything else?....

No...Thanks Bubber...

Got some good pictures...just got in...

(AS SHE IS GUIDING HIM OUT THE DOOR) Thank you Bubber...

If you need anything now ..just(AS WE SEE THE LAST OF HIS FACE THRU
 CLOSING DOOR)

Bubber....M.S. ANOTHER ANGLE: You'll have to excuse him...He gets
 carried away sometimes...He means well...

I like him...Has he been with you a long time?

Ever since I opened the place...He sort of looks after me like a
 mother hen...Kind if I lie down while we talk...I haven't had a moments
 peace since nine this morning...(SHE LIES BACK ON THE BED)

Jan...Go right ahead...

Come on...(PUTTING THE BED NEXT TO HER) Join me...

SAM: I'll sit over here...

SHARON: I'm not going to rape you...come on...(HE DECIDES A MOMENT TO LIE
LIES DOWN ON THE BED NEXT TO HER...)

M.S. (AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE..SAM WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HIS CHEST)
Relax...You look as if you were going to have your teeth pulled....

SAM: (PUTTING HIS ARMS DOWN BY HIS SIDES) Sorry...

SHARON: What are you always sorry for?...

SAM: You're right...I'm always saying that....I think that comes from my
being told I'm wrong by my father...It's stupid Isn't it...at my age...
worrying about what my father says...

SHARON: (GETTING UP ON HER ELBOW AND CLOSE TO SAM:) So what...Tell me...
when was the first time you had sex...

SAM: When I was twelve....There was this girl that a bunch of us kids use
to run around with...she was about fourteen ...I didn't know what was
going on til one day she and I were in this tree house that ^{WE KIDS} had built.
She started kissing around and then first thing I knew she was on top of
me...I didn't come that time...It was the next time we did it..

SHARON: Say it...

SAM: SAY what?

SHARON: Say the word fuck...go on ...say it...

SAM: Fuck....

SHARON: DON't you ever swear?

SAM: Not very often...

SHARON: It's good for you once in a while...

SAM: Maybe.....

SHARON: You're very sexy...anyone ever tell you that?

SAM: Not really...

SHARON: ~~THEY~~ probably wanted to tell you that but have felt they might
barrass you if they did...

What so? (HE TURNS INTO HER)

Could be....Feel better now?

Yeah....Why are you taking all this time with me?

Why shouldn't I...

I'm sure you have much better things to do...

Not only do you have problems with your sex life but you have an inferior complex as well....

You think so?

Yup...

I hope not...

That father of yours has certainly screwed you up...hasn't he?

I have myself to blame...I let him...right?

Mind if I kiss you?

Course not...

It wont hurt...

Not you making fun of me...

HER: No one could ever make fun of you Sam...(SHE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT AND THEN SHE KISSES HIM TENDERLY)))A MOMENT AND THEN ANOTHER...SAM LIES OVER AND TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND AFTER A FEW MOMENTS SHARON DIS- ENTHUSES HERSELF AND UNBUTTONS SAM'S SHIRT ...HE SITS UP AND TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT AND STANDS TO TAKE OFF HIS PANTS...SHARON IS SLIPPING OFF HER DRESS
END CUT TO SHOTS AS AVAILABLE:

1.5. **DAY** **EXT**
 CUT TO: LAST SIXTIES...SHARON IS JUST COMING OUT OF AN ELEGANT SHOP WHEN
 BOB SHE HAS JUST BOUGHT...SHE IS WALKING AND FROM THE CURBSIDE ALONG OF A
 CAR TOM'S HEAD APPEARS ...HE CALLS...

TOM: Sharon;...(HE GETS OUT AND COMES NEXT TO SHARON:)

SHARON: Hello Tom ...fancy meeting you here...

TOM: Think I could have a few moments ...I want to talk to you...

SHARON: Why don't you come by the house some time..I'd be glad to see you..

TOM: Why not now...My cars right here...

SHARON: No...I'll tell you what thought ... since you're so insistent...

Why don't we have some coffee ...There's a place just around the corner..

TOM: Okay...If you want...(TO SILLY BUB WHO IS LEANING AGAINST THE CAR)

I'll be back in a few MINUTES...

DAY **BAR**
 CUT TO: RE-ENTRY: ...WALTER'S APARTMENT: ..SHARON HAS A MARTINI IN HER HAND
 AND TOM IS DRINKING FROM A GLASS THAT LOOKS LIKE IT HAS A BLOODY MARY IN IT.

SHARON: And that's what you wanted to see me about?

TOM: That's it baby...

SHARON: First of all you bastard...If I wanted someone to work with me..to
 buy in as you call it...You would be the last one on earth I'd ever take
 in...I could trust you about as far as I could throw that bar over there..
 Look at you...You have no class...You stink of cheap cologne..Your clothes
 are cheap and flashy...Who the hell would want you as a partner?

TOM: They aint cheap clothes...I pay a lot for these duds...What the fuck
 you get off calling me cheap...No ~~fuck~~ cunt's going to call me names and
 get away with it...(HE GETS UP)

SHARON: Sit down...I'm not through with you yet...

TOM: You were through..the minute you started to call me names...

SHARON: (RISES) I warned you Tom...(SHE STARTS TO TAKE HIS HAND)

TOM: Take your hands off me...**you** shit...you(WITH ONE GESTURE SHE KNOCKS HIM
 OUT WITH A KARATE CHOP...THE TABLE AND TOM GO OVER AND SHARON STEPS ON HIM
 CALLS...FOR THE CHECK...

2nd. Apartment...LOTS OF PLANTS AND VICKER FURNITURE. *IN TUXEDO*
 A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WHO IS HIS "MAID" AND JOE MCGUIRE...MR. B. IS
 A LARGE HIGH BACKED VICKER CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE CAMERA: ONE
 AN EMPTY GLASS THAT HE IS HANDING THEO(MAID)
 ...could you arrange ...shall we say...a rendezvous with...Miss Smith?
 Theo...more ice...Mr. McGuire...Care for another?
 ...thanks...I have to go to a social thing a little later and I've al-
 ready had a little too much...
 ...I'll be all Theo...(SHE STARTS TO LEAVE) Oh And Theo...would you
 please call that number for me again...keep trying until you get them...
 please Mr McGuire...when?
 ...I can make it any time you like...
 MR.B. I prefer not **to** go out in daylight...My eyes you know...Can't take
 daylight...Becomes very painful...Could we possibly make it ...shall
 we say....after six...That would be nice...
 MR.B. If you like...what day?
 MR.B. Tomorrow...if you think you could...You see I have a new ship
 just coming in from algiers...It'll be here tonight...I always immediately
 shall we say...get rid of it...I don't like to have it around too
 long....I've discovered from past experience that if ~~one~~ one moves fast
 one does not get caught...There's an old addage... "It's much harder to
 hit a moving target"
 I'm not too sure that she would go for the idea that you have in mind
 ...runs a very straight place...so to speak..
 You arrange for our meeting ...I'll take care of the rest...
 ...what kind of a...tell what...
 You'll get ten per cent of anything that she might handle...If things
 well I might in the future raise the amount...It all depends...
 Ten per cent isn't very much of...
 ...absolutely notyou may take it or leave it...makes no

difference to me...you see I can meet Miss Smith some other way if you like...Don't be greedy McGuire...I'm already giving you more than you deserve...I don't particularly like greedy, crooked politicians...

JOB: The names are unnecessary...

MR. B. I never say anything that isn't necessary..Theo(CALLING) Theo...

(SHE APPEARS) Show Mr. McGuire out... Call Theo later and tell her the ~~time~~ time we are to meet...(TAKES THE DRINK THAT THEO HAS GIVEN HIM AND TAKES A SIP) Good day....(LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW)

JOB: (STANDING) Well ...a..Don't you think...

THEO: I'll show you the way out Mr.McGuire..(HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT AND THEN WITH A SHRUG HE LEAVES...A MOMENT AND WE CUT TO:

C.U. MR.B. (HE IS SWEATING) A MOMENT AND THEO ENTERS WITH A LITTLE CHINESE LACQUERED BOX.....

MR.B. (CLENCHING THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR) Hurry up...Hurry up damn it...THEO OPENS THE LITTLE BOX AND WE SEE A CLOSE UP OF A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE...THEO'S HANDS LIFT IT OUT OF THE BOX AND WE CUT TO:

M.S THEO PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO THE NECK OF MR.B.

MY HIGH RESTAURANT. "WALTER'S APARTMENT" THE BAR HAS A FEW AFTERNOON
CUSTOMERS...

WALTER OPENS AND SAM AND JANE ENTER...WALTER OWNER OF THE ESTABLISHMENT
MOVES OVER FROM A TABLE HE IS SITTING AT...HIS HAND EXTENDED...

WALTER: Sam...How are you...Where have you been?

JANE: Jane...this is Walter...He owns the joint...

WALTER: Hey watch that...How's your father?

JANE: Haven't seen him in over a week..Don't you see him?

WALTER: He and I had a fight ...You know how difficult he can be...

JANE: Has he got much money in your place?

WALTER: You'll have to ask him that...I never discuss money matters...

JANE: ARE YOU DRINKING? (CALLS) Benny....

WALTER: What would you like Jane?

JANE: Scotch on the rocks...

WALTER: AS USUAL?

JANE: Same ~~same~~?

WALTER: Yeah...(BENNY ARRIVES AND WALTER GIVES THE ORDER) How's it doing?

WALTER: I gotta turn them away...I didn't think it would catch on so quick

JANE: Everything you touch turns to gold...

WALTER: Wishful thinking...(PHONE STARTS TO RING IN THE DISTANCE)

JANE: Is it too early to have dinner?

WALTER: Never for you...(BENNY COMES AND WHISPERS IN WALTER'S EAR) Excuse

me will you ...I gotta take this call...Give Benny your order...(EXITS)

BENNY SHOWS THEM TO A TABLE AND THEY SIT)

BENNY: What would you like?

JANE: ~~JANE:~~ I'm not very hungry...I usually eat very late...ah...Give me
a shrimp cocktail... You go ahead and eat...

WALTER: Make mine the same...(BENNY EXITS)

JANE: I'm worried about Sharon..You know she doesn't like her girls to make
dates outside of the place...

WALTER: Don't worry...I can fix it up...She won't say anything...

L.S. FROM THE FRONT PART OF THE RESTAURANT WE SEE A MAN ENTER...HE IS IN A TUXEDO...HE IS WITH TWO KNOCKOUT GIRLS ..THEY ARE BOTH IN EVENING GOWNS... THEY TAKE THE TABLE NEAR SAM AND JANE:

M.S. BENTLEY: Waiter...Dora?...what would you like?

DORA: Tea collins...

BENTLEY: Marsha?

MARSHA: Can't we have champagne?

BENTLEY: No ...you get impossible on Champagne.../hat do you want?

MARSHA: In that case I don't want anything...(SHE TURNS FROM HIM)

BENTLEY: If you're going to sulk all evening you can take your things and go home...(HE ANGRILY THROWS HER PURSE ACROSS THE ROOM)

MARSHA: WHAT ~~HE~~ did you do that for...

BENTLEY: ~~I'm~~ not putting up with you...go on home...

MARSHA: You ~~shit~~ shit...

BENTLEY: (SLAPS HER) Not in public ..dear...

MARSHA: (GETS UP CRYING AND RUNS TO GET HER PURSE AND EXITS HYSTERICAL)

DORA: Happy?

BENTLEY: Now don't you start...

DORA: I wouldn't, with a gentleman of your calibre...

BENTLEY: ~~I'm~~ warning you...(BENNY ARRIVES AND BENTLEY ORDERS) (HE LEAVES)

CUT TO: SAM: Son-of-a-bitch...

JANE: Who is he?

SAM: Rhodesian Ambassador...

JANE: How do you know him?

SAM: I don't ...I know of him...

JANE: HE's coming over here...

M.S. BENTLEY: Excuse me...but aren't you Sam Malcolm...Your father makes arms and ammunition...

SAM: That's right...

I've got a bone to pick with you...
Not in public...Call my office...
(SITS DOWN) I don't like ~~AMERICANS~~ ^{AMERICANS} who sell arms to the rebels in
my country... ~~WALK DARTING~~ ^{AMERICANS} who will do anything ~~FOR~~ ^{FOR} a dollar...
I haven't ~~THE~~ slightest ~~FOBA~~ ^{FOBA} what you are talking about...
Your father is supposed to be making a deal with the blacks to sell
them arms...I only heard about it this afternoon...
I don't know where you get your information..but it is incorrect..If
you wouldn't mind ..the ladyx and I were talking...
I have reason to believe that my information is ~~is~~ ^{CORRECT}....I got it
from a very good source...
THE horses ass?
Don't get smart...Malcolm...I would hate to make a government issue
out of this...I can you now...
Yes I'm sure of it...I'm sure you make a lot of people happy...
I don't like you...
And I don't like you...Now will you get out of here...
(APPEARS) Colin?....Don't you think we had better be going ... o'll
be late for the first act...You know how I hate to be late for ~~the~~ ^{OPRINCIPAL} theatre
Shut up...
Why don't you shut up...You're the one with the big mouth...(STANDING)
How'd you like to make me(STANDING)
(APPEARS) Everybody happy...How about another drink? Benny....
You think you're smart don't you?...snout nosed ..brat...
That does it...Okay buddy boy(HE TAKES BENTLEY BY THE SEAT OF THE
PANTS AND THE COLLAR AND RUNS HIM ALL THE ~~WAY~~ ^{WAY} TO THE DOOR) HE COMES ~~OUT~~
AND SAYS:
How about another drink?
Thank you Walter...

WALTER: My pleasure... (EXITS DUSTING OFF HIS HANDS)

JANE: You're fantastic... I think I've just seen the real you...

SAM: Yeah?.....Yeah.... (HE TAKES HER HAND)

~~END~~ **NIGHT** **EXT**

CUT TO: EXTERIOR... OUTSIDE OF SHARON'S TCM AND SILLY BUB ARE IN HIS CAR...
THEY ARE WATCHING AS THEY SEE DIFFERENT PEOPLE GO IN...

SILLY BUB: They got a busy place...

TOM: TOO BUSY....

NIGHT

~~THEY ARE WATCHING AS THEY SEE DIFFERENT PEOPLE GO IN...~~
CUT TO: INTERIOR: WILD PARTY GOING ON... SHOTS AS AVAILABLE... ALL TYPES...
A REAL U.N. AFFAIR

NIGHT

CUT TO: EXTERIOR: SAM AND FRED DRIVE UP ... A MOMENT AND THEY GET OUT...
SAM STOPS FOR A MOMENT AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE... THEY GO UP THE STAIRS TO
RING... AFTER A MOMENT THEY ENTER...

TOM: Who's that with Fred?

SILLY BUB: Beats me... I never saw him before...

THERE'S
TOM: ~~Sarah~~ Sarah... Get her for ~~me~~... (SILLY BUB GETS OUT OF THE CAR)

FROM THE INSIDE OF TOM'S CAR WE SEE SILLY BUB GO TO SARAH AND TALK... THERE
NOISE IS LOUD... SHE LOOKS AT THE FRONT DOOR AND THEN COMES OVER TO TOM ..

SARAH: Hi babe... How ya been?

TOM: Get in...

SARAH: I gotta be to work... I'm already late...

TOM: It won't take long... Get in... (SHE DOES);

ANOTHER ANGLE) Silly bub.... (HE TAKES OFF) ~~(SILLY BUB GETS OUT OF THE CAR)~~

~~END~~ **NIGHT** **EXT**

CUT TO: FRINGE OF THE TIMES SQUARE AREA... THE CAR IS SEEN IN A LONG SHOT
COMING TO A STOP... WE CUT TO:

TOM:
H.S. THROUGH WINDOW: What's his name?

Sam ...Sam Malcolm...

What's he do?

I haven't the faintest idea...He seems to know Fred quite well...

I think Fred was his teacher at N.Y.U. ...or something like that...

The name sounds familiar...You know it Silly bub?

DUB: Damned if I know...

I know where to find out...How do you like working for Sharon?

Pretty good...The pays not the greatest...But we get a lot of other

things thrown in...

Like what?

Clothes ...she seems to have a lot of connections for clothes for us.

Good stuff too...

Ya miss me?

Now and then...I had a good thing going Tom...I think you made a

big mistake in not marrying me...

I don't marry no chick...Too much trouble...I like it just the way it

is...

We coulda done a lot together...open up our own place...

You wont find this buck stuck in no house...I like my girls to be

spread around the city..It's safer and I get a chance to get into anything

else that comes along...This city has a lot money to be made...you just

have to know the right people...

I miss you Tom...

Do ya now?

What do you think?

Give me some head then...

Right here?

Why not...

Well ... alright...(WE CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE AND WE JUST SEE THE

PAGES 40-44 MISSING

TOM: It means mad...and you got me ...mad....

BENTLEY: Anger shouldn't interfere with business...~~after~~ after all...facts are facts...We in Rhodesia believe in white supremacy ...we always have and we always will..Some races are more superior than others...Read your history..

TOM: Bull shit...Some are more aggressive than others...

BENTLEY: Come now Mr. Jackson..Lets not let politics interfere with our business at hand...You think you can do something for my country and I in return am in the position to pay for that service...You accept this deal as you say you can and My government is willing to give you seventy thousand dollars...You keep the blacks in my country under control and ~~we~~ in return keep the blacks in this country in control...Fair deal...(STARTS TO EXIT)
Only one thing I must warn you about....If the blacks ever gain sufficient control in this country the blacks will be the first to regret it...You see Mr. Jackson..they don't have the brains ...The breeding or the finesse to govern...Excuse me a moment ..will you...I'll be right back..(EXITS)

TOM: Mother fucker...(UNDER HIS BREATH)

PAGE 47 MISSING

MR. B. So don't you ...May we get to business?

SHARON: If you like...

MR. B. I deal in drugs....The hard stuff...I've been dealing since I left college...I carry only the best...You have a very nice place here.... rather large roster of important clientele....we can be of service to each other...I'm sure...don't you agree?

SHARON: I don't think so..

MR. B. That's not a definite answer...

SHARON: Could you give me one good reason why I should?

MR. B. Money... What other reason is as good as that?

SHARON: (CALLS) BUBBER.....What did Joe McGuire say I would say about carrying drugs in my establishment..

MR. B. He said that you ran a straight place...so to speak...his precise words..I pride myself on remembering details...

(BUBBER ENTERS) SHARON: Bubber...do you want to carry drugs...the hard stuff?

BUBBER: No...Why should we?

SHARON: Why not?

BUBBER: Are you out of your mind boss....we have a good clean operation here...why should we put it all on the line for a few bucks we can make on that stuff....we're all right the way we are...

SHARON: I couldn't have said it better...

BUBBER: We carry pills and some ups and downs...I handle all the drugs we need and we really don't need any thing more...

MARCUS: That's kid stuff(STEPPING FORWARD)

MR. B. (WAVING HIM BACK) Please Marcus ...Let me handle this...You aren't interested?

SHARON: No...

MR. B. I do think you should reconsider...Don't you?

PAGE 49 MISSING

FRED: They don't have it...

SHARON: They can find it...

FRED: Probably...

SHARON: It's a deal then?

FRED: It's a deal...

SHARON GETS UP AND WALKS OVER TO A WALL OF FULL LENGTH DRAPES...I have a surprise for you...(SHE PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE DRAPES PART...A SECOND AND FROM THE TOP A SCREEN COMES DOWN...) SHE STEPS BACK AND PUSHES ANOTHER BUTTON AND THE LIGHTS ~~GO~~ OUT AND A PROJECTOR LIGHT STARTS FLICKERING... FRED SITS STRAIGHT UP IN BED

C.U. FRED: That's me..

C.U. Sharon; That's right...

L.S. THE TWO OF THEM ..FRED SITTING IN BED AND SHARON STANDING BY THE DRAPES...THE FLICKERING CONTINUES... .

C.U. FRED: Jesus Christ...

C.U. SHARON WATCHING FRED'S REACTION AND THEN BACK TO THE SCREEN...

SHARON: Seen enough?

FRED: M.S. Turn it off...(SHE DOES...) When did you take that?

SHARON: I have four cameras concealed in this room...One for every angle instant replay if necessary...I have a friend of mine that installed it for ~~me~~...It cost a bit but it was worth it....You want to see the double feature?

FRED: What do you mean?

SHARON: Watch...(SHE PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE PROJECTOR STARTS AGAIN....

C.U. FRED: When did you get Sam?

C.U. SHARON: The other night when you brought him here...I thought you would be interested...

FRED: Sharon ...you got yourself a deal....

DAY
 JAMES: ...JANE AND SAM ARE IN ROBES HAVING ...
 ...HIS FIRST ...
 ...do you feel?
 ...comfortable...
 ...like being with you...
 (DOES UP) That's nice to hear..Tell me more...
 ...Don't look at me, I can't talk when you look at me...
 ...Yes You can....(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT AND ...
 ...AND THEN LOWERS HIMSELF DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR NEXT TO HER...
 ...EMBRACE AND ~~...~~ THERE IS A SMACK ON THE DOOR
 ...GETS UP AND HELPS JANE UP AND SAYS
 ...I don't know who it is...
 ...expecting someone?
 ...No...
 ...I'll wait in the other room...(SAM EXITS) (SAM GOES TO THE DOOR AND
 ...IT ...IT IS FRED)
 ...May I see you ?
 ...Yeah...come on in...(DOES) ~~...~~
 ...Have you talked to your father?
 ...He doesn't want anything to do with it...
 ...I was banking on it...
 ...I'm sorry Fred..
 ...I've told my people that they would have their arms by the end of
 ...the month..
 ...What can I do?
 ...You have ~~AN~~ office...a distribution point in Morocco...I know that
 ...you could possibly work the shipment through that office...You ~~...~~
 ...could, yourself do it for me, through there...My people can
 ...arrange to pick them up at that point...They are willing to pay any ~~...~~

price... within reason... ~~do this for me...~~ we've been friends
a long time... I've never asked for a favor from you before... You know how
hard I've worked for ^{THIS} ~~cause~~ cause...

SAM: You make me feel like shit.... You know my father.. He'd kill me...

FRED: It's "no" then...

SAM: Fred... I can't...

FRED: Thanks anyway... I'll talk to you tomorrow.. (HE STARTS TO LEAVE)

SAM: I feel terrible...

FRED: Yeah... bye.. (EXITS) A MOMENT AND JANE COMES OUT... SAM IS BY THE
DOOR... SHE COMES OVER TO HIM...

JANE: I couldn't help hearing...

SAM: ~~When you heard that I was in the country...~~ ^{TOGETHER} ~~and a group~~ and a group
of others have gotten ~~together~~... a Rhodesian uprising of the blacks
Sam was banking on me ~~to~~ to supply the arms... My father won't have any
thing to do with it... He couldn't care less for equality of the blacks.

JANE: Nothing you can do?

SAM: NO... (KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND A SECOND IT IS OPENED.. FRED)

FRED: Oh .. I'm sorry.. I wouldn't have barged in like this if I knew you
had company... I forgot to tell you, Sam... Sharon would like to see you..

JANE: You won't tell her I was here ..

FRED: Why should I ... It's your business... Want me to wait for you?

SAM: No... That's all right.. I'll see you there...

FRED: Okay.. (EXITS)

SAM: (STARTS TOWARD BEDROOM) Come on .. I'll drop you off on the way...

~~TO: SARON'S BEDROOM: SAM AND SHE ARE IN BED... SHE REACHES OVER TO A~~

~~LAMP AND TURNS IT ON...~~

SARON: Hand me that robe... will you Sam?.. (HE REACHES FOR A ROBE AND
HANDS IT TO HER.. SHE PUTS IT ON AND GETS UP) Thanks... (SHE MOVES OVER BY

AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTES) You want a cigarette?

Thanks...

How do you feel...

Great...why?

For ever go to the movies during the day?

Not in a while...

You want to see one?

Yes you want...

PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE DRAPES OPEN...A SECOND AND THE SCREEN COMES

DOWN...ANOTHER BUTTON AND THE LIGHTS ARE OUT...THE PROJECTOR STARTS FLICK

AND WE CUT TO:

HE IS WATCHING...HIS FACE CHANGES FROM A SLIGHT SMILE TO SHEER SHOCK..

HE GETS UP MORE AND MORE AND THEN.

Turn it off...(SHARON DOES AND THEN PUSHES THE BUTTONS THAT CLOSE

THE DRAPES AND PUTS ON THE LIGHTS)

Yes You photograph very well(WALKS OVER TO WHERE SAM IS AND SITS ON

THE EDGE OF THE BED)

Why?

Yes: Fred needs those arms...

He'd stoop to blackmail to get them..I thought I knew Fred ...

Yes: It was my Idea...Fred is an old friend of mine...He probably

means even more to you...He has never imposed on me in all the years

I've known him...He's always smiling and always a gentleman.. You know

that...I think this movement he has going, means more than we know to him

I don't think we should let him down..See I'm not doing it for any noble

reasons like him...I'm in it for money...I think you can arrange something G,

don't you...It's about time you stood up to that Son-of-a-bitch father

of yours...

Yes... Shall we go over to Fred's/

I'll be ready in a minute...(SHE STARTS FOR HER CLOTHES AS DOES HE)

DAY

SARAH
BEDROOM

54.

CUT TO SARAH: SHE IS ON THE PHONE...

SARAH: Tom....They worked it out....They're leaving now..(SHE PULLS BACK THE DRAPES IN HER BEDROOM WATCHING THEM LEAVE) On their way to Fred's... What?....Just remember what you promised...Bye...(SHE HUNG UP THE PHONE AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE) A MOMENT AND BUTLER ENTERS....

BUTLER: One of the things I like about this place is that we have a phone ~~in every room~~ in every room....

SARAH: You listened?

BUTLER: I have ~~many bad habits~~ a lot of bad habits and one of my favorites is listening to other people's conversations...

SARAH: You going to tell Sharon?

BUTLER: It depends...

SARAH: On what?

BUTLER: How much silence is worth to you.

SARAH: Oh I see..

BUTLER: I thought you would...

SARAH: How much?

BUTLER: Ten per cent of what you make.....For now..

SARAH: Just for a phone call...

BUTLER: Be nice..I might want to raise it...of course I have another deal you might be interested in...I'm getting ready to open a place of my own I need talent of your looks and ~~and~~ ^{CLASS} to start with...maybe you would rather work for me for a year, for nothing instead...

SARAH: I like the Percentage better...Now if you will excuse me I have to get ready...

BUTLER: Don't ever dismiss me like that..baby...I make a better friend than an enemy....On second thought I like the other deal better....(STARTING TOWARD HER PUTTING OUT HIS CIGARETTE) Give me a sample....(HE GOES FOR HER THROWING HER ON THE BED)

EXT
 INT. FRED AND SHARON IN FRED'S CAR....DRIVING) ...CUT TO ...
 ...AND AS SEE TOM'S CAR PULLING ALONG SIDE HIM...TOM'S **CAR** CALLS AHEAD
 ...S.M.'S OFF THE ROAD...TOM'S ~~MAN~~ MEN GET OUT AND CAPTURE S.M. AND
 ...THEY ARE TIED AND GAGGED AND THROWN INTO THE BACK SEAT OF THEIR
 ...TWO OF TOM'S MEN GET IN AND DRIVE S.M.'S CAR OFF....SILLYBUB AND TOM
 ...IN TOM'S CAR.

DAY **EXT**
 INT. PICKLE FACTORY IN NEW JERSEY....S.M. AND SHARON ARE TAKEN IN AND
 INTO THE WALK IN REFRIGERATOR. **BACK TO BACK** TOM CLOSES THE DOOR ON THEM AND SAYS:
 Silly bub ...get MR. B. for me on the phone. Tell him we're on our way.
 and keep watch...I'll call you later....(HE STARTS TO ~~EXIT~~ EXIT TOWARD THE
 FRONT OF THE FACTORY:)

~~INT. REFRIGERATOR~~ CUT TO INT. OF REFRIGERATOR: SHARON AND
 S.M. BACK TO BACK...SHE MOVES WITH HER FEET TOWARD A **BURREL** THAT IS
 HER...IT IS EMPTY BUT IT HAS SOME JARS OR BOTTLES ON TOP OF IT...SHE MAN-
 AGES TO BRUSH AGAINST IT KNOCKING IT OVER/INTO A PILE OF REFUSE THAT IS NEXT
 TO IT...SHE HAS/NOCKED IT ONTO THE PILE SO THAT WHEN IT FALLS IT IS NOT TOO
 HEAVY...A JAR OR TWO BREAK AND SHE SWINGS AROUND AND MANAGES TO CUT HER **ROPES**
 WITH A PIECE OF THE GLASS...AFTER SHE IS FREE SHE COMES OVER AND WHISPERS TO
 S.M.:
 Stay the way you are...You have matches?...(HE NODS YES) (SHE GOES
 THROUGH HIS POCKETS UNTIL SHE FINDS THEM...SHE THEN GOES OVER TO THE REFUSE
 AND DRAGS **SOME** OF IT TO IN BACK OF HER AND S.M. SO THAT WHEN SHE STARTS THE
 FIRE...IT WILL BE BETWEEN THEM AND WHOEVER COMES THROUGH THE DOOR...SHE
 LIGHTS THE FIRE AND THEN TAKES THE ROPE SHE CUT OFF AND WRAPS IT AROUND HER
 WAIST AFTER SHE PUTS BACK THE TAPE OVER HER MOUTH...SHE SITS BACK TO BACK
 TO S.M. AND WE :
 CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE DOOR:

HAROLD ~~IS~~ IS SITTING THERE READING A NEWSPAPERHE TURNS A PAGE AND THEN
 TO SHELL SHOTS...HE TURNS AND SEES SMOKE COMING THROUGH THE DOOR AND HE
 LY GETS UP...FOR A MOMENT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN HE TAKES OUT HIS
 GUN AND OPENS THE DOOR..WE SEE THE FLAMES AND HE FINDS AN OLD DROP CLOTH
 AND STARTS TO SMOOTHER THE FLAMES WITH IT...SHARON GETS UP BEHIND HIM AND
 A KARATE CHOP HE IS KNOCKED DOWN...HE GETS UP ^{BUT} SHE IS TOO QUICK
 WITH A KICK **SHE** KICKS HIS GUN OUT OF HIS HAND..HE PULLS A KNIFE AND STARTS
 TO CORNER SHARON::SAM CALLS OUT:

SAM: The bottle ..Sharon the bottle..SHE IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP THE BOTTLE
 THAT IS BROKEN AND SHE STABS AT HAROLD AS HE LUNGES FOR HER...A COUPLE
 MORE STABS AND HE FALLS DEAD AND BLOODY TO THE FLOOR....SHE BACKS AWAY FROM
 THE BODY AND TURNS AND THROWS THE BOTTLE AWAY AND SHE AND SAM EXIT:

NIGHT

CUT TO: TOWNHOUSE: PARTY GOING ON...WILD SHOTS OF ACTIVITY AS AVAILABLE...

CUT TO: STUDY: FRED SAM AND SHARON:

FRED: What are you going to do about him?

SHARON: I don't know...We'll have to wait and see...Someone like Tom you
 never know what way he'll **DO** next...

FRED: It's agreed then? **ABOUT THE DEAL**

SAM: All right with me Fred...I'm sorry that I didn't come around sooner to
 your way of thinking...I'll get you the arms that you need and **ILL SHIP**
 them through our office in Morrocco...(THEY SHAKE)

FRED Thank you Sam...

SAM: I should thank you ...the both of you...I feel maybe a little taller..

~~SHARON: I should thank you ...the both of you...I feel maybe a little taller..~~

FRED: There's something I've never told you, Sam..I think you should know.

SHARON: You are going to tell him?

FRED: He'll find out sooner or later...I think he should find out now.

You probably thought of me as being a real ^{**CRAZY**} cause seeker of the underling...

I always preached that ~~to you~~ when you were ^{**ONE OF MY STUDENTS-**} ~~you were~~...

...did you ever stop to think why I was such a fanatic on the sub-
...you probably didn't...Sharon and I are related...in a way...we're
...brothers...My grandfather ~~HEA~~ was black...
...what...you don't think that's going to stop our agreement...do you?
...better not or I'll sue you for everything you got....(FRED GRASS EAR'S
...AND THEY BOTH LAUGH)

THE PICKLE FACTORY: TOM AND BILLYBUBENTER...THEY SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED
...GOS OVER AND TURNS THE BODY OF HAROLD OVER...WE SEE HIS EYE HANGING
...A CLOSE-UP OF THE DAMAGE: TOM LOSES HIS COOL AND SCREAMS OBSESSIVE
...father fucking son-of-a-bitch...Bitch....ect.ect.

FOR MANY SHOTS AS AVAILABLE:

night
...CELLAR: MR.B. THEO, MARCUS...SEVERAL OTHER SHADY CHARACTERS...IT IS
...LIKE A MAKESHIFT ~~LABORATORY~~ LABORATORY.(FILTHY) THERE ARE POSTAGE STAMP
...ON A LONG TABLE AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE IS A PILE OF WHITE
...MARCUS IS STANDING BY IT WATCHING IT CAREFULLY...SOME OF THE MEN ARE
...OUT QUININE FROM A MARKED BOTTLE AND GIVING THEM TO OTHERS THAT ARE
...IT WITH HEROINE...THEY PACKAGE IT IN SMALL GLASSINE BAGS..TOM IS
...TO MR.B. WHO IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY THEO WHERE ~~EVER~~ HE GOES:
...Of course Tom...you're welcome to them...I would love to see Miss Smith
...thrown...
...I'll pay you back...
...YOU ALREADY HAVE...Half the girls that work for you are clients of mine.
...to you....
...MARCUS GRABS ONE OF THE MEN AND PULLS HIM TO HIS FEET)
...What's wrong?
...Stealing...Every time he knocks something to the floor he stoops to

put some in his shoe..I wondered why he always had to go to the bathroom -
he's been palming stuff for a long time...Then stashing it...

MR.B. WALKS OVER TO THE MAN..HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT IN FRONT OF HIM AND THEN

MR.B. Mark....I've trusted you...I gave you employment when no one else would
and this is how you repay me....Aren't you sorry?

MARK: Yes...

MR. B. That isn't ~~enough~~ enough...(HE LOOKS AT MARK FOR A MOMENT AND THEN
STARTS SLAPPING HIM VIOLENTLY Get rid of HIM (TO MARCUS) Give him an over-
dose...Make sure you dump him in some obscure place....No one will suspect
just another junkie...(MARK TRIES TO RUN BUT MARCUS IS TOO QUICK AND GRABS
HIM...HE HITS AND KEEPS ON HITTING MARK UNTIL HE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS...THE
OTHERS JUST WATCH...

MR. B. Take the men you need Tom...Please send them back when you are through.
Theo...I need some refreshment(HE TAKES OUT HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND IS WIPING
HIS BROW AS HE EXITS THE ROOM.).

NIGHT

CUT TO: TOWN HOUSE: STUDY: SHARON, BUBBER, DIEDRE, ~~THEO~~

SHARON: When did you find out?

DIEDRE: About a month ago..I caught him pocketing some of the receipts from
the bar...Bubber got his receipt book from him tonight and he and I compared
it with the book numbers we have on file and they don't ~~match~~ MATCH...Show her

Bubber ...(HE DOES)

BUBBER: SEE....(IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR PARTY NOISE)

SHARON: That Son-of-a-bitch...

DIEDRE: I checked with the grocery lists and they don't jive...

BUBBER: Want me to get him?

SHARON: Yeah...KEEP IT QUIET THOUGH..I don't want anyone to know...~~where~~
Where's Sam and Fred?

BUBBER: (LEAVING) In the living room...Want them?

...No..Leave them there....Diedre..get Sarah for me...(DIEDRE EXITS)

...BUBBER)

LIVING ROOM: WILD PARTY GOING ON...BUBBER GOES TO BUTLER AND WHIS-
KEYS BAR...HE PUTS DOWN THE BOTTLE HE HAS AND FOLLOWS BUBBER OUT OF

HALLWAY: DIEDRE IS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS WITH SARAH BEHIND HER -

CROSS OVER INTO THE STUDY WITH BUTLER BEHIND HIM...THEY ENTER

AND WE:

STUDY: CLOSE THAT DOOR PLEASE Bubber..(HE DOES) Butler...I've been told that

we've been stealing...

That's a lie...

No..It's not...

You bitch(HE STARTS FOR HER)(SHARON STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM)

She's not the only one who's told me this...Bubber?

we checked out your receipt book that you keep..It's a duplicate..

You planted that on me...

Like hell I did..(~~SHARON STEPS UP TO BUTLER~~)(STEPPING UP TO BUTLER)

Is calling me a liar?

You damned right I am...

I have something to say too Sharon...If I don't I'm sure Butler will.

I called Tom tonight and told him when you ~~were going to~~ left ~~where~~ where

were going...it was my fault what happened tonight...Butler listened

on another phone and said he wouldn't tell you if I agreed to give him

ten per cent of my pay...we had a little fight ~~and~~ he raped me...

Get rid of him Sharon..It isn't ~~THE~~ first time he's done something like

this...I'll understand if you want me to go...(SHE EXITS)

FUCK all of you...You can take your place and shove it up your ass

AD LIB: INSULTS THREATS ETC. (ON TOP OF THIS WE HEAR SCREAM FROM THE

ROOM...THE DOOR BEING BROKEN IN AND WE ~~WALK~~ FOLLOW SHARON AND THE

BEST AS THEY START FOR HALL TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED...

WE CUT TO: HALL .. TOM'S MEN (DRESSED AS COPS) ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE...
SHARON SEEING THAT IS GOING ON SLIPS BACK INTO THE STUDY AND CLIMBS OUT THE
WINDOW: THE (COPS) ~~CHASE THE GIRLS AND IGNORE THE CUSTOMER~~
WHO TAKE OFF WHEREVER THEY CAN...THEY CATCH FRED AND SAM ...~~THE GIRLS~~

~~THE GIRLS~~ The girls are taken out by three of the (cops)
AND THEN TOM ENTERS...HE COMES OVER TO WHERE HIS(COPS) HAVE FRED AND SAM..
TOM: Let him go...MEANING SAM) You get out of here boy..if you ever come
here again I'll kill you..(SAM EXITS HURRIEDLY) (TO FRED) You think you're
smart ..Don't you...I've had enough trouble out of you...Take him to the
roof...(FRED TRIES TO GET AWAY AS THEY DRAG HIM FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE UP
THE STAIRS)

WE CUT TO: VAN: STREET : THE COPS ARE PUSHING THE GIRLS INTO THE VAN)

WE CUT TO: THE ROOF: TWO COPS HREE FIED BY THE ARMS AND LEGS AND THEY Toss
HIM OVER THE EDGE:

~~NIGHT~~ CUT TO: TOM AND HIS (COPS) DRIVING THE PADDY WAGON....SHOTS TRAVELING...

SHOT OF AN OLD HOUSE...THEY ARRIVE AND THE GIRLS ARE TAKEN OUT AND PUSHED INTO
THE HOUSE

~~NIGHT~~ CUT TO: MCGUIRE'S OFFICE: THE PHONE RINGS AND JOE PICKS IT UP:

JOE: Sharon...where are you?

~~NIGHT~~ CU. TO: SHARON: In a phone booth...

JOE: Sarah just called me ant told me what happened..She told me where Tom
has taken the girls...It was Tom that raided you .. not the police...I
would have ~~warned~~ warned you if it were them...

CUT TO: SHARON: Son-Of-a-bitch...I should've known...Where?...Thanks Joe...
I'll call you and let you know how I make out....

~~NIGHT~~ CUT TO: TINY's massage parlor: PEPPY, TINY AND SHARON:

SHARON: (DEMONSTRATING KARATE TO THEM) Then this(ILLUSTRATES) ~~ECT. ECT~~

...I'll be fine ..Tiny...Peppy help me with my wig(SHE DOES) (ALL THREE OF THEM IN DISGUISES) Ready?...lets go....(THEY EXIT)
 ...TINY PEPPY AND SHARON GO UP TO THE FRONT
 ...THIS LINE OF MEN THAT IS IN FRONT OF IT AND KNOCK ON THE DOOR..
 ...SILLYBUB GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT...

...You'll have to wait you're.... WHAT DO YOU GIRLS WANT?
 ...to work for you...My friend here heard about your
 ...we thought we could do better here than working the street...
 ...Come on in....(HE SHOWS THEM INTO AN INNER ROOM AND CLOSES THE DOOR)
 ...I'm expecting the man back any moment now...I always
 ...his new girls...(HE STARTS TO TAKE OFF HIS UNIFORM) (TO TINY AND
 ...You two wait in here..(TO SHARON) I'll audition you first (HE SHOWS
 ...PEPPY THROUGH ANOTHER DOOR) (HE TURNS BACK TO SHARON AND SAYS)
 ...some looker, babe...HE HAS OFF HIS SHIRT AND IS ABOUT TO TAKE
 ...WHEN SHARON GETS HIM WITH A KICK IN THE GROIN..HE DOUBLES OVER
 ...GETS HIM WITH A KARATE CHOP TO THE NECK...MORE SHOTS AS AVAILABLE
 ...SHE OPENS THE DOOR WHERE TINY AND PEPPY ARE AND THEY

...May you tie up Silly bub...Peppy come with me...(THEY EXIT INTO THE
 ...OF THE HOUSE WHERE THE REST OF THE GIRLS ARE, ON THEIR WAY THEY

...There do you think you two are going...You know you're supposed to stay
 ...back...(HE STARTS TOWARD PEPPY) I ought to teach you a lesson(HE
 ...HIS HAND TO STRIKE HER AND SHE GRABS IT AND TROWS HIM DOWN...SHARON
 ...WITH A FEW HITS...TWO OTHER MEN COME RUNNING AND **ATTACK**
 ...SHARON...TINY ENTERS FROM THE OTHER ROOM AND THE THREE GIRLS FIGHT
 ...THE REST OF THE PLACE IS A MESS WITH THE GIRLS SCREAMING-
 ...TO PUT THEIR PANTS ON AND OTHERS TRYING TO GET OUT...SHARON
 ...FINISH OFF THE THREE GUYS, AND SHARON BLOWS A WHISTLE THAT

FINAL PAGE MISSING

TREATMENTS
SYNPOSES
PRESS RELEASES
LETTERS

COME SUMMER

(*Meantime*)

CAST

DONNA English girl

NIELS Osted Donna's husband

LARS OSTED father

ASA ~~OSTED~~ grandmother

GUNNAR OSTED 20 years old,

OLE OSTED 15 years old

first scene: kitchen, Asa is plucking and cleaning chickens, ^{Gunnar} ~~Ole~~
helping her. Expo: grandmother upset by Niels' marriage to
English girl, knew she should have insisted on his going to
Swedish rather than English school. Cut to attic bedroom, ^{Lars and Ole} ~~Gunnar~~
painting room for new ¹wedds. Expo: what is she like, Lars
picture of Donna. ^{Scene: barn, Asa feeding animals,}
dislike for grandson's ^{wife} ~~daughter~~ expressed to Ole, Asa
sends Ole to granery for grain, as soon
she is out of the way she creates her ~~own~~ accident, Ole runs
back, general commotion. Cut to grandmother's room, Ole is
bought out & favorite of grandmother, boys dismissed, Lars
accuses grandmother of causing accident for attention, Gunnar
calls from yard, they are arriving. Cut to buckboard with driver,
greetings etc.,
they disembark, carrying of luggage up to room, establish Lars
fascination with Donna. Cut to Niel's ~~old~~ bedroom, bring out
his old bedroom redone for Donna, Donna asks to meet Asa, Ole
informs Donna that she is still asleep, Lars suggests they all
leave Donna to freshen up, she must exhausted by trip etc., they
leave. Cut to father and three boys in barn, talk of women,
marriage, Ole embarrassed by 'man talk.' They make fun of his
virginity, he leaves. Cut to Donna lying on bed, door opens,
Asa enters, scene in which Asa proves her dislike for Donna,
old woman's treachery is brought out, vows she will do anything to
breakup marriage, Asa exits, men are entering house, she hears the
has another fall, general commotion. Cut to later ~~than~~ that
evening, supper table, all except Asa, Gunnar and Donna hit it off
Donna suggests taking food up to Asa, Ole says 'no' he will take
Lars says 'why not let Donna take it up', Donna brings out
unfriendliness of Asa, family surprised, disbelieving.

Cut to Niels' room, he asleep, Donna tells Niels of preceding scene with Asa, wants to leave, premonition of tragedy, Niels tries to pacify her. Cut to barn, Lars showing Donna how to milk cow, humorous scene, horseplay, suddenly father senses Donna's marital problem, tries to break it off, heads for barn door, we think he is going to exit, long pause, shuts door, comes back to Donna, wild sex scene, she passive. Dinner table, Asa like a Cheshire cat, Donna, Gunner & Lars, eyes down in food, noncommittal, Asa, Niels carry table small talk, Late that night, Asa undresses, preparing for bed, religious etc. Bible, prayers, knock on door, Gunnar, he enters, Asa asks what's wrong, Gunnar confesses sex with Donna, Asa comforts, Gunnar ends up whispering in Asa's ear, fadeout. Fade in, same scene, establish clock, early morning, cock crow, Asa restless, masturbating, Fade out. Niels' room, dressing, business to attend to in town, Donna asks, almost pleading, to go along, Niels asks what's wrong, Donna can't say, Niels leaves, she is depressed. Cut to ~~kitchen~~ barn, starts in hayloft, pornography, pictures etc, masturbation, ~~fadeout~~ Donna Cut to kitchen, ~~Asa~~ disheveled, morning tea, Asa enters, nastily asks Donna to get milk from cow, Donna proceeds to barn, Asa goes to pick raspberries. camera stays with Asa, by creek, Asa takes out vross, looks around, no one walking, asks God for forgiveness, hears voices, answers with 'yes'. strips naked, grabs raspberry thongs, beats herself to bleeding, Cut to barn, We watching Donna milking cow while ~~masterbating~~ playing with herself, her unaware, Lars enters, on horse, dismounts, starts wiping down horse, standing near Donna who is milking, her eyes can't avoid basket, ~~Gunnar~~ Lars, conscious of this, plays it up, her hand reaches over and touches his groin, reverse shot ~~the~~

pulls her into him, lovemaking ensues, Cut to Ole above watching father and Donna making love, fadeout. Fde Fadein, father buttoning pants, leaves, Donna-Lars, embarrassment, Donna tries to touch him, he shakes her off, leaves quickly, Donna starts to go. Ole appears, tears in his eyes, confused belindered, sexual appetite aroused, slowly walks up to her, too close, she like a frightened animal tries to but cannot move, he grabs her head and clumsily kisses her on mouth, both collapse to ground, scene builds sexually, ~~far~~ barn door flung open, Asa standing furious, with leather belt, Ole scrambles outside, Asa slams door shut locking it, attacks Donna viciously with belt, whipping her into semi unconsciousness, Asa then methodically goes to pitchfork, picks it up, comes back to Donna lying against wall, Asa raises pitchfork, and rams it down into lower regions impaling her to the wood, she turns, head high, almost proud, unlatches barn door, throws it open, and walks out, ~~only~~ striding out, head high, Cut to long shot, Lars, Ole, Gunnar in yard facing barn, Niels arriving on buckboard, Asa keeps walking, Niels sensing something jumps down, his two Brothers and father standing immobile, eyes facing barn, Niels heads towards barn, gathering speed as he does, long pause, with wind blowing, Niels screaming 'Oh my God, my God,

ONE
GROUP
PRESENTATIONS

FRANK

Borden

REEVES

355-7242

IT IS LATE NIGHT....LAURA AND RANDY ARE REHEARSING A SCENE...A LOVE
SCENE....RANDY GET'S CARRIED AWAY AND LAURA STOPS HIM...HE GOES TO
THE JOHN AND LAURA ADJUSTS HER HAIR WITH A HAND-MIRROR...A FIGURE
DARTS OUT OF THE SHADOWS...IT COMES UP BEHIND LAURA...WE SEE A GLIMPSE
OF A BUTCHER KNIFE...IT IS PLUNGED INTO LAURA'S BACK...SHE SLUMPS IN
THE CHAIR AS IF SHE WERE SITTING...EYES WIDE OPEN...FIGURE DARTS BE-
HIND DRAPE...RANDY COMES BACK TO APOLOGIZE TO LAURA FOR GETTING FRESH
WITH HER...HE TOUCHES HER AND SHE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR IN A POOL OF
BLOOD...HE BACKS AWAY TERRIFIED AND FROM BEHIND THE DRAPE THE UP-
RAISED KNIFE APPEARS AND IS PLUNGED INTO HIS BACK..AS HE TURNS AND
GRABS THE DRAPE IT IS PLUNGED AGAIN INTO HIS STOMACH...HE REELS AND
FALLS WITH THE CURTAIN ...NEXT TO LAURA.....CLOSE UP OF GLOVED HANDS
WIPING CLEAN THE BUTCHER KNIFE...WHISTLING "NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOWING
BUSINESS".....

CREDITS OVER STAGE PROPS.....

CUT TO: OFFICE OF MARGARET WEBB...ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THEATRE GROUP
CALLED THE MASK AND GOWNSHE IS WITH HER DIRECTOR ALAN MANNERS...
THEY DISCUSS THE DEATHS VERY UPSET...AND WHAT THE POLICE THOUGHT....
THAT IT LOOKED LIKE A ROBBERY AND MURDERS BECAUSE THE BODIES HAD BEEN
RANSACKED...MONEY, WATCHES TAKEN FROM THE BODIES...FACT OF ANOTHER
FULL COMPANY REHEARSAL BROUGHT OUT FOR THAT EVENING....

CUT TO: COMPANY OF TEN ASSEMBLED...THEY ARE UPSET ABOUT LAURA AND
RANDY'S MURDERS BUT CONTINUE REHEARSALS....THE COSTUME MAN...ROBBIE..

TAKE ONE
FILM GROUP
PRESENTATIONS

222 W. 28TH
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018

ANDY MILLIGAN
244-8888

TAKES SALLY UP TO THE THIRD FLOOR FOR A FITTING...IT IS A PERIOD PLAY
THEY ARE DOING....AS SALLY IS CHANGING ..THERE IS AN EYE WATCHING HER
THROUGH THE WALL....JEFFREY...(COSTUME MAN)..HAS TO GET MORE PINS AND
LEAVES SALLY ALONE...A LIGHT FLICKS ON IN THE MENS DRESSING ROOM AND
SALLY CALLS "WHO'S THERE"...NO ANSWER...SHE GOES TO THE MEN'S DRESSING
ROOM AND AS SHE REACHES THE DOOR...A HAND TURNS OUT THE LIGHT...SHE
REACHES IN TO TURN ON THE LIGHT AND HER HAND IS CHOPPED OFF...AS SHE
FALLS TO THE FLOOR WE SEE TWO FEET BY HER ...AN AXE IS RAISED INTO THE
AIR AND IT CHOPS OFF HER HEAD....THE HEAD IS TAKEN BY THE FIGURE WHO
DARTS INTO THE HALLWAY.....JEFFREY COMES BACK AND GOES TO LOOK FOR SALLY
WHERE HE LEFT HER...NOT THERE ...HE NOTICES THE LIGHT ON IN THE MEN'S
DRESSING ROOM...HE SEES THE POOL OF BLOOD COMING FROM THE ROOM...SEES
SALLY'S HEADLESS BODY AND RUNS SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM...

CUT TO: GROUP DOWNSTAIRS....HYSTERIA AS JEFFREY TELLS WHAT HAPPENED..
THEY CALL THE POLICE.....

CUT TO POLICE DETECTIVE CONNERS OFFICE: HE IS QUESTIONING MARGARET
AND ALAN ABOUT MOTIVES....SHE MENTIONS POWER STRUGGLE AMONG THE GROUP
HE SUGGESTS THIS COULD BE A MOTIVE....

CUT TO: THEATRE...LATE NIGHT...ROBERT QUINTON AND MARCY RHODES ARE RE-
HEARSING A STRANGULATION SCENE...IT IS LATE AND THEY HAVE DECIDED TO
CALL IT A NIGHT...MARCY GOES TO CHANGE FROM HER REHEARSAL CLOTHES...
AN EYE IS WATCHING HER AS SHE CHANGES.....MARCY JOINS ROBERT AND ALAN
AND THEY SHUT DOWN FOR THE NIGHT....MARCY AND ALAN GO OUT THE FRONT
DOOR TO WAIT FOR ROBERT TO TURN OFF THE LIGHTS....THEY TALK FOR A MINUTE

ONE
GROUP
ENTATIONS

THEY REALIZE THAT ROBERT IS TAKING TOO LONG...THEY RE-ENTER THE BUILDING
THE LIGHTS ARE OFF...ALAN LIGHTS A MATCH TO FIND THE WALL SWITCH.....
MARCY SCREAMS AS SHE SEES ROBERT'S BODY HANGING BY THE NECK IN THE
STAIR WELL.....A FIGURE DARTS OUT FROM THE BACK OF THE MAIN FLOOR
HALL-WAY WITH AN AXE RAISED HIGH...THE FIGURE SWINGS THE AXE AND GETS
ALAN IN THE HEAD.....MARCY RUNS SCREAMING UP THE STAIRWELL AND INTO
THE SECOND FLOOR THEATRE....SHE HIDES BACK STAGE...THE FIGURE TURNS OUT
THE MAIN SWITCH AND THE BUILDING IS IN DARKNESS...MARCY HEARS HEAVY
BREATHING COMING TOWARDS HER AND SHE GETS INTO THE HALLWAY AND GROPE
HER WAY UP THE STAIRS TOWRD THE THIRD FLOOR...THE FIGURE IS RIGHT BEH
IND HER.....SHE SLIPS THROUGH THE THIRD FLOOR DOORWAY AND LOCKS THE
DOOR....THE DOORKNOB IS MOVING...THE FIGURE CAN'T GET IN.....SHE RE-
LIEVED GOES TO THE EXTENSION PHONE AND CALLS THE POLICE....TERRIFIED
SHE MOVES OVER TOWARD THE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM...WAITING FOR THEM TO
ARRIVE.....WE HEAR SIREN IN THE DISTANCE AND SHE SMILES AND STARTS TO
MOVE TO THE DOOR...THE FIRE ESCAPE DOOR FLINGS OPEN AND THERE IS THE
FIGURE WITH THE AXE ...THE FIGURE RAISES THE AXE AND ADVANCES TOWARD
MARCY AS SHE IS BACKING AWAY SCREAMING.....

NEXT SHOT: DETECTIVE CONNERS AND ANOTHER PLAINCLOTHESMAN ARE STANDING
OVER MARCY'S BODY...IT IS COVERED WITH A BLOODY SHEET....MARGARET
ARRIVES AND CONNERS PULLS BACK THE SHEET TO SHOW MARGARET...THE BODY HAS
BEEN DISMEMBERED...MARGARET FAINTS AT THE SIGHT OF IT....

"SEEDS"

CREDITS

PRODUCED BY

AQUARIAN PRODUCTIONS and
ALLEN and ROSLY BAZZINI

PHOTOGRAPHED and DIRECTED BY

ANDY MOLLIGAN

SCREENPLAY BY

JOHN BORSKE and ANDY MOLLIGAN

DISTRIBUTED BY

~~ABBY FILMS INC.~~

Keaton
Film Distributing
Corp.

"SEEDS"

CAST

JAROS CLARIS

JACK

MICHAEL

MARGARET

ANTHONY

ELSTER

JOE

PETER

JESSICA

DR. KRAM

ROSEMER

GABRIEL

ELIAN

JANTHAN

MISS BLINDY

ELVITA

SLOPPERY

MAGGIE ROGERS

CANDY HAMMOND

ROBERT SERVICE

HELENA VELOS

NEIL FLANAGAN

GENE CONNELLY

DAVID HAZARD

JONATHAN EAST

PAULENE RAMSEY

PAUL EDEN

JESSE BIGELOW

LIZA HART

EDLEEN HAVES

JERRY CORTEZ

ROTTA BENNING

MAGGIE DOMINIC

LEE RAND

Running Time ?

SYNOPSIS

Clariss Manning, invalid matriarch^{ARCH} of the Manning clan is wheeled into dinner. Her youngest daughter, Carol, announces she has invited entire family for Christmas dinner. Clariss, infuriated, throws a violent tantrum and falls into coma. It is revealed that Clariss is an alcoholic and exists on a complete weekly blood change. Frightening transfusion scene restores Clariss back to normal. Carol is caught by mother reading muscle magazines and enjoying mutual self-sexual satisfaction. We then meet Mathew, oldest son, a priest, and his playmate, Barbara who insists on going to Christmas dinner with him. Scene ends up with ~~sensuous~~ love scene in the rectory.

Barbara Cole, Mathew's playmate, succeeds in seducing Michael in a highly erotic sexual display ending with someone listening at the door. Barbara proceeds to her bedroom, Mathew enters furious at her seduction of his brother Michael. He says, "listen you little slut, I'm not going to take any shit from you." He beats her unmercifully. Ends up begging forgiveness, she spits in his mouth. We then find Barbara in her bath listening to radio. Radio is knocked into tub, Barbara - electrocuted.

Michael and his pregnant wife Susan have a violent fight. It is revealed she had trapped him into marriage by her pregnancy. Out of spite and hatred, he tells of his sexual relations with his sister Carol. Susan hysterical, runs from room screaming she'll kill herself - kitchen - she grabs bread knife - finds she cannot kill self.

We find ourselves in Dr. Kram's office, the blackmailed family doctor who is performing an abortion on the fiancé of Drew, Clariss's second son. This is a terrifying scene of a ~~hot pin abortion~~. That evening, we find the Manning clan at dinner. This includes Michael Manning, ~~her eldest son~~ incestuously in love with his sister Carol; Drew; Margaret, her eldest daughter; Matthew; and Buster, her youngest son. Heated arguments arise. Mortimer, Clariss's attendant, is revealed as Margaret's father. Susan, Michael's wife who is pregnant, extremely possessive and jealous of Michael, visits Clariss. Clariss informs Susan that Michael's father is in an asylum for the Criminally Insane.

Dr. Kram opens, plunging knife into her breast.

Dr. Kram arrives, tells Drew his fiance is dead. He has taken necklace to pay for disposal of her body. We find Drew packing, Claris tells him, "Get out while you can."

We then cut from bedroom to bedroom - first Jonathan and Margaret, Jonathan a violent sexually ~~possess~~ attacks his wife Margaret. Her masochistic tendencies about her childhood are brought out. Second, Buster and Matthews' bedroom. Matthews' homosexual tendencies for Buster brings out Busters' hatred of the world. He smashes Matthews' rosaries. Third, Clarises' bedroom. Busters' psychotic sickness is revealed through his mother. Hating this exposure, he crashes her wheelchair into wall and runs hysterically from room. She pursues him screaming, "Run, run you little bastard." Fourth, Michaels bedroom - erotic discussion between Michael and Carol about their childhood attachment. Matthew interrupts, hatred between Michael and Matthew exposed.

Cut to - forest - Buster, desperate, hysterical and frantic slashes his wrist.

In Matthews' bedroom, Carol ~~takes~~ brings out Matthews' weaknesses - gives herself sexually to Matthew - he is repulsed by her advances, but his weakness for flesh gives in and he sinks to his knees. She attacks him, spits on him and exits. He, torn between his frustrated emotions tries to hang himself. Unable, a cane pulls the chair down under him - death.

Peter and Jessica, the maid and butler have been planning Clarises' death.

They have purchased a drug from Dr. Kram that is untraceable when injected. Peter ~~forces~~ Jessica into forging Clarises' signature for power of attorney. They propose toast, maids bell rings, they exit, poison is put in their glasses - they return - they drink - they die.

Margaret and Jonathan prepare for bed - hot love scene - she goes into bathroom - maid is thrown in her face - she writhes in agony. Jonathan enters ~~and~~ is clubbed to death.

(cont.) 3

Last scene -. finds Michael and Carol together again. Carol tries to arouse Michaels' former sexual attraction. Carols' mind snaps back into her childhood - Michael repulsed refuses her advances. She runs out, deranged, climbs stairs to Clarises' room calling, "Mama-mama." Claris, in an alcoholic stupor, replies, "Carrie, is that my Carrie." Door bursts open, Carol in maniacal rage grabs her mothers' wheelchair and throws her down the stairs. Michael rages out of ~~the~~^{his} room, finds Carol laughing hysterically over their dead mother. His mind snaps, and he violently strangles her, and then remorsefully, as a child sits rocking her head in his arms. Mortimer calmly climbs the stairs and dials for the police.

THE END

PRESS RELEASE

What is the secret Claris shared with no one?

Was she afraid the outside world might find out about her psychotic children?

Why did she wish them dead?

Were their many aberrations a result of heredity or environment?

Why is her son Matthew, "Father Matthew," torn between the world of the church and normalcy and the abnormal twilight world of forbidden love and sexual deviations? How does he solve this dilemma of his forbidden love for Miss Cole and the unnatural love for the "spanking queen" West Point Cadet?

murder and sex run rampant in this movie. This is just one of the many surprises it store for you when you come to see this unusual and provocative motion picture.

Suggested for understanding mature audiences only.

SOWN IN LUST!

HARVESTED IN HATE!

FROM WHICH ALL EVILS SPRING!

"SEEDS" - IT'S THE SOURCE OF SUPERLATIVE SCREEN SHOCK!

" THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON "

CAMERA ESTABLISHES THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF THE WOOLLEY'S, WE CUT TO THE BACK YARD OF IT AND WE HEAR SCREAMS OF PAIN, AT THE TOP OF THE HILL WE SEE MALCOLM, HIS CLOTHES ARE ON FIRE, HE IS BEING CHASED BY THREE BULLYS, THEY TUMBLE HIM DOWN THE HILL, ALL THE WHILE HITTING AND KICKING HIM. PHOEBE AND MORTIMER RUN OUT TO HELP HIM, THEY CHASE THE BULLYS AWAY WITH STONES AND CLUBS, THEY HAVE PUT OUT THE FIRE ON MALCOLM AND CARRY HIM INSIDE.

ONCE INSIDE THE HOUSE, MALCOLM WHIMPERS AND RUNS TO HIS PLACE, IT IS AN EXTREMELY FILTHY, GARBAGE LITTERED ROOM, THERE ARE RABBITS AND CHICKENS RUNNING ABOUT. MALCOLM HEADS FOR A PILE OF OLD RAGS IN THE CORNER, HE IS MENTALLY RETARDED, ALMOST ANIMAL LIKE, PHOEBE PUTS ANKLE CHAINS ON HIM AND HE CURLS UP LICKING HIS WOUNDS.

WE CUT TO THE STUDY, WE MEET PA WHO IS SITTING, HUDDLED IN A CORNER OF AN OLD ARM CHAIR, HE IS FURIOUS AT THE ASSAULT ON MALCOLM, WHICH IS BEING HAPPENING TOO OFTEN. HE WARNS THE FAMILY THAT THEY MUST NOT LEAVE THE SAFETY OF THE HOUSE ANYMORE, UNTIL AFTER SUNDOWN.

(ABOUT THE FAMILY: PHOEBE IS THE ELDEST, A MOTHER IMAGE, AN OLD MAID, SHE HAS TAKEN CARE OF THE FATHER AND THE REST OF THEM EVER SINCE THEIR MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL OF TWELVE: PHOEBE IS NOW THIRTY FIVE: MONICA IS THE NEXT SISTER, SHE IS TWENTY SIX, SHE IS LAZY AND INSANELY JEALOUS OF HER YOUNGEST SISTER, DIANA, SHE PICKS ON MALCOLM: MORTIMER IS NEXT IN LINE, HE IS TWENTY FIVE, HE IS VERY CLOSE TO DIANA, HER CONFIDANT AND FRIEND: MALCOLM IS TWENTYTHREE, RETARDED, ANIMAL: THEN LAST IS DIANA, SHE IS PA'S FAVORITE, SHE WAS BORN OF A DIFFERENT MOTHER THAN THE REST, SHE HAS JUST TURNED TWENTY ONE:)

THE SUBJECT OF DIANA'S ARRIVAL IS BROUGHT UP, SHE IS TO ARRIVE THAT AFTERNOON SHE HAD BEEN GOING TO MEDICAL SCHOOL IN SCOTLAND, TO BECOME A NURSE, IN ORDER TO TAKE CARE OF HER FATHER, WHO IS AN INVALID. SHE HAD MET A YOUNG MAN AND GOTTEN MARRIED AGAINST HER FATHER'S WISHES. HE IS A PAINTER AND PENNILESS, HE IS GOING TO LIVE WITH THEM. DIANA HAD JUST COME OF AGE SO THE FATHER COULD NOT STOP HER.

DIANA ARRIVES WITH HER HUSBAND, GERALD, PA STAYS IN HIS ROOM AND WILL NOT COME OUT TO MEET GERALD,

THEY ARE SHOWN TO THEIR ROOMS, THEY START TO UNPACK, PHOEBE TELLS DIANA THAT PA WANTS TO SEE HER.

PA'S ROOM: PA TELLS HER THAT SHE HAD BROKEN THEIR PACT, HE HAS WARNED HER AGAINST MARRIAGE, THAT IT CANNOT WORK OUT WITH THEIR FAMILY, THAT THEIR MYSTERIOUS FAMILY BACKGROUND WON'T MIX WITH MARRIAGE. HE HAD ALLOWED HER TO GO TO SCHOOL ON THE ONE CONDITION THAT SHE WOULD BE ABLE TO DEVOTE HER LIFE TO THE WELFARE AND HEALTH OF HER FAMILY. SHE TELLS HIM THAT SHE IS NOT LIKE THE REST OF THE FAMILY, THAT HER MOTHER WAS DIFFERENT, SHE HAS A RIGHT AS A NORMAL WOMAN TO MARRY, THAT SHE LOVES LOVE, THAT SHE WANTS CHILDREN, TO PLEASE SEE HER SIDE OF IT, SHE PLEADS WITH HIM.

TO FORGIVE HER AND TO LOVE HER. PA IS VERY UPSET, HE TELLS HER SHE
 CHANGES THEIR FAMILIES DESTINY, THAT IT WOULDN'T WORK OUT, SHE'LL SEE, HE
 WHY BUILDS TO ONE OF HIS HEART ATTACKS, SHE HAS TO GIVE HIM A SHOT TO CALM
 AND DIANA EXPOSITION ABOUT HIS AGE, HIS HEART WONT BE ABLE TO STAND
 FULL MOONS.

TO KITCHEN: PHOEBE AND MONICA ARE PREPARING THE EVENING MEAL, MONICA
 HATE AND JEALOUSLY OF DIANA. PHOEBE TELLS HER TO SHUT UP AND TAKE
 AND SCRAPS FOR MALCOLM TO EAT, AS HE'LL HOWL IF HE IS NOT FEED BE FORE

TO MALCOLM'S ROOM: SHE TAKES OUT HER HATREDS ON MALCOLM, SHE TEASES HIM
 AND THEN DROPS HOT CANDLE WAX ON HIM AND PROCEEDS TO TORTURE HIM

TO THE TABLE: THE FOOD IS WEIRD, RAW MEAT AND VEGATABLES, EXCEPT FOR DIANA
 MALCOLM, PA IS IN HIS ROOM AND WILL NOT JOIN THEM FOR DINNER, MONICA STARTS A
 WITH DIANA, IT LEADS TO MONICA THROWING OVER THE TABLE AND RUNNING OUT.

IT IS LATER THAT NIGHT, DIANA AND GERALD ARE GETTING READY FOR BED, EXPOSITIO
 HER FAMILY, THEIR MEETING, THEIR PLANS ECT. THERE IS ~~XXXXX~~ A HOWL, LIKE A
 DOG, DIANA TELLS HIM IT IS MALCOLM, THAT HE HAS ALWAYS HOWLED AT THE MOON,
 IT WILL BE A FULL MOON TOMORROW NIGHT. THEY GO TO BED, WE HEAR STRANGE

TO THE HALLS; IN THE SHADOWS WE SEE THE FAMILY ROAMING AS IF LIKE ANIMALS
 LIKE ANIMALS CAGED IN A ZOO.

IT IS THE NEXT MORNING, GERALD IS UP BEFORE ANY ONE ELSE, HE FINISHES HIS
 GETS INTO HIS ~~RM~~ CLOTHES, DIANA IS STILL ASLEEP, HE DECIDES TO GO TO THE
 FOR COFFEE. HE GETS TO THE HALLWAY AND A LOOK OF HORROR IS ON HIS FACE, HE
 AND WAKES UP DIANA, SHE GOES WITH HIM TO SEE WHAT IT IS,

TO THE HALLWAY: THERE IS BLOOD AND THE REMAINS OF SOME RABBITS AND
 AS IF THEY WERE TORN APART BY A WILD ANIMAL.

KITCHEN: LATER THAT MORNING: PHOEBE TELLS GERALD ABOUT MALCOLM, THAT IT IS
 HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HIS ROOM AND KILLED THE ANIMALS, SHE WARNS HIM THAT HE
 HAVEN'T HAVE MARRIED DIANA, THAT IT WOULD END UP IN DISASTER. GERALD TELLS HER
 OF HER BUSINESS AND STALKS OUT.

TO THE GAZEBO ~~AT~~ IN THE BACK YARD: MORTIMER AND DIANA ESTABLISH THEIR
 TIES, THEY REMINESSE, EXPOSITION OF THEIR LIVES, THEIR HOPES AND PLANS, THEY
 OF HER HUSBAND, SHE TELLS OF HER PREGNANCY, HE SHOWS ALARM, SHE SAYS EVERY THING
 TO BE ALRIGHT, SHE HAS IT ALL PLANNED OUT IN HER MIND. HE TELLS HER SHE
 TELL PA, SHE TELLS HIM SHE WILL AT THE RIGHT TIME.

DIANA AND GERALD'S BEDROOM: GERALD IS DOING MORE UNPACKING OF HIS BAGS, HE
 OUT OF HIS SUITCASE, ~~XXXXX~~ AN OLD SILVER CROSS WRAPPED IN A CLOTH

IT WAS HIS HIS GRANDMOTHERS, HE LAYS IT ON THE BED, HE TAKES OUT THE REST OF HIS THINGS AND IS ABOUT TO HANG THEM UP, HE OPENS THE CLOSET DOOR AND THERE IS MONICA WITH A KNIFE UP RAISED, AS IF TO STRIKE, GERALD GRABS HER AND THROWS HER AGAINST THE BED AND THERE IS SMOKE FROM HER BACK AS IT TOUCHES THE CROSS, SHE SCREAMS IN PAIN AND TRIES TO GRAB AT HER BACK, DIANA APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND IMMEDIATELY GRABS MONICA, SHE ASKS HER WHAT SHE WAS DOING IN THEIR BEDROOM AND SHE STARTS LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY, THEN POINTS TO THE CLOSET, WE THEN SEE THAT SHE HAS RIPPED TO SHREDS DIANA'S CLOTHES, DIANA THROWS HER OUT OF THE ROOM SAYING SHE WILL TELL PAPA. GERALD TELLS HER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN MONICA FELL ON THE CROSS, SHE TELLS HIM IT WAS HIS IMAGINATION, THAT IT WAS PROBABLY DUST FROM THE COVERLET, SHE THEN ASKS HIM TO PUT THE CROSS AWAY, ALL THE WHILE NOT LOOKING AT IT.

LIBRARY: PHOEBE AND MORTIMER, THEY TALK OF PREPARATIONS FOR THAT NIGHT, IT WILL BE A FULL MOON, THEY MUST BE SURE TO GIVE PA A SHOT JUST BEFORE THE MOON RISES, MORTIMER ASKS WHAT ABOUT DIANA AND GERALD? SHE SAYS "WHAT ABOUT THEM?"

CUT TO A SHOP IN LONDON: DIANA IS BUYING A GUN, SHE UNWRAPS A CLOTH, IT IS GERALD'S CROSS, SHE TELLS THE MAN SHE MUST HAVE THE CROSS MELTED INTO SILVER BULLETS IMMEDIATELY, HE SAYS IT CAN NOT BE DONE, SHE FLASHES MONEY, HE AGREES TO DO IT. SHE TELLS HIM SHE'LL BE BACK IN TWO HOURS FOR THEM.

CUT TO MALCOLM'S ROOM: DIANA BRINGS HIM SCRAPS TO EAT, SHE STARTS TO WHIP HIM WITH A BELT, HE MANAGES TO GRAB THE BELT AND GETS HER, HE STARTS TO ATTACK HER AND SHE SCREAMS FOR HER LIFE, PHOEBE COMES IN AND SAVES HER FROM MALCOLM, SHE TELLS DIANA SOME DAY MALCOLM WILL KILL DIANA IF SHE DOESN'T LEAVE HIM ALONE.

SHE STUDY: PA AND DIANA, DIANA ASKS PA TO ACCEPT HER HUSBAND, THERE IS NOTHING HE CAN DO BUT RESIGN HIMSELF TO THE MARRIAGE, HE REFUSES, SHE THEN TELLS HIM OF HER THREE MONTHS PREGNANT, HE MELLOWS AT THE THOUGHT OF A POSSIBLE HEIR TO THE MOONEY CLAN, HE AGREES TO SEE GERALD.

THE LIBRARY: PHOEBE, MORTIMER, AND DIANA ARE TALKING TO GERALD, THEY TELL HIM TO TRY TO BE KIND TO THEIR PA, THAT HE IS AN OLD AND IMPOSSIBLE MAN, THAT HE HAS A BAD HEART, THAT HE'LL COME AROUND TO THEIR WAY OF THINKING IF HE JUST HANDLES IT RIGHT.

PA'S ROOM: IT IS GETTING DARK, PA IS LYING ON HIS BED, DIANA BRINGS GERALD INTO MEET THE OLD MAN, PA ASKS DIANA TO LEAVE THEM ALONE, PA PROCEEDS TO TELL GERALD OF THE FAMILY BACKGROUND, THAT THEY ARE THE LAST OF A GREAT FAMILY THAT GOES BACK MANY CENTURYS, THEY WERE ONCE IMENSELY RICH IN NORTHERN EUROPE, THAT AN ANCESTER HAD BECOME AFFLICTED WITH A BITE OF AN ANIMAL AND INFECTED ALL THE MOONIES AFTER THAT, UNTIL THEY WERE ALMOST EXTINCT EXCEPT FOR DIANA'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS, HE THEN TELLS GERALD THAT HE IS ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY YEARS OLD, THAT HE HAS BEEN ABLE TO LIVE THAT LONG BY MEANS OF INJECTIONS THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG DOCTOR,

4.
DUE TO HIS WEAK HEART, THAT HE FEARS HE HASN'T TOO LONG, THAT THERE MIGHT BE
A STRAIN IN IT, THROUGH DIANA, BECAUSE HER MOTHER, HIS SECOND WIFE, WHO WAS
KILLED AFTER A YEAR OF MARRIAGE, WAS OF CLEAN BLOOD. AS HE HAS BEEN
GETTING DARKER, HE IS IN THE SHADOWS, HIS VOICE HAS BECOME
STRAINED. ALL OF A SUDDEN HE IS GROWLING LIKE A DOG, GERALD, DISTURBED,
AS HE TURNS IT UP, PA, WHO IS NOW A WEREWOLF, LEAPS AT HIM, AS THEY
STRUGGLE, PHOEBE, DIANA AND MORTIMER ENTER WITH A SYRNGE, HE IS INJECTED
WITH ANESTHETIC, THEY FIND HIM DEAD AND LAY HIM ON THE BED. PHOEBE, DIANA, AND
AS HEARTBROKEN, PHOEBE IS CRYING, SHE TELLS DIANA SHE HAS A CONFESSION TO
MAKE. SHE TELLS DIANA THAT SHE KILLED DIANA'S MOTHER, SHE COVERS HER HEAD
AS SHE CRIES IN ANGUISH, DIANA GOES TO COMFORT HER AND PHOEBE LASHES OUT AT HER AS
SHE GOES, GERALD, MORTIMER AND DIANA FIGHT THEIR WAY FROM THE ROOM, LOCKING PHOEBE

OUT TO HALLWAY: WE HEAR A CRASH, AS IF PHOEBE HAD LEAPED OUT OF A WINDOW,
BUT SHE HAS GOTTEN OUT, THEY HAD BETTER HURRY TO SAFETY, JUST THEN MORTIMER
HEARS THEM AND HOWLS, HE HAS TURNED TO A WEREWOLF, HE LEAPS AT THEM, THEY FIGHT TO
GET TO THEIR BEDROOM, LOCKING THEMSELVES INSIDE.

OUT TO THE HALL OUTSIDE MALCOLM'S ROOM: MONICA IS SEEN AS A WEREWOLF, SHE
GOES TOWARDS MORTIMER AND HE UNLOCKS MALCOLM'S DOOR, LETTING HIM OUT, MALCOLM
KILLS MONICA AND KILLS HER, THEN TURNS ON MORTIMER, THEY VIOLENTLY STRUGGLE AND
HE KILLS MALCOLM.

IN BEDROOM, DIANA AND GERALD: SHE PRODUCES THE GUN, EX TELLS HIM THEIR ONLY CHANCE
IS TO KILL THEM WITH A SILVER BULLET MADE XXXXXXXX FROM A CROSS OF SILVER
AND ONE OF LOVE. SHE TELLS HIM WHAT SHE HAD DONE WITH HIS GRANDMOTHERS CROSS
THAT AFTERNOON. THEY LISTEN AT THE DOOR, THERE IS NO SOUND, THEY
AND THE HALL IS DARK, THEY MOVE OUT INTO IT AND PROCEED ALONG HALLWAY, JUST
AROUND A CORNER, MONICA LEAPS ON THEM, GERALD SHOTS HER AND SHE FLIPS IN
AGONY, AND DIES. THEY ARE THEN PURSUED BY MORTIMER OUTSIDE,
UP THE HILL, GERALD TURNS AND SHOTS, MALCOLM DIES IN AGONY,
DOWN THE HILL, THEY COME DOWN AFTER HIM, DIANA, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES,
IN HER ARMS, WE SEE HE IS NOW CHANGED BACK TO NORMAL.

LATER: GERALD WANTS TO GO FOR THE POLICE, DIANA SAYS NOT YET, SHE WANTS TO
KNOW WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO NOW, HE TELLS HER THEY SHALL GO TO HIS PARENTS IN
AND TO LIVE, SHE SAYS NO, SHE WANTS TO STAY IN HER FAMILIES HOUSE, THEY ARGUE
AND IT WILL BE HIS WAY, SHE THEN TELLS HIM HE HAS SERVED HIS PURPOSE, THAT HE
WANTED A BABY, THAT THAT WAS ALL SHE REALLY WANTED. SHE THEN SAYS "ANOTHER
THAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU, I CAN CONTROL MY TRANSFORMATION BY WILL" SHE THEN TURNS
A WEREWOLF AND KILLS HIM.

SYNOPSIS

S.O.S.

BLACK SCREEN.

TYPEWRITTEN PARAGRAPH APPEARS. EXPLAINS THAT THIS IS A THEATRICAL PRESENTATION OF A HORRIBLE ONE YEAR PERIOD OF A MAJOR CITY...NEW YORK. FADE OUT.

CUT TO: SHOT OF A SUPERMARKET. IT IS DUSK. A YOUNG WOMAN, LONG BRUNETTE HAIR, COMES OUT OF THE SUPERMARKET. SHE CARRIES BAGS OF GROCERIES. IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE A LOW SHOT OF A MAN IN SILHOUETTE. A CLOSE UP OF A GUN. THE STREET IS DESERTED. GUN SHOT. THE WOMAN FALLS. ITEMS FROM THE GROCERY BAGS ROLL INTO THE GUTTER. THE WOMAN, BLOODY, FALLS TO HER KNEES. CRAWLS, SCREAMING INTO THE GUTTER.

CUT TO: LOUD ROCK MUSIC ON JUKE BOX. EXTERIOR BAR.

CUT TO: INTERIOR. BAR NEARLY EMPTY. A LONE MAN SITTING IN THE BACK WITH A COCA-COLA IN FRONT OF HIM. A VOICE CALLS, "DAVID." A MAN (LARRY) COMES OVER TO THE MAN SITTING. HE ASKS QUESTIONS. EXPOSITION OF NIGHT WORK AS GUARD. DAVID (THE MAN SITTING) IS UNCOMMUNICATIVE, AWKWARD SCENE. LARRY EXITS.

CUT TO: EIGHTH AVE. 56th. ST. BAYRIDGE, BROOKLYN. THE EMPIRE GUN AND COIN SHOP. A FEW MOMENTS, DAVID COMES OUT WITH PACKAGE.

CUT TO: DAVID APT. HE ENTERS. UNWRAPS PARCEL. IT IS A RIFLE. GOES TO PHONE. CALLS IN TO WORK...SICK. HE SITS FOR A FEW MOMENTS ON THE BED. LOW SHOTS. SHOT FROM UNDER BED. HAND PICKS UP PORNOGRAPHY. HE LIES BACK, PROPS UP PILLOW. READS LITERATURE.

CUT TO: CLOSE UP GERMAN SHEPARD. MEDIUM SHOT DAVID WALKING WATCH DOG. HE IS IN UNIFORM. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH. ADJUSTS HIS TIE IN REFLECTION IN WINDOW. LOOKS AT WATCH AGAIN. DOG STARTS BARKING. HE SAYS, "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SAM." ANOTHER GUARD APPEARS. HANDS DAVID PINK SLIP. SHORT SCENE ENSUES ABOUT DAVID'S DISMISSAL FROM JOB.

CUT TO: COFFEE SHOP. DAVID'S FRIEND, MARGO, A PLAIN UGLY GIRL, TELLS DAVID OF OPENING AT FACTORY WHERE SHE WORKS. SHE CHATTERS ON WITH HIM NOT SHARING THE CONVERSATION.

CUT TO: FACTORY. UNCOMFORTABLE JOB APPLICATION SCENE WITH MISS GREEN.

CUT TO: DAVID'S PARENTS APT. EXPO ABOUT MOVING TO FLORIDA. APARTMENT FOUND FOR DAVID.

CUT TO: CHURCH. EMPTY. LONG SHOTS. FIGURE ENTERS. MEDIUM SHOT. DAVID CROSSES HIMSELF. GOES INTO PEW, AND PRAYS.

CUT TO: STREET SHOTS. DAVID WALKING FAST, SMILING.

CUT TO: PARENTS APT. DAVID AND PARENTS. MORE EXPO. THEY LEAVE FOR HIS NEW APT.

EMPTY STUDIO. SEVENTH FLOOR. 35 PINE ST. IT IS A
BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD. EXPO SHOWING SOME PREJUDICE FROM THE
DAVID IS NOT.

FACTORY. CO-WORKERS TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH DAVID. ESTABLISH
AS A LONER. MARGO AND DAVID ON COFFEE BREAK HAVE HEATED DISCUSSION
ANIMALS. HE CLAIMS ALL CATS MALE OR FEMALE, ARE SHES. ALL DOGS,
FEMALE, ARE HES. MARGO DISAGREES. DAVID SMILING. EXITS IN
OF HER CONVERSATION.

FACTORY TOILET. DAVID, SMILING, TAKES OUT TOOTHBRUSH. BRUSHES,
CATCHES GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN MIRROR AND FREEZES. A FEW SECONDS,
THIS TURNS INTO UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER.

ERONX HOSPITAL. IT IS DUSK. DONNA, AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD MEDICAL
IS SEEN COMING OUT. HER FRIEND, JODY PICKS HER UP IN A CAR.

LOVELY STREET. DONNA, HER BACK TO CAMERA, IS TALKING TO JODY.
THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW. DONNA FALLS LEAD ONTO JODY'S LAP.

THIRDS SQUARE. SEEDY SHOTS OF A SEETHING HUMANITY. DAVID BUYS
GRAPHY.

EIGHTH AVENUE. HE IS WALKING. BLACK PROSTITUTE CRUISES HIM.
ESTABLISH MORE OF HIS HABIT OF AVERTING HIS EYES FROM OTHER PEOPLE.
IS A ONE SIDED CONVERSATION...HERS. FOUR LETTER WORDS ARE USED.
PROSTITUTE TURNS HOSTILE. "WHAT ARE YA, QUEER?" HE
WALKS AWAY AS A NEARBY FIGHT ENSUES.

AIRY. PRESENTED. A DOG BARKS. CLOSE UP OF HIM SWEATING,
HONK.

PARK. TRANSISTOR RADIO PLAYING. WE SEE A YOUNG MAN SITTING
ON A BENCH, THE RADIO NEXT TO HIM. ANOTHER ANGLE, WE SEE
BEHIND, A TALL, LONG-HAIRED FIGURE APPROACHING THE MAN SEATED ON
BENCH. IT'S A SENSUAL SCENE. TWO ARMS, IN SILHOUETTE, RAISE A GUN.
AT THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE WALKING. ONE SHOT. THE FIGURE FALLS.
MAN ON THE BENCH RUNS. A CLOSE UP OF THE FALLEN FIGURE. IT IS
A RING EFFETE MAN.

TO: FACTORY. AN EMPLOYMENT TIME LAPSE IS ESTABLISHED. SMALL TALK.
IS STILL UNCOMMUNICATIVE. MARGO TRIES TO TALK TO HIM. HE BREAKS OUT
TOILET. GOES INTO TOILET. REPEATS SAME SCENE AS EARLIER (BRUSHING TEETH,
INTO MIRROR, BREAKS INTO UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER.)

TO: DAVID APT. EVENING. ESTABLISH PORNO. BIBLE. ABSTRACT ANGLES.
SHOTS. HE PACES. CLUTTER OF APT. DOG BARKING. CLOCK TICKING, ETC.
PHONES MARGO.

TO: MARGO APT. WE HEAR HE END OF CONVERSATION, HANGS UP PHONE.
ANOTHER INQUISITIVE ABOUT DAVID'S PHONE CALL. EXPO BRINGS OUT
FACTS ABOUT DAVID.

CUT TO: BAR. LOUD ROCK MUSIC. MARGO AND DAVID. ESTABLISH DAVID DOESN'T DRINK. CONVERSATION IS ONE SIDED. IN THE MIDDLE OF HER CONVERSATION HE SMILING, GETS UP AND WALKS OUT. CLOSE UP MARGO, PUZZLED AND HURT.

CUT TO: PARKED CAR. JOANNE AND DONNA ARE SEATED IN THE FRONT SEAT. THEY'RE TALKING. THE WINDOWS ARE CLOSED. THEY'RE SMOKING POT. THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE WINDOW. THEY TURN TO LOOK. A MAN, IN A MARINE CAP AND FATIGUES, SMILING, INDICATES FOR THEM TO ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW. THEY DO. CONVERSATION ENSUES. QUESTIONS ARE RAISED. SUGGEST LESBIANISM. THE MAN RAISES A GUN. THEY BOTH SCRAMBLE TO GET OUT OF THE CAR. JOANNE IS SHOT IN THE BACK AND DONNA IS SHOT IN THE NECK.

CUT TO: POLICE STATION. INTRODUCE BLACK DETECTIVE, STAN. HE HATES "NIGGERS", HE'S PRO-BLACK. EXPO OF POLICE ROUTINE OF MURDERS. SCENE BUILDS TO STAN'S DISPLAY OF ANGER AT THE LOWEST OF NEW YORK SCUM.

CUT TO: DAVID APT. ESTABLISH HIS RESTLESSNESS. HE MAKES DECISION TO CALL IRIS, HIS OLD HIGH SCHOOL GIRL FRIEND. HE MAKES A DATE.

CUT TO: IRIS'S APT. SHE HANGS UP PHONE. SHE'S FOLLOWING TWEEZES, HER AND HER MOTHER. EXPO ABOUT DAVID'S KOREAN LETTERS. AND HIS ETHNIC BACKGROUND.

CUT TO: IRIS. WAITING FOR DAVID. A DATE. ESTABLISH HIM LATE (SHE LOOKS AT WATCH)

CUT TO: PARKED CAR. CHRISTINE AND HER BOY FRIEND JOHN ARE TALKING. INTIMATE DIALOGUE. JOHN LEANS IN FOR PASSIONATE KISS. THREE SHOTS ARE FIRED THROUGH PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW. BLOOD SPLATTERS. CHRISTINE FALLS DEAD.

CUT TO: IRIS. PARKING. SIRENS ARE HEARD IN BACKGROUND. SHE LOOKS AGAIN AT WATCH. DAVID NO SHOW. SHE FURIOUSLY WALKS OFF AS SOUND OF SIRENS INCREASE.

CUT TO: COFFEE SHOP NEAR FACTORY. WAITRESS AND CUSTOMER DISCUSSING MURDERS. MARGO ENTERS. ORDERS COFFEE TO GO.

CUT TO: FACTORY. MARGO CAN'T FIND DAVID. MALE CO-WORKER, JERRY, TELLS HER DAVID IS IN TOILET. SHE GIVES COFFEE TO JERRY.

CUT TO: TOILET. DAVID IS SITTING IN BOOTH, TALKING TO HIMSELF. JERRY ENTERS WITH COFFEE. CALLS OUT DAVID'S NAME. DAVID OBVIOUSLY SEEN BY JERRY, DOESN'T ANSWER. AWKWARD MOMENT. TOILET FLUSHES.

CUT TO: SUBWAY STATION EXTERIOR. VIRGINIA. TWENTY, COLUMBIA U. STUDENT, COMES UP SUBWAY STEPS. SHOTS OF HER WALKING. DESERTED STREET. SHOTS OF MAN FOLLOWING. INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH SHOTS. CLOSE UP OF VIRGINIA STOPPING SHORT, TERROR ON HER FACE. EXTREME CLOSE UP OF GUN GOING OFF. CLOSE UP FULL SCREEN. VIRGINIA'S FACE SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD.

CUT TO: POLICE STATION. STAN. EXPO ABOUT KILLER. ESTABLISH MURDER PATTERN. FEMALES. LONG BROWN HAIR. THE FIRST LETTER. DROP A FEW AUTHENTIC NAMES.

TO: PARKED CAR. CAR RADIO GOING. VOICES MAKING LOVE. CAR SEEMS
VALENTINA AND ALEXANDER ARE HORIZONTAL IN THE FRONT SEAT.

TO: NEARBY BUSHES. FOOTSTEPS. WE SEE FEET WEARING COMBAT BOOTS.
A FIGURE IN BATTLE FATIGUES. A GUN IS RAISED SLOWLY. POLICE
HAND CAMERA SLOWLY COMES UP FROM GUN'S POINT OF VIEW, PEEKING
THE CAR. ROUND OF SHOTS. CLOSE UP OF CARNAGE.

TO: DAVID APT. IT IS MUCH MESSIER. HE IS WRITING ON THE WALL.
SYMBOL. HE IS PACING. INCESSANT SMILE. HE PULLS BACK A BLANKET
ON THE WINDOW TO PEEK OUT. DROPS IT BACK IN PLACE. CLAUSTROPHOBIA.
GET OUT.

TO: SHOTS. HE WALKING. THE SEEDIEST SHOTS OF THE WORST OF NEW YORK.
VOMIT. WE END UP AT THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE, WEST SIDE DISTRICT.
LEATHER QUEENS PISSING ON EACH OTHER. SHOTS OF SAW DUST. STINKING
DRIED BLOOD FROM THE MEAT PACKERS. URINE.

TO: EIGHTH AVENUE BAR. STAN. OFF-DUTY. SON OF SAM DISCUSSION
A BELIGERANT NIGGER STARTS AN ALTERCATION. THE NIGGER LEAVES.
FOLLOWS. IN THE DARK CORNER OF AN ALLEY, STAN'S RACIAL HATRED REACHES
PITCH AS HE STOMPS HIS DRUNKEN VICTIM TO DEATH.

TO: DAVID'S PARENTS BEACH HOUSE. PARENTS REMINISCE. FAMILY ALBUM.
BOY. PLACE LONG DISTANCE CALL TO DAVID.

TO: DAVID APT. PHONE IS RINGING. APT. IS A MESS. INDICATE
MASTURBATING AS PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

TO: POLICE PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE. STAN WITH DR. ABRAMS. EXPO ABOUT
OF SAM. BRING IN FACT OF INSANITY. WILL NEVER STAND TRIAL. THE
OF THE LETTERS. THE PREOCCUPATION WITH GOD. SATAN. HEATED
DISCUSSION. PHONE CALL FOR STAN. DOG OWNER CALLS. STAN IGNORES.

TO: A CITY GRIPPED IN TERROR. THE FACTORY. THE COFFEE SHOP.
POLICE STATION. THE WOMAN'S REPORT OF THE LAST SAM KILLING. A CLUE.

TO: PARKED CAR. JUDY AND SAL DISCUSS HER GRADUATION THAT DAY.
THAT HE WAS PICKED UP IN DISCO. CONVERSATION TURNS TO SON OF SAM.
APPEARS, GUN IN HAND. "SURPRISE!" THREE SHOTS.

TO: TRAFFIC BUREAU. STAN. THE CLUE. THE TICKET.

TO: PARKED CAR. STACY AND ROBERT KISSING. THEY COME OUT OF
CAR. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL ARE HEARD. THEY TURN TOWARD SOUND.

TO: OUTSIDE CAR. FIGURE IN GUN STANCE. VOLLEY OF SHOTS.
CLOSE UP. THE EYES OF ROBERT. THE BLOOD OF STACY FLOWS
COLLAPSES TO FLOOR OF CAR. ROBERT'S BLOODY HEAD HITS CAR HORN.

TO: WITNESS IN ANOTHER CAR. SNAPPING HEAD IN DIRECTION OF SOUND
CAR HORN.

TO: SMILE ON DAVID'S FACE.

TO: TWO CARS SCREECHING OFF IMMEDIATELY.

TO: DAVID. WALKING QUICKLY.

"THE PICTURE OF DOREEN GREY"

BASED ON "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY" BY OSCAR WILDE.

THREE MAIN CHARACTERS FROM A CAST OF ABOUT TWENTY-SIX ARE:

DOREEN GREY.....BEAUTIFUL, LIGHT-SKINNED BLACK GIRL. SINGER.

HENRIETTA WATTS....OWNS A MODEL AGENCY.

BETTY HALL.....ARTIST: PORTRAITS, NUDES, ETC.

MOVIE OPENS WITH ELEGANT SHOTS OF THE BEST OF NEW YORK...CREDITS OVER...
CUT TO BETTY'S LOFT...ESTABLISH BETTY'S PORTRAIT OF DOREEN...EXPOSITION
OF THREE MAIN CHARACTERS...DOREEN ARRIVES, SEES PORTRAIT OF HERSELF AND
INADVERTANTLY SELLS HER SOUL FOR ETERNAL YOUTH...HENRIETTA (ALWAYS
SURROUNDED BY AN ENTOURAGE OF BEAUTIFUL MEN AND WOMEN) WHISKS DOREEN OFF
TO A JET-SET WORLD OF SINKING MORALITY...DOREEN PURSUES A CAREER AS A
RECORDING ARTIST...BECOMES A SUPER STAR...SCENES OF RECORDING SESSIONS,
CONCERTS, WITH HER FANS, ETC...WE SEE HER GRADUAL DECLINE AND DEGRADATION...
MURDERS, SUICIDES, DRUGS, ETC...EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE THAT DOREEN TOUCHES
PAYS DEARLY...THE STORY TAKES US FORTY YEARS INTO THE FUTURE...EVERYONE
HAS AGED, EXCEPT DOREEN...SHE HAS REACHED THE HIGHEST SOCIAL STATUS, AND
THE DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY ALONE...SHE DECIDES TO TRY TO RETURN TO THE HEIGHTS
OF MORALITY...SHE GOES TO THE ATTIC WHERE THE PORTRAIT IS HIDDEN...A
CANCEROUS GROWTH EMANATES FROM THE PORTRAIT AND HAS TAKEN OVER THE ENTIRE
ROOM...SHE STABS THE PORTRAIT TO STOP THE DECAY OF HER SOUL...WE HEAR A
SCREAM...HER SERVANT RUNS TO THE ATTIC AND DISCOVERS THE PORTRAIT, JUST
AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE DAY IT WAS CONCEIVED...AT THE BASE OF THE PORTRAIT IS
THE CORPSE OF A HIDEOUS OLD HAG, A DAGGER THROUGH HER HEART...ON HER FINGER
IS A RING...UPON CLOSE INSPECTION, WE SEE THAT IT IS DOREEN GREY.

THE FILM SHOULD BE SHOT IN DEEP AND VERY LUSH COLORS IN THE BEGINNING,
WITH A GREAT DEAL OF SMOKE AND HAZE...AS WE PROGRESS, AND EVERYONE

ANY OLD AROUND DOREEN, THE COLORS SHOULD BECOME PALE AND STERILE: A
OF WHITE AND BEIGE...TANS, WITH A FEW DASHES OF PRIMARY COLORS (EXCEPT
DOREEN'S FLAT, WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS REEK OF DECADENCE AND LUSH DEEP

NOTE: EVERY TIME DOREEN IS SEEN, SOMETHING IN THE FOREGROUND ALWAYS
EVER SO SLIGHTLY: A FLOWER, A BOOK, AN ASHTRAY---ALWAYS AN
SIGNATE OBJECT.

NOTE: DOREEN SHOULD ALWAYS BE DRESSED IN SHADES OF WHITE. ALWAYS..

SANDRA H.

Sandra Hanson is eighteen, rich, and still a virgin.

Dorothia Hanson, her cousin, is eighteen, rich, and not a virgin.
Story starts with a lavish engagement party for Sandra and Dorothia.
We meet the wealthy fathers of Dorothia and Sandra, (brothers) and
Sandra's fiance (Bart) and Dorothia's fiance (Philip).

Hired for the engagement party is an orchestra, a dance act and
Professor Selinski, a magic act.

Selinski entices Sandra to participate in his act and after he
finishes, Sandra, feeling dizzy starts up the stairs.

She faints, blood oozes from her white silk gown around her groin.
Sandra, finding herself no longer a virgin, and still afraid of
men, searches out Professor Selinski and finds that she has extra-
ordinary powers that he knows she has.

He turns her on to psychometry,

(ability to handle objects and give background) mind control and
telekinesis. Selinski warns her that she will use her new found
powers maliciously. Sandra starts using her amazing powers on every
one around her:

Sandra lays healing hands on Dorothia to take away a headache;
Dorothia misinterprets and this leads to Dorothia making a Lesbian
pass at Sandra:

Sandra mentally excites Riley, the illiterate Irish stable boy to
an orgasm, mind control and near the end of film she sexually

2.

him into raping her in the pool and then having her uncle
give him a vicious beating, firing him, then hands him a gun to
blow his brains out:

Because of her fiance's masculinity, she tries to seduce Dorothea's
uncle as he is a doctor and she desires him to be her first.

She loses and in a fit of selfish anger, she hits him with a crow-
bar and runs his truck off a cliff, killing him:

She drives Dorothea to suicide with self-doubts and accusations
of lesbianism:

There are nightmare sequences that eventually drive Sandra to
suicide attempt where she wakes up from a coma:

When informed of the tragedies that surrounded her she answers to
her father:

The film will be shot in deep lush colours with stylistic
shots of sheer drapes blowing....chandelier crystal tinkling..
diffused lens shots in the dream and nightmare sequences:
The film should have a feeling of eroticism without blatant
nudity:

FIRST AND LAST PAGES OF SHOOTING SCRIPT:

"BUMPERS"
BY
ANDY MILLIGAN

CAST:

MARJORIE LEWIS (DAUGHTER OF LESTER LEWIS ...FAMED BURLESQUE THEATRE OWNER)
EDNA (BOX OFFICE CASHIER SIXTY BLEACHED, GUM CHEWING, OVER MADE UP, HEART OF GOLD)
MOM (WARDROBE MISTRESS....WITH LEWIS BURLESQUE FOR THIRTY YEARS)
AL (STAGE DOORMAN...FIFTY, rotund, ALWAYS TELLING JOKES)
IRIS (BURLESQUE LINE OF GIRLS) (BRUNETTE WISE CRACKER)
ROSE (BURLESQUE LINE...REDHEAD....DUMB...DUMB...DUMB...)
LIL (BLEACHED BLONDE...NEGATIVE TALKER...ALWAYS RAINS ON EVERYONE'S PARADE)
CAMILLE (SPANISH ACCENT...CARMEN MIRANDA TYPE...ALWAYS ENS UP THE EXOTIC)
PANSIE (PETITTE FIRE CRACKER...REAL NAME PANSIE PERKINS...SOUTHERN NOBITTY?)
VIOLET (OLDEST STRIPPER ALIVE...YOUZD NEVER KNOW IT THOUGH)
TONY TALUCCI (TENOR AND MORE TENACLES THAN AN OCTUPUS)
PERCIVAL GRUNION (ORCHESTRAL LEADER....GAY AND PROUD OF IT)
WALT (DRUMS...WHITE SOX CREW CUT, HOME BODY)
LENNY (BASESHY AND AWKWARD)
PETE (PIANO.....A REAL HOT SHOT...HE THINKS)
CARL (TRUMPET...ALCHOLIC...WHO BLOWS WRONG ON THE LATE SHOW)
ANDY (VIOLIN....HATES BEING IN THE PIT IN A BURLESQUE HOUSE...THINKS BIG)
POPS (CURTAIN PULLER AND STAGE HAND FROM THE CIVIL WAR...DEAF AND ALMOST BLIND)
LEGS (CHOREOGRAPHER...FRANTIC AND ALWAYS FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF)
PARKER. (STAGE HAND...ALWAYS THERE WHEN NEEDED..NOONE KNOWS HIS LAST NAME)

"HUMPERS"

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE EVERY WEEK AT THE "LEWIS BURLESQUE"

THE TIME IS 1935..... *THIS PLACE IS A BURLESQUE HOUSE*

EACH EPISODE OPENS WITH THE OVERTURE PLAYING "LIVE" THE LEWIS BURLESQUE

OPENING NUMBER....*(PERFECT OVER THE TOP)* THIS CONSISTS OF A BOUNCY NUMBER INTRODUCING EACH OF *MY*

THE LEWIS "BEAUTIES" ... "THE FLOWER GARDEN OF MY HEART"

IRIS....(BRUNETTE...WISE CRACKER)

ROSE....(REDHEAD ...DUMB...DUMB...DUMB)

LIL....(BLEACHED BLONDE....ALWAYS RAINS ON EVERYBODY'S PARADE)

CAMILLE..(SPANISH ACCENT....CARMEN MIRANDA TYPE...THE EXOTIC)

PANSY....(PETITE FIRECRACKER...REAL NAME IS PANSY PERKINS..SOUTHERN NOBILITY)

VIOLET...(OLDEST STRIPPER ALIVE....YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT THOUGH)

THERE IS A COMPLETE HALF HOUR *live show* SHOW EACH WEEK WITH DOG ACTS...THREE PRODUCTION NUMBERS...(OPENING...MIDDLE ...AND CLOSING) AND VARIOUS COMICS..NOVELTY ACTS...ETC.....

DURING THE COURSE OF EACH HALF HOUR LIVE SHOW.....A STORY TAKES PLACE ...

BACKSTAGE...THE WINGS....DRESSING ROOM DRAMA...THE BOX OFFICE...PROP ROOM THE COSTUME ROOM?????

WHEREVER THE ACTION TAKES US WE COVER IT LIVE....ALWAYS CUTTING BACK TO THE SHOW IN PROGRESS.....

INTERMISSIONS ARE THE COMMERCIALS.....THE MOST ECONOMICAL WAY TO TAPE THE SERIES WOULD BE TO HAVE TWO SEGMENTS TAPED AT ONCE....WITHIN A ~~MAXX~~ TWO HOUR TAPING SESSION...THE AUDIENCE WOULD BE IN LIVE ATTENDANCE....~~AND THEY WOULD~~ THE FIRST EPISODE WOULD ~~MAXX~~ OPEN WITH THE FUNERAL OF LESTER LEWIS....

IN ATTENDANCE WOULD BE...ALL THE GIRLS FROM THE LINE....MARJORIE LEWIS...LESTER'S DAUGHTER....

EDNA....(BOXOFFICE CASHIER.....SIXTY ..BLEACHED...GUM SWEETING..HEART OF GOLD

MOM....(WARDROBE MISTRESS....WITH LEWIS BURLESQUE FOR THIRTY YEARS)

AL....(STAGE ~~HANDMAN~~...FIFTY...ALWAYS TELLING ONE LINERS)

FOR BY FIZZBOM

Dear Ms. Rigby,

Matinee, a week ago, I caught your splendiferous performance again with an old thespian, Bo Cagle, who appeared with you in "Meet Me in St. Louis". While you were dutifully and feverishly signing your quota of autographs for the first performance that day, I had mentioned as we parted that I had seen Jean Arthur and Boris Karloff do "It" on Broadway....Remember?

About a month before your opening of "Peter", I caught a performance of "Willy Wonka and His Chocolate Factory" at The Pantages, by a company out of Wisconsin, I think by the name of "Great Children's Theatre Of Wisconsin". They did about five matinees and the performance I saw was packed. I didn't enjoy the show. It was dark, ponderous and mediocre. I was absolutely amazed at the attendance. Ads prior to the opening were one quarter page, a couple of small follow-ups and an 800 number for reservations. I grant you the admission was nominal. I think all the seats were priced at about ten dollars.

Now comes the point of all this trivia. I have a musical version of "Cinderella". It is modern, off-beat, funny and different. My associate, Rosemary Egan and I wrote it a few years ago. Somehow I feel it might be something for a future project for you and your husband.

If you are interested please contact me:

2.

Andy Milligan

413-7892

1820 Scott Ave.

Los Angeles, Ca.

90026

I have enclosed a short bio on myself.

Sincerely,

Andy Milligan

2.

andy Milligan

213 413-7892

1520 Scott Ave.

Los Angeles, Ca.

90026

I have enclosed a short bio on myself.

Sincerely,

Andy Milligan

ANDY MILLIGAN SCRIPTS

ISSUED EXCLUSIVELY AS PART OF THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION PACKAGE OF
THE GHASTLY ONE: THE 42ND STREET NETHERWORLD OF DIRECTOR ANDY MILLIGAN,
WRITTEN BY JIMMY MCDONOUGH AND PUBLISHED BY FAB PRESS IN ASSOCIATION
WITH NICOLAS WINDING REFN

NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY

COPYRIGHT NICOLAS WINDING REFN, 2020

NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, DISTRIBUTED OR TRANSMITTED
IN ANY FORM OR BY ANY MEANS, ELECTRONIC OR MECHANICAL, INCLUDING
PHOTOCOPYING OR AUDIO RECORDING, OR BY ANY INFORMATION STORAGE AND
RETRIEVAL SYSTEM INCLUDING THE INTERNET, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN
PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

DESIGNED BY HARVEY FENTON FOR FAB PRESS

FAB PRESS LTD., 2 FARLEIGH, RAMSDEN ROAD,
GODALMING, SURREY, GU7 1QE, ENGLAND, UK

A CIP CATALOGUE RECORD FOR THIS BOOK IS AVAILABLE FROM
THE BRITISH LIBRARY

ISBN 978 1 913051 07 5

PRINTED AND BOUND IN GREAT BRITAIN BY BELL AND BAIN LTD, GLASGOW

ANDY MILLIGAN (Director) has written, directed and produced Twenty three Feature films. His directorial credits include approximately twenty plays here at The Troupe. His acting credits date back to early television and appeared on Broadway in THE GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA. He launched Ellen Stewart of La Mama with her very first six shows (Three of these were moved from the Cafe Cino with the good graces of Joe Cino, the FATHER of all COB) He is the Artistic Director of The Troupe.